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SONNET.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Lady, farewell! my heart no more to thee
Bends like the Parsee to the dawning Sun;
No more thy beauty lights the world for me,
Or tints with gold the moments as they run.
A cloud is on the landscape, and the beams
That made the valleys so divinely fair,
And scattered diamonds on the gliding streams,
And crowned the mountains in their azure air—
Are veiled forever!—Lady, fare thee well!
Sadly as one who longeth for a sound
To break the stillness of a deep profound,
I turn and strike my frail, poetic shell:—
Listen! it is the last; for thee alone
My heart no more shall wake its sorrowing tone.

CATALEPSY.*

"There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

To the Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger:

SIR,—In reading, in a late number of your periodical, the interesting tale of "The Transfigured," I was reminded of a case which occurred in my practice some years since. In looking over some old papers, I have this day found my notes of the case, which I will attempt to write out; and though better suited to a medical journal than yours, I will send them to you, to dispose of as you think proper. I know that many of the facts will be disbelieved, but I pledge myself for their correctness, and the most improbable of them can be attested by a dozen living witnesses.

On the 12th of April, 1828, I was sent for in great haste, to visit Miss ***, about fourteen or fifteen years of age, whom I had seen the day before, in the town of my residence, quite well and very gay, having been at a party on the preceding night, as she probably had been on several successive nights before that. I found her in a state of entire insensibility, from which she could

* Some of our readers may suppose that this deeply interesting narrative is an ingenious fiction, contrived for their amusement; but we are happy to have it in our power to assure them, that its author is a gentleman of unimpeachable honor and veracity, and of high standing as a member of the medical profession. In a private letter received from him, he repeats the pledge contained in the narrative itself, that, if its statements are controverted, he is prepared to substantiate them by testimony of as high character as can be adduced in this country. Our readers, therefore, may fully rely upon the verity of the story, however curious and incomprehensible its details may appear to them. How little, indeed, after all the researches of philosophy, do we still know of the laws which regulate mind and its mysterious connection with matter.—[Ed. So. Lit. Mess.]

not be aroused by talking, shaking, or even pinching. The account which her intelligent parents gave of the attack was, that she arose in the morning apparently well, and while sitting in the window and employed in knitting, she became suddenly speechless and insensible.

Notwithstanding the use of active remedies, such as dividing the temporal artery, a cathartic, valerian, synapisms, &c., she remained in this state for twenty-four hours. When she revived, she talked incessantly of the parties to which she had been, and of the company. I left her in this state of vivacity; but on the next night I was sent for, with the information that another paroxysm was upon her. I remained with her during the night, attentively watching the symptoms, and using such remedies as they indicated. I soon discovered that she was affected with catalepsy, a disease, which, though not of frequent occurrence, I had before seen.

In spite of medicine and consultations, the disease continued in various forms, the paroxysms returning at various intervals, till the middle of May. Arteriotomy, cupping, blistering the head and spine, tartar emetic ointment, and all the most active internal remedies were employed, sometimes with apparent advantage, and often without any beneficial result. A physician, who was present during one of the paroxysms, divided the temporal artery with a lancet that he had used in vaccinating. It was the belief of the family that she had been vaccinated; but now a large vaccine pustule formed on the temple, from which we augured beneficial results. But in this we were disappointed, for the paroxysms became longer, more frequent and more violent. I recollected that she had suffered very much and was delirious, about twelve months before, from a diseased tooth, which a neighboring physician attempted to extract. I now proposed its extraction, which she resisted, and the family would not consent to coercion.

The form and duration of the paroxysms were constantly varying. Sometimes she would be taken with spasms and fall into a comatose state, which would continue from one to twelve hours. Sometimes her head would be drawn back upon the shoulders. I have often seen the body curved backwards, with the head and feet in contact, in the form of a hoop, in which state she would continue perfectly rigid and immoveable for more than an hour, without any appearance of respiration; yet arterial action continued. I have seen her, at other times, lie with her eyes open, and immoveably fixed upon the ceiling for several hours, with a countenance the most placid and serene, yet luminous, that I have ever beheld, and which many of her visitors pronounced unearthly and angelic; during all this time there was no apparent respiration. When the paroxysms were off, she would converse in the most volatile, sprightly and amusing style. Before this attack she had been considered rather taciturn, when compared with her sprightly, voluble and talented sisters. From the commencement of the disease she talked incessantly

during the intermission: at first her conversation ran upon light and common-place subjects, but as the disease advanced, her mind seemed to expand, and her conversation became not only interesting, but often eloquent and learned, on subjects which she had never been known to study. She had not even had access to books relating to them. Though I knew that I enjoyed the implicit confidence of this family, as a physician and friend, my mind was constantly kept in a state of tension: first, to find suitable remedies for the varying symptoms of the disease; next, to quiet the apprehensions of her anxious friends, whose intelligence and sagacity were not to be eluded by the ordinary and justifiable artifices, which the best and most pious physicians sometimes resort to for the benefit of their patients; but, above all, by the extraordinary shrewdness and discernment of my patient. I had not only to chime in with her notions in regard to the medical treatment of the disease, but had to accommodate myself to her various opinions on a variety of subjects—amatory, social, religious and political,—and often to discuss them with her. A bare assent to her opinions would not satisfy—a reason, and a plausible one, must be given. Had I betrayed gross ignorance on some of her favorite subjects, I should have lost, forever, the chance of discharging my duty to her as a physician. She would, probably, never have suffered me to approach her sick chamber. These discussions sometimes took place in the presence of intelligent persons. She would sometimes overwhelm me with confusion by her extravagant compliments for some opinion advanced, or some gallant expression uttered; at another time, she would keep me smarting and writhing under her keen invective and biting satire—and, suddenly, she would almost draw tears from myself and all present by her eloquent appeals—which were as suddenly removed by her coruscations of wit. All this occurring in the midst of a great variety of other professional engagements, which forbade my remaining at home for an hour in the twenty-four, kept me in a state of nervous excitability, which has not, to this day, worn off.

In about a fortnight after her first attack, while resting myself, after a most fatiguing ride, I received a note, written in a strange, mysterious and incoherent style, signed "Roberta Bruce." Not knowing a person of that name, nor the subject alluded to, I supposed it was a quiz, and threw it away or burnt it. Afterwards I learned that a messenger had come for me to visit Mr. —'s family; and it immediately occurred to me that the note was from my eccentric patient. I sent a prescription, and my suspicions were soon confirmed. The messenger brought me a note, of which the following is a copy, verbatim:

"We were all much delighted at the reception of your kind, interesting and affectionate letter. You spoke of the absence of Alecto, with joy inexpressible. I suppose you know to whom I allude. I might well say, as the sun softens and dissolves an icy rock upon the summit of the Appenines, so the impetuous passions of a married man are subdued by the voice of her he loves. Do write me how our interesting grasshoppers are, as report says I am enamored of one or all of them; but it must be a *lapsus linguæ*. The heart, however, is in the right place. I expect this to be

viewed with the eye of affection, not that of a critic. When is Henry Clay to deliver his address at our sub-lunary village? You must excuse inaccuracies and bad writing, as I am blind, and cannot steady my hand. This horrible disease continues.

(Signed,)

ROBERTA BRUCE.

"P. S. Oh! that I was in Lapland, standing upon some immense iceberg, overhanging the Aurora Borealis, not a thought would then extend to the convent. Do ride down and bring me one mouthful of cheer. Did you ever hear of, read of, or see so horrible a disease?"

Being urged by the family to visit her, I did so forthwith. Her conversation soon explained the purport of this incoherent letter. I remained in attendance during the day and night—and soon after returning home, received from her the following rhapsody:

"Oh! my sweet friend, he exclaimed, since now I feel myself entitled thus to call you, well indeed might your nation have hailed you as sacred; and while the heart which now throbs with emotion, to which it has hitherto been a stranger, beats with the pulse of life, on the return of this day will make its offering to that glorious orb, to whose genial, nutritive beams this precious rose owes its existence. I would rather possess one beam of that genius which elevates your mind above all earthly distinctions, and those principles of integrity which breathe in your sentiments, and ennoble your soul, than all the honors ever conferred on man. Our meeting was attended with a new and touching interest—the sweet result of that perfect intelligence which now, for the first time, existed between us, and which stole its birth from that tender and delicious glance, which love first bestowed on me, reclining near the cypress cemetery. While my very soul followed this brilliant comet to her perihelion of sentiment and imagination, I had my eye on her mind-illuminated face, and said: Is expression then necessary for the conveyance of such profound, such exquisite feelings? May not a similarity of refined organization exist between souls, and produce that mutual intelligence which sets the necessity of cold verbal expressions at defiance? May not the sympathy of a kindred sensibility in the bosom of another, meet and enjoy those delicious feelings by which yours is warmed; and sinking beneath the inadequacy of language to give them birth, feel like you in silent and sacred emotion? Whether the tie which binds me at once to moral and physical good, is of a fragile texture and of transient existence, or whether it will become closely twined with the fibres of the heart, and, breaking, break it, time only can determine. To mine, therefore, I commit my fate: but while thus led by the hand of virtue, I inebriate at the living spring of bliss, while reeling through a wilderness of joy—all the life-giving spirit of spring, mellowed by the genial glow of summer, sheds its choicest treasure on the smiling hours which yesterday ushered in the most delightful of the season. The gray vapors of twilight were already stealing amidst the illumined clouds that floated in the atmosphere, the sun's golden beams no longer scattered around their rich refulgence, and the glow of retreating day was fading even from the horizon, where its parting glories faintly lingered—I arose earlier than usual; the disturbance of mind would not suffer me to

rest; I walked as though I scarcely touched the earth, and my spirit seemed to ascend with the lark, which soared over my head, to hail the splendor of the dewy dawn."

After my next visit I received from her the following note:

"FROM THE CONVENT.

"Roberta Bruce, Queen of Scotland, is again compelled to address the mimic of *****. She really feels it a condescension for the royal queen to stoop thus low; but confined as she is in a cloister, it is not to be wondered at. She commands you to send the letter last received, as convoys are coming from every quarter of the globe, for the rare and sublime production, particularly from M. and K., who say they will stir Heaven and earth to obtain it. She frequently visits M. On the last visit, he emphatically said: 'What affectionate hand will spread flowers over my solitary grave; for haply, ere that period arrive, this trembling hand shall have placed the cypress over the tomb of her who loved me living, and would lament me dead.' She never will forget the day on which he first saw her in Scotland, delivering her farewell address to her sires and countrymen. He walked up and repeated thus—'May the eye that sees thee for the first time, wish that it may not be the last, and the ear that drinks thy languishing words grow thirsty as it quaffs them. I now crown my golden hours of bliss, and whatever may be my future destiny, I will at least rescue one beam of unalloyed felicity from its impending cloud; for, oh! royal queen, there is a prophetic something which incessantly whispers me, that in clouds and storms will the evening of my existence expire.' As she was walking from the castle she again hurried to look back, and caught a last view of the mountain of Innismon: it seemed to float like a vapor on the horizon. She took a long farewell of this much loved spot. Once it had risen to her gaze like the Pharos to her haven of enjoyment; for never until this sad moment had she beheld it but with transport. She has again visited the Adonis of Virginia. He adverted to his admiration of the fair queen, and observed, that 'Sweet was the memory of distant friends—like the mellow ray of the departing sun, it fell tenderly, yet sadly, on the heart.' She rises in the morning with the orient sunbeam of brightness, and slumbers with the western gale. You shall soon behold her absorbed amidst the monuments of past ages, deep in the study of languages, history and antiquities. I have just visited M., and will give you his own words: 'How delightful,' he exclaimed, 'to form this young and ductile mind, to mould it to your desires, to breathe inspiration into this lovely image of primeval innocence; to give soul to beauty, intelligence and simplicity; to watch the rising progress of your grateful efforts, and firmly clasp to your heart that perfection you have yourself created.' This was spoken with an energy and enthusiasm, as though he had himself experienced all the pleasures he now painted for her.

"With a glance of indescribable supplication, she released herself from that glowing fold which would have pressed her forever to a heart where she must inevitably have ruled unrivalled."

I shortly after received from her the following letter:

"FROM THE CONVENT.

"Roberta Bruce, Queen of Scotland, will now sit down to address the mimic of *****; but it is the last letter that he ever will receive from her hand, as she will so soon return to the land of her sires. She does not pretend to censure the quacks of Virginia for not affording relief, as they are ignorant of the constitution of a queen. She will now proceed to give him some of his own glowing words. 'Her fancy is sometimes dazzled by the brilliant flashes of native genius. Her heart is touched by the strokes of nature, or her soul elevated by sublimity of sentiment from a vivid fancy, susceptible feelings, and a cultivated mind, which are never so fully tasted as in the sweet sunset of the day; then the influence of sentiment is buoyant over passion—the soul, alive to the sublimest impression, expands in the region of pure and elevated meditation—the passions, slumbering in the soft repose of nature, leave the heart free to the reception of the purest, warmest, tenderest sentiment, when all is delicious melancholy, or pensive softness, when every vulgar wish is hushed, and a refined and indefinable rapture thrills with sweet vibration on every nerve. But, O! royal queen! I was led to believe, (fatal conviction,) that the virgin rose of the fair queen's affection, had already shed its sweetness on a former, happier lover; that the partiality I had flattered myself in having awakened, was either the result of intuitive coquetry, or, in the long absence of her heart's first object, a transient beam of that fire, which, once illumined, is so difficult to extinguish, and which was nourished by my resemblance to him who had first won her heart. What! I receive to my heart the faded spark, while another has basked in the vital flame. I, contentedly gather this after-bloom of tenderness, when another has inhaled the very essence of the nectarious blossom. I will, with a single effort, tear this late adored image from my heart, though that heart break with the effort, rather than feed on the remnant of those favors on which another has already feasted. Since human happiness, like every other feeling of the heart, loses its poignancy by reiteration, its fragrance with its bloom, let me not, while the first fallen dew of pleasure hangs fresh upon the flower of your existence, seize on the precious moments which hope rescued from the fangs of despondence. When I heard the fatal news, I felt like a being of some other sphere newly alighted on a distant orb.' She is like the rising of the golden morn when night departeth, and when the winter is over and gone. She resembleth the cypress in the garden. She may well say now, she rises in the morning with the orient sunbeam of brightness, and slumbers with the western gale."

She was true to her promise of not writing me another letter; but she continued to write on various subjects, and had her manuscripts locked up in her bureau. She would sometimes read them to me,—at other times she could not be prevailed on to do so. Towards the close of her disease they assumed a more literary character. I regret very much that I did not procure some of them, as they would have discovered the astonishing powers of her mind. The style of her last compositions, though somewhat turgid and occasionally too quaint, was considered very fine. She sometimes made me read them

to her. If, in doing so, I made the smallest mistake in a word, or in the pronunciation, or even emphasis, she would correct me, and would often discover the shrewdest critical acumen that I have ever witnessed. I frequently thought I discovered misapplication of words, or bad spelling, and would refer to the dictionary and other authorities on the subject, and invariably found her correct. If there was an unusual word, or one which could be spelt in different ways, she generally used it or spelt it in the obsolete way, as if to entrap persons disposed to criticise, and to enjoy the pleasure of confounding them. In a girl, who had scarcely left school, this critical accuracy would appear astonishing—but it is not half so much so as many other things connected with her disease, by which she gained an ascendancy not only over the servants, but over her brothers and sisters and parents, and even the neighbors, many of whom were impressed with a belief that she could divine events, and knew the secrets of their hearts. A few instances will suffice to show her gifts in this way. The family were always very cautious about imparting to her any unpleasant news, and I had particularly enjoined it upon them not to hold conversations on any such subject in her presence. During one of her long paroxysms of catalepsy, in which she was curved like a hoop, and apparently entirely insensible to every thing around her, news of the death of an aunt was received by letter: the family, I believe, were not apprised of her previous illness, as she resided far from them. Of course great care was taken to keep her from a knowledge of so distressing an event—and all who could not appear composed, were enjoined to keep from the room. So soon as the spasm left her, she called for her sister, and asked her if she knew that aunt H. was dead—and who had informed her. Her sister used the pious fraud of denying that such a calamity had occurred. She told her that it was useless to deny it, that she had seen her distinctly, and told them the very day of her death, &c.

There is, perhaps, no person who believed more firmly than myself in the aphorism, "*nil est in intellectu quod non prius fuit in sensu.*" I therefore instituted the strictest inquiry to discover whether there had been conversation in the room on that subject, while she appeared insensible, so that the sense of hearing might have conveyed the impression to the sensorium, while the other senses were locked up. I could by no means discover that this had been the case; yet my theory (but nothing else,) leads me to the belief that such must have been the case.

During her illness I was sent for, in consultation, in the case of a young gentleman, who had been long laboring under a diseased liver. My cataleptic patient took great interest in the case, and made daily inquiries about him. When I was sent for, she observed that it was too late: if I had been sent for at an earlier period of the disease, she could have instructed me how to cure it. But now, she said, she had taken a view of the hepatic system, and found it entirely disorganized, and he would inevitably die. Her prediction was soon verified. Immediately after the death of the young man, I went to see her, and was the first to communicate information of his death to the family. They, as usual, were cautious about saying any thing concerning it in her presence, and I know that I did not speak

of it in her room. Yet, soon after I went into her room, on reviving from one of her swoons, she told the family that Mr. J. was dead. Some of them denied it; but she repeated the assertion most emphatically, and, I think, shed tears. I know not how she could have come to this knowledge, unless the sense of hearing, as conjectured in the other case, was so acute, as to enable her, while the catalepsy was on her, to hear whispering in the passage, or in the opposite room. I do not believe that any person in existence, with the ordinary auditory faculties, could have heard it; yet, sooner than surrender the doctrine that all information is communicated by the senses, I must believe that the information was thus obtained.

About this time, while returning from a visit to a patient, I was invited to partake of a feast on the road side. While waiting for it to be served up, a most severe thundergust came on, and the rain fell so hastily, that it was impossible, though I rode at the top of my horse's speed, that I could reach a house about a quarter of a mile distant without getting wet; many of the company were completely drenched. So soon as I had dined, I visited my patient, and was informed by the family that she had been extremely ill, and that the paroxysms had been more violent than they had ever witnessed; that when the storm came on, she became greatly agitated, shrieked and hallooed, clapped her hands, and shouted, "Wallace! Wallace! see how he goes"—with various other exclamations, manifesting her alarm at the danger to which the person mentioned was exposed from the storm. She swooned away, and remained insensible for some time. When she spoke, she reverted to the subject of the storm which had then passed over, and declared that she had seen me exposed to it, and in great danger. The family tried to convince her that it was probably not the case, as I expected to remain at home to repose, after sitting up the previous night. She persisted in her opinion, and spoke of nothing else, when free from the spasms, which came on in rapid and alarming succession. So soon as I came into the room she seemed delighted to see me, and described the excruciating agony which she had suffered while Wallace was exposed to the storm. It may be well to remark here, that soon after she assumed the name of Roberta Bruce, she conferred on me that of Wallace. The accuracy of her accounts of the events of this day, her precision as to the time, shook my faith in the doctrine of the senses being the *sine qua non* to intelligence. But I ultimately accounted for it as I have done for similar things connected with dreams. As great dreamers are always dreaming, it is not strange that they should sometimes dream of actual occurrences. As she, about that time, was always apprehensive for me when absent, it is not strange that the terrors of a storm should have excited her vivid imagination to a perception of occurrences which in themselves were highly probable. As I had many patients, it was quite likely that I should be riding, and might be exposed to the storm; from which I should, of course, endeavor to escape by hard riding. As the distance was not more than five or six miles, and the storm extended to both places, it is not so remarkable that her agitation should have commenced at the precise time of my exposure.

I have selected these from a great variety of other

strange things, which were witnessed in the progress of this incomprehensible disease. If my solutions be not correct, let others find better. The facts are irrefragable, and can be established by the best testimony under oath.

Towards the middle of May, all the symptoms of the disease became milder; and some time in that month she came on a visit to my house, where I had for many days an opportunity of watching the changing phases of the disease. There was still an unnatural vivacity about her. She seemed, as she expressed it, "inebriating at the living spring of bliss, while reeling through a wilderness of joy." The case had excited great interest in the country, and visitors of all descriptions daily called to see her. Most of the physicians of the country, and some from a distance, saw her. Clergymen, lawyers, and judges were often with her, and were sometimes instructed, and always amused, unless something was said to draw from her that keen, biting sarcasm, which none who have felt can forget. I have seen her in conversation with many talented men of the various professions of this country, and her colloquial powers were such that she never for a moment hesitated for a word or an idea on any topic that was started; and I have never known her, in a single instance, defeated in discussing any subject. If she did not by her ingenuity turn the argument against her opponent, she would by her vivid flashes of wit, cast such ridicule upon him that he was soon discomfited. I have seen persons, who have smarted under her keen satire, on account of some peculiarity or some foible, hide their heads, or slip out of the way, to avoid her observation; she was certain to perceive it, and to subject them to the severest chastisement that tongue could inflict.

Unfortunately, during this period of high mental excitement, a ball was given, and she of course invited; for, what beau who hoped for future ease in society, would dare to withhold an invitation from one who could wither him into nihility by her sarcasm and wit, which she would not have hesitated to publish in the paper of the town? nor would the editor have dared to refuse publication. I used every argument, and worked every kind of traverse to counteract her intentions of attending the ball, but all in vain. She dressed herself in the gayest and most fantastic attire that she could procure, and in all the dignity and state of a queen,* went to the ball. She was an object of admiration, not only on account of the great notoriety which she had acquired, but the vivid scintillations of her wit, which seemed to enliven the whole assembly, and the ludicrous attitudes in which she placed some of the dandies and coquettes who were present. She indulged not only in dancing, but in the rich and savory viands that were offered—and on her return to my house she soon relapsed into her cataleptic state. Night after night have I watched by her bedside—often without sleeping a wink. Sometimes I would fear, much as I had become accustomed to the various changes of her disease, that life was almost extinct; and just as I thought my fears were about to be realized, she would revive, and entering into the most lively conversation, would keep me and the attendants convulsed with laughter.

* The excitement of preparing, dressing, &c. for the ball, had induced a return of this hallucination.

After spending a night in this way, she would sometimes rise in the morning, dress herself, and go into company as if well. Sometimes, in the midst of conversation, she would be seized with a cataleptic fit, and whether standing, sitting or reclining, she remained in the position which she occupied at the moment of attack. Her eyes were generally fixed immoveably, with that peculiar expression which I have attempted to describe in the preceding part of the protracted history of this case—her respiration suspended, and her muscles rigid. The peculiar characteristics of catalepsy were strikingly manifested at this period of the disease: the limbs, though rigid, were moveable—you might bend the arm, extend it, place the hand to the chin, forehead, or any other part of the body, and there it would remain during the paroxysm—the whole body could be made to assume the appearance of statuary, of which it was the finest model I have ever seen.

These attacks were alternated with others which were convulsive, in which the body was contorted into a variety of shapes. The trains of ideas succeeding these two forms of the disease, were as separate and distinct as those of two different persons. For instance,—after recovering from a cataleptic fit, she would resume the discourse which she had been engaged in after a former attack, without seeming to perceive that there had been any interruption to it. Sometimes she would be seized in the midst of a sentence, which she would, after the attack, complete with grammatical accuracy. After the attack of convulsion, she would, in like manner, resume the train of conversation peculiar to that attack. And what is remarkable, you never could bring her in one frame of mind to a consciousness of what passed in the other. I have often heard her criticise with severity, and ridicule the ideas and expressions attributed to her under such circumstances.

After some abatement of the symptoms she was moved home, a distance of three or four miles. Here the disease returned very much as it had been at my house, and continued, in spite of all the remedies prescribed by myself and various other physicians, until the 22d of July. About a fortnight before that day she observed to me, that I had frequently proposed to extract a carious tooth of her's: that it had been revealed to her that if she would have it drawn on the 22d day of July, precisely at three o'clock, (I think that was the hour,) it would instantly relieve her; but that it would be dangerous to draw it at any other time. I could not possibly prevail on her to consent to an earlier period, and she often seemed alarmed lest I should attempt it forcibly, declaring that it would kill her. Before the arrival of the day, we determined to muffle the clock, the ticking of which, though in the room below her chamber, often alarmed her; and I directed the family to set it back, if any accident should prevent my arrival before the appointed hour. I, however, arrived before that hour; when I went into the room, she seemed agitated, but resolved to submit to the operation. When the hour arrived, she permitted me to examine the tooth, &c. When all was ready for the operation, she swooned off, and I extracted the tooth without difficulty. She laid a short time in the swoon, which terminated in a convulsion. So soon as she opened her eyes, she expressed great relief; looked more composed than I had before seen her—in

the course of an hour she called for her work, and from that time forward attended to it and her studies, as if they had never been disturbed. She never had any return of the disease that I heard of. She married a worthy gentleman four or five years since, and is the mother of one or two children.

I will only add one other remarkable circumstance to this extraordinary case, that physiologists, phrenologists, the disciples of animal magnetism, and others, may be better able to reconcile it to their various theories. Soon after she had resumed her usual occupations, she found the manuscripts which had been locked up in her bureau. She happened to take up first, one of the lighter production: after glancing at it, she ran off to her older sister, and told her that she had found some love letters of another sister, which were the rarest productions she had ever seen—and urged her to read and enjoy them with her. Of course she never was undeceived, and is to this day, no doubt, unconscious of having written them, as she is of every thing else that transpired in her cataleptic state.

M.

A STRAY LEAF

FROM A BACHELOR'S NOTE-BOOK.*

"I was only eighteen, Katrinah was one year my junior, and never had I met with such a laughing, romping, mischievous she-devil as that Dutchified English girl. Her father was an Englishman, as poor and as proud as a Spanish Don; but the business qualities of her German mother were of such a character as kept pinching Want at arm's length, though Poverty was a constant inmate of her dwelling. Katrinah had a superabundance of vivacity, but how she came by it, I never could guess; for her father was grave, and her mother was German. So it was, however. Nature is a little capricious sometimes, and occasionally plays as strange pranks as Dame Fortune herself.

I have been thinking, that at eighteen the imagination is apt to overbalance the judgment, and unless checked by chance or circumstance, plays the devil with one's wits. It was so in my case. I very foolishly fell in love. Katrinah's clear, musical voice, with melody in its every modulation, whether it were mocking the birds in the spring time, or ringing with wild laughter, became to me a joy,—and its tone haunted alike my sleeping and my waking moments. Without flattery, she might have been called a very pretty girl. I shall not describe her—for her sunshiny face, her dazzling blue eyes, and her rich red lips,—these can never be

put on paper. I told her one day that she was an angel, and she laughed at me for my folly. I deserved it. But whether she laughed with me or at me, it was the same music to me. I was infatuated, just as a great many striplings of eighteen are, when they dream every night of pretty faces and bright eyes. We grow older, and perhaps wiser—but the wisdom that comes with years is not happiness.

I must not moralize,—unless I want to be sad. I told Katrinah I loved her. She blushed a little, and turned away with a laugh. What thoughts passed in her mind I cannot tell. The next moment, I saw her in the topmost boughs of a cherry tree, plucking the blushing fruit and throwing it in the apron of a younger sister, who stood beneath her. She never looked lovelier. "I must win her or die," said I to myself, as I walked meditatively towards my home.

Poetry and love are Siamese twins. My passion betrayed me into rhyme. That night I paced my room till long after the ghostly hour of twelve, while my thoughts were as busy as a bee in selecting loving words, and arranging them in forms poetical. The result of my toil was some half dozen amatory stanzas, written in a stiff, positive copy hand, upon doubtful pink paper, folded in a love-letter style, and addressed to Katrinah. I felt very solemn as I impressed the seal with the image of a heart, stuck through with an arrow from the quiver of Dan Cupid,—for thus, thought I, thus, oh cruel Katrinah! have you impaled my heart; and no hand but yours can heal the wound. But the madrigal—here it is:

Unkind art thou, Katrinah!—yet
My love is still the same,
As fervent as when late we met—
For time may never tame
The flame that glows within my breast,
Nor hush this throbbing heart to rest,
While I can breathe thy name.
Thy name!—it is a magic word
By which the founts of love are stirred.

Thine image, dearest! is enshrined
Within my youthful heart,
And stamped so deeply on my mind
It never can depart!
I might, perchance, have loved thee less
But for that winning gentleness
So purely free from art—
'Twas that which won the heart that ne'er
Had worshipped aught that grovels here.

No image upon earth but thine
Had tempted me to kneel,
A worshipper at Beauty's shrine,
To breathe of what I feel.
I might have mingled in the dance,
And coldly met the warmest glance
That woman's eyes reveal,
For never could I bend the knee
To less than I behold in thee!

Thine is the beauty of the soul,
A something undefined,—
A loveliness which might control,
Or tame the sternest mind!
And what thou art, Katrinah! be—
From passion's taint and folly free—
Still gentle, artless, kind—
Seeming like one of heavenly birth,
Too brightly beautiful for earth.

* We select this sprightly article from the "Pittsburg Saturday Evening Visitor," with the charitable intent of putting our readers into a good humor, if perchance any thing in our pages should have inclined them to sadness. If they do not smile at the Bachelor-poet's Courtship, we have conceived altogether erroneously of our own organ of mirthfulness. By the way, the Visitor, from the taste and ability with which it is conducted, affords gratifying proof that the Muses are not without a pleasant dwelling place even amidst the din and smoke of the American Birmingham.—[Ed. Sou. Lit. Mess.]

The wing of Thought that broods o'er thee,
 Dear girl! may never fold;
 And though Life's path to me should be
 All desolate and cold,
 'Twill still be cheered by memory's light,
 For ever, with the spirit's sight,
 Thy form shall I behold
 Flit dim before me in the hush
 Of twilight, till sweet tears shall gush.

And though my love should be in vain,
 I cannot love thee less—
 Nor break in twain the silken chain
 Which thine own gentleness
 Hath woven round my youthful heart;
 Its links alone with life will part—
 Oh, dearest!—might I press
 My burning lip to thine, and tell
 My quenchless love!—'tis vain!—farewell!

"This," thought I as I passed along in the cool night air, and beneath the still and holy stars, to deposit my letter in the post-office, "this must reach her heart. It is not made of iron, nor of stone, nor of wood. It is flesh and blood; it can feel; it can throb; it can melt; and it will when she reads my poetry." Happy in this belief I turned homeward, and with a mind in some degree tranquillized, soon sought and found the land of dreams.

Two days had looked out upon the world, traced their eventful history upon the page of time, and gone down to the ocean of the past. I stood with a flushed brow and a beating heart in the presence of Katrinah. She was alone, and laughing yet. "Oh," she exclaimed as her roguish blue eyes looked laughingly into my face, "I thought you were dead. I received a copy of your will yester-mornin', for which papa had to pay a cent. How he did swear!—the naughty man! How could you forget to pay the postage? But then the joke was worth a fig."

"The joke," stammered I, coloring still more redly than before—"the joke, Katrinah,—I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, don't you?" replied she, half interrogatingly, half affirmatively. "Why isn't it a capital joke that you should think you are a poet, and isn't it a better one yet that you should fancy yourself in love?" and her clear laugh rang wildly out upon the air, startling the birds from their nests for half a mile round, and giving dame Echo a silvery tone which she repeated again and again as if reluctant to yield the gladsome melody. I was abashed. Can it be possible, thought I, that my poetry has not touched her heart. Oh dear! and I sighed audibly. "You didn't like my poetry, then?" at length I inquired, as soon as I could recover my wits sufficiently to speak.

"Like it!" echoed she, "certainly—it's capital for curl papers!"

I looked up. There was my poem sure enough—torn into strips, around which were twisted Katrinah's beautiful auburn locks. Just over her forehead I read, "desolate and cold;" while on her dexter temple, where the blue veins showed distinctly through the transparent skin, rested a fragment of my epistle, on which I could see nothing but the words "in vain." They are ominous, thought I, of my love.

"Katrinah," said I at length, with a hesitating voice. She has gone—but her laugh was flung back upon my

ear, mocking my hopes, and sounding, despite its merry tones, like the death dirge of my expectations.

I went home. Gradually as I walked I nursed my wrath, till I had brought it to a proper vigor. I thought of my crushed hopes—but such, said I, are the lot of humanity. I thought of my slighted love. This, philosophy, I deemed, might enable me to bear. I thought of my despised, tattered and twisted poem—and my anger grew apace. I reached my chamber, and with an energy that would have startled me an hour before, I threw my coat upon the bed, tore off my neckcloth, opened my shirt bosom, drank a glass of gin and water, and seized my pen. "I will be revenged," cried I. "The trollope!—the vixen!—the slut!—the—the—baggage!"—and I rattled off a round volley of titles, none of which could be considered complimentary; while some of them, which I write not here, were equivalent to an impeachment of her maidenly integrity. "I'll write a satire upon her"—and my hand was laid vindictively upon a quire of foolscap. I spoiled two sheets of it in scribbling the following execrable doggerel, which I considered at the time an amazing fine specimen of poetry. I was only eighteen, then—nor did I furnish the only instance in which authors have vastly over-rated their own productions.

Beware!—and never trust the smile
 That plays around Katrinah's lips;
 Its fascination may beguile,
 But he whose gaze doth linger, sips
 A fiery poison that will burn
 His soul to cinder!—foul deceit
 Lurks in Katrinah's smile—then turn,
 Or perish by the glance you meet!

Oh, never trust Katrinah's word!—
 The witching music of her voice,
 Sweet as the song of Eden's bird,
 With its beguiling note decoys
 From peace, and hope, and happiness,
 Till quiet is a thing forgot,—
 To wo, and want, and deep distress,
 To death, to hell,—oh trust it not!—

Oh never trust Katrinah's love!
 A deadly serpent lurks beneath
 Its shining veil—let that remove
 And it will sting you to the death!
 Oh trust it not!—'twill turn to hate—
 'Twill shroud your soul with dark despair—
 Fly from it—ere it be too late—
 The fair coquette!—"as false as fair!"

Be free—nor bend your soul to her—
 Let not her spells be round you thrown;
 I'd rather meet the sepulchre,
 Than trust her love, her smile, her tone.
 Be free—and let thy spirit dare
 To rise above her winning arts,
 To break away from every snare
 She spreads to capture human hearts!

Anthony Thompson did not take the advice that I gave to myself in particular, and every body in general, in the above lines. He fell in love with Katrinah—and wooed and won the girl from whom I could obtain nothing more serious than a laugh. Katrinah did not poison him. She used my last poem as she did my first, only she kept it for her wedding day, as if reserving it for that very purpose. When I last saw her she laughed about it, and I had the good sense to laugh

with her. Why not? She was the mother of twelve interesting children, and I was a bachelor of forty-five. Circumstances alter cases. I was only eighteen when I wrote the doggrell, and Katrinah was but seventeen when she ridiculed my declaration of love. She was right, and I was a fool. I feel better now.

TO MISS ———

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

Sing, lady, sing—
At morning and at noon—
Who would not listen long
To sweetest "Bonny Doon?"
Its soothing words do fling
Around the heart a spell,
Which all must feel who hear,
Although they may not tell.

Weep, lady, weep—
There's often bliss in tears,
Although the past be stored
With many weary years.
But joy may come at last,
When days have fled away:
The sun gleams sometimes bright,
E'en with its closing ray.

Pray, lady, pray—
There's virtue in thy prayer;
Each wish of thine to Heaven
The list'ning seraphs bear.
And as thy words are flowing
In sweetest accents free,
The sounds may rise above,
But keep thy thoughts for me.

Sunday, 26th May.

R. W. H.

CHRISTOPHER MARSHALL'S REMEMBRANCER.

We had intended before this to notice the Revolutionary diary of Christopher Marshall, edited by William Duane, jr., of Philadelphia, having experienced much pleasure in reading it. The following notice from the Knickerbocker, expresses so justly and appropriately our own views of the merits of the work, that we are saved the task of attempting, what has been already done, and well done, by another pen.

"CHRISTOPHER MARSHALL'S REMEMBRANCER.—Mr. CHRISTOPHER MARSHALL, whose ancestors came to America with WILLIAM PENN, resided in Philadelphia, from the age of thirty until his death, in 1797, at the age of eighty-seven. He was a member of the Society of Friends, but his devotion to the liberties and rights of the colonies procured his excommunication from a body which denied the lawfulness of defensive warfare. In his sixty-fourth year, he commenced a diary; and from five volumes of this "Remembrancer,"

covering the period from January, 1774, to September, 1781, the compiler of the work under notice, Mr. WILLIAM DUANE, Jr., has selected many new facts in relation to public affairs, and the progress of the revolution, with so much of the private history of the author as throws light upon the manners of the times.

"It is pleasant to trace the brief and fresh records of such eventful occurrences as the Battle of Bunker's Hill, Washington's passage of the Delaware, the burning, by the provincials, of the light-house at the entrance of Boston harbor, and the pulling up of the piles that were the marks of the shipping, etc. Here, an account from Boston informs us, that 'BURGOYNE is in a deep, settled melancholy, walking the streets frequently, with his arms folded across his breast, and talking to himself;' and again, that 'General GAGE is often out of his head, and that he and Admiral GREAVES have publicly quarrelled, so that he told Gage it was a cowardly action to burn Charlestown.' Then we have accounts of certain public rebukes, administered by the committee of safety at Philadelphia, to sundry citizens, for refusing to take continental money; with advertisements, calling upon 'the ladies' to come to the American manufactory, at the corner of Market and Ninth streets, and get cotton, wool, or flax, 'thus casting their mite into the treasury of the public good,' and exhibiting that distinguishing characteristic of an excellent woman, as given by the wisest of men: 'She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh diligently with her hands. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hand holdeth the distaff.' There is a quiet, dry humor in some of our journalist's entries; such, for example, as the annexed, which sounds oddly enough, as recorded of a sober Friend: 'Took a walk down town, to see BENJ. BETTERTON, who, last First Day, in a jovial humor, jumped over a man's shoulder, and broke his leg about the small.' What would our present neighbors of the drab city say, to see Friends jumping over one another's shoulders, and breaking their legs, 'in a jovial humor,' on Sunday! Another amusing incident is thus pithily recorded: 'Account came, that while Parson Stringer, with his eyes shut, was at prayer with Andrew Steward, in the dungeon of our prison, the said Steward took that opportunity to walk up stairs, go out at the several prison doors into the street, and without any ceremony, walked off with himself, without bidding Robinson, the prison-keeper, farewell, although he was sitting at the front door, on the step, when he passed him!' This looking out for his temporal safety while the worthy clergyman was attending to his spiritual welfare, is a striking proof of the condemned criminal's forecaste and presence of mind. Aside from the interest of many of its details, the little volume in question must prove valuable as a historical record, of convenient reference."

APHORISM BY HEINSE.

All constitutions are bad, if the government is not in the hands of the wisest; all the difference between a democracy and a monarchy is this—that in the former 500,000 and some odd fools may decide against 400,999 sensible people, and in the latter, one fool may ruin 999,999 philosophers, if they will let him.

Philadelphia, the Drab City

EDUCATION.

BY A NATIVE VIRGINIAN.

To make a successful prosecution of an inquiry into the right method of education, we shall be compelled to enter upon a field of investigation entirely new to most of our readers; and on that account, it will require a considerable effort of attention to follow through, and to comprehend fully, all the arguments which may be advanced. But we hope this effort of attention will be exerted—because the subject we are about to enter upon, is one of vital importance, not only to the teacher and his pupil, but to the parent, and to all those who are endeavoring to improve themselves.

Education is not a thing of chance, to be conducted according to the crude notions of each individual. It is a science, based on philosophical principles, deduced from a consideration of the human mind, the subject of education.

Instead of amusing, therefore, with a few trite and general remarks on this hacknied theme, we have determined to go to the very bottom, and unfold the principles which should govern every one, both in the education of himself, (the most important,) and in the education of youth.

The main object of education is to develop, and to strengthen all the faculties of the mind.

The first question, then, which we have to determine is, *What are the faculties of the mind?* The second, *What are the best means of improving, or, (in words already used,) of unfolding and strengthening these faculties.*

Writers on the philosophy of the human mind have divided what they call the faculties into two divisions—the *intellectual* and the *moral faculties*. To this division we have no objection. The intellectual faculties, they say, are Perception, Attention, Conception, Memory, &c.

On this philosophy have been based all our systems of education. The elementary books of instruction—the course of studies projected in our schools and colleges, have been in reference to this subdivision of the mind into faculties. Such a study, we are told, is intended to improve the memory—such another, to improve the attention—and so on through all the faculties, as they understand them:—for it is a well known fact that education, in every country, is conducted in exact accordance to the opinions entertained as to the nature of the mind and the number of its faculties. Not only is education influenced by the speculations of the metaphysician, but *morality* also derives her practical lessons from the same source. Hence, an unsound philosophy makes an unsound scholar and an unsound man.

Now, we say, that the system of philosophy, which we have received into this country—taught in our colleges—held as infallible—as based on a correct idea of the constitution of the mind, and necessarily true in the nature of things; we say that this philosophy, this Scotch metaphysics, is entirely erroneous, founded on a limited view of the human mind—a mistaken idea as to what constitutes the original faculties; and has, consequently, been the cause of many errors in education, and the cause of much disastrous evil to the morals of our country.

Before we give the arguments which have led us to the conclusion just announced, we will point out the source whence those arguments have been drawn. When we deserted the philosophy of the schools, from a consciousness that it was unsound and pernicious, we were compelled to look at facts alone as our last resort in the search after truth. We were compelled to observe men as we saw them living and acting around us. We collected our materials from actual observation, and studied them. We consulted our own experience—and from these sources alone—observation and experience—we have endeavored to draw all our conclusions. We have carefully avoided, so far as it was possible, all *a priori* deductions from abstract theories—they are as unsafe in morals as in physical science. It is by a collection and observation of facts alone, that we can hope to arrive at truth. By following this humble way, the student of natural science is making most rapid and unparalleled advances—by neglecting it, the student of our moral and intellectual nature stands where he was more than two thousand years ago—involved in mystery, and bewildered in the mazes of abstract speculation.

As we proceed with this subject, we shall advance no opinion which cannot be illustrated by a living example, and the soundness of which cannot be attested by the experience and common sense of all.

Attention, Memory, Conception, &c., so far from being *primitive, innate* faculties of the mind, are nothing more than the different *modes* by which the capabilities manifest their activity. We can form no idea of the mind, except through its capabilities—just as we have an idea of the Deity by his attributes. All we know about the Almighty is, that he is an invisible being, possessed of infinite power, infinite wisdom, and infinite goodness—separate from these attributes we have no idea of a God—they are, in truth, God with us. So with the mind—it is an invisible, immaterial thing, possessed of certain faculties or capabilities—which capabilities manifest greater or less activity by a greater or less degree of memory, attention, conception, &c. If the mind of any individual possesses an original faculty, strongly developed, it will manifest that superior strength or development by an *accurate perception*, a *retentive memory*, and a *distinct conception* of all the subjects which come within the scope of that faculty.

It is a common observation, that when a man possesses a strong and unconquerable propensity to any one pursuit in preference of all others, he has a *natural bent* for that pursuit, or, that he has a *genius* for that kind of occupation.

When this inclination is very strong, the mind manifests extraordinary *capability* on all those subjects which nourish and gratify that inclination. The man learns with astonishing rapidity every thing that has any connection with the natural inclination of his mind—he retains them longer—has a clearer insight into their nature—he even goes beyond the present acquired knowledge on the subject, and makes new discoveries of his own. All this too, without any previous education whatsoever. Take an example.

When James Ferguson, the celebrated astronomer, was about seven or eight years of age, he discovered an extraordinary talent for mechanical pursuits. The roof of the cottage having partly fallen in, his father, in order to raise it again, applied to it a beam, resting on

a prop in manner of a lever, and was thus enabled, with comparative ease, to produce what seemed to his son quite a stupendous effect. The circumstance set our young philosopher thinking; and, after awhile, it struck him that his father in using the beam, had applied his strength to its extremity, and this, he immediately concluded, was probably an important circumstance in the matter. He proceeded to verify his notion by experiment; and having made several levers, which he called bars, soon not only found that he was right in his conjecture, as to the importance of applying the moving force at the point most distant from the fulcrum, but discovered the rule or law of the machine, namely, that the effect of any weight made to bear upon it is exactly proportional to the distance of the point on which it rests from the fulcrum. From this he went on reasoning, until he discovered the principle of the pulley. The child had thus actually discovered two of the most important elementary truths in mechanics—the lever, and the wheel and axle; he afterwards hit upon others; and all the while, he had not only possessed neither book nor teacher to assist him, but was without any other tools than a turning lathe of his father's, and a little knife wherewith to fashion his blocks and wheels.

After the labors of the day, young Ferguson used to go at night to the fields, with a blanket about him, and a lighted candle; and there, laying himself down on his back, pursued for long hours his observations on the heavenly bodies.

A book was once given him, containing a description of a globe, without illustration by any figure—nevertheless, says Ferguson, I made a globe in three weeks, at my father's, having turned the ball thereof out of a piece of wood; which ball I covered with paper, and delineated a map of the world upon it; made the meridian ring and horizon of wood, covered them with paper, and graduated them; and was happy to find that by my globe, (which was the first I ever saw,) I could solve the problems.

He was confined to his bed for several months in consequence of the cruel treatment of his master. In order, says he, to amuse myself in this state, I made a wooden clock, the frame of which was also of wood, and it kept time pretty well. The bell on which the hammer struck the hours was the neck of a broken bottle.

A short time after this, he actually constructed a time-piece, or a watch moved by a string. His own account is very amusing. He accidentally saw the outside of an orrery, but had no opportunity of inspecting the machinery—he had, however, seen enough to set his ingenious and contriving mind to work; and in a short time he succeeded in finishing an orrery of his own. In the course of his life he constructed, he tells us, six more, all unlike each other.

Here we have an individual, quite a child, without education, without experience, fixing his mind in the deepest attention on mechanical operations, making contrivances to repeat those operations, and so meditating on them as to discover the laws by which they are governed—and finally going on from one step of induction to another, until he discovered two of the most important laws of mechanical philosophy. All this too while a child of eight years old, without the help of book or teacher; and without knowing even that there was such a thing as mechanical philosophy.

Follow him in after life, you find his mind, under all circumstances, whether adverse or prosperous, ever bent on pursuits of a kindred nature to those above mentioned. Neither sickness nor poverty could divert his mind, for a moment, from its favorite occupations. When a poor shepherd in the fields, the stars and their mechanical operation were his themes of meditation. When laid on a bed of sickness by the cruelty of a master, his mind was busied on the complicated mechanism of a clock. Wherever he went, curious and complicated machinery seemed to be the only things that attracted his attention, or that afforded him any gratification.

He needed no detailed explanation—his mind perceived at once all the parts—and retained long afterwards, an accurate conception of the most complicated operations.

Now, we would ask, how can this extraordinary mental phenomenon be explained? Will any one pretend to say that it was mere accident that gave to Ferguson's mind the bent which it took, and produced the extraordinary development which it so early manifested? Such an explanation would be totally unsatisfactory to a reflecting mind. Does not sound philosophy teach us that there can be no *vera causa*, no *true cause*, unless it be adequate to the whole effect? Now, is the mere accidental circumstance of raising a falling house with a beam, a *true and adequate cause* for the peculiar character of Ferguson's mind? Would it not be more philosophical to say that the circumstance only discovered the previous existing state of mind, and was not the cause of that existing state?

Would any one say that the riots at Boston and the destruction of tea in Boston harbor was the *true cause* of the American Revolution? Would it not be a shameful discovery of ignorance even of the first principles of reasoning, to say that so trifling an accident was the cause of such tremendous effects? The riots at Boston and the destruction of tea in Boston harbor, only discovered the rebellious spirit already kindled up in the minds of the people by the oppressions of the mother country, and their determination no longer to submit to foreign tyranny. On no other principle can we explain the mental phenomenon now before us. Ferguson's mind had a strong bent or inclination to mechanical operations, or, (in other words) his mind possessed an extraordinary *capability* for mechanical investigations. We know nothing of the mind except through its *capabilities* for certain pursuits. And when we have discovered all the different capabilities of the mind, we have discovered the true nature of the mind itself.

Now, in the case of Ferguson. His capability, and consequently his inclination for mechanical philosophy, was so much greater than the rest, as, like Aaron's rod, to swallow them up and give a peculiar character to the whole mind.

Many other cases similar to that of Ferguson might be brought up to prove that there is such a thing as mechanical genius, or, in more philosophical language, that there is such a thing as a development of the mind, which leads the possessor irresistibly to the pursuit of the mechanic arts; and, where this development or capability is very great, even to original investigations and discoveries in mechanical philosophy.

By studying the characters of men remarkable for their great genius in one thing, and a deficiency in every

thing else, we may easily discover all the original innate capabilities of the mind.

Take an example of that great mathematical genius, Edmund Stone. His father was gardener to the Duke of Argyle, who, walking one day in his garden, observed a Latin copy of Newton's *Principia* lying on the grass, and thinking it had been brought from his own library, called some one to carry it back to its place. Upon this, Stone, who was then in his eighteenth year, claimed the book as his own. "Your's?" replied the Duke. "Do you understand Geometry, Latin, and Newton?" "I know a little of them," replied the young man. The Duke was surprised; and having a taste for the sciences, he entered into conversation with the young man. "But how," said the Duke, "came you by the knowledge of all these things?" Stone replied, "A servant taught me ten years since to read. Does one need to know more than the twenty-four letters in order to learn every thing else that one wishes?" The Duke's curiosity redoubled; he sat down on a bank, and requested a detail of the whole process by which he became so learned. "I first learned to read," said Stone: "the masons were then at work on your house. I approached them one day, and observed that the architect used a rule and compass, and that he made calculations. I inquired what might be the meaning and use of these things, and I was informed that there was a science called arithmetic. I purchased a book of arithmetic, and I learnt it. I was told there was another science called geometry; I bought the necessary books, and I learnt geometry. By reading, I found that there were good books in these two sciences in Latin; I bought a dictionary and learnt Latin. I understood, also, that there were good books of the same kind in French; I bought a dictionary, and I learned French. And this, my Lord, is what I have done: it seems to me that we may learn every thing when we know the twenty-four letters of the alphabet."

Here we see the capability of mathematical investigations so strongly developed as to give the possessor most remarkable success in their pursuit. He seems to have needed no assistance, no instruction, but marched through the most difficult and abstruse science with the strides of a giant. No delay cooled his ardor; no obstacle baffled him in his purpose. Was there a branch of mathematics he wished to know, he bought the book and learnt it. Was there a valuable mathematical work in a foreign language—he learnt the language. How like the *fiats* of Almighty, are the rapid and gigantic efforts of genius. "Let there be light, and there was light."

Take an example of genius in Painting. Benjamin West, when only six years old, was placed by his mother to take care of an infant while she was absent. After some time the child happened to smile in its sleep, and its beauty attracted his attention. He looked at it with a pleasure he had never before experienced, and observing some paper on the table, together with some pens and red and black ink, he seized them with agitation and endeavored to delineate a portrait—although at this period he had never seen a picture nor an engraving. So soon as young West had an opportunity of indulging the natural bent of his mind, he was so enchanted as to forget his school hours. For several days he withdrew to a little garret, and devoted himself to painting,

without letting the family know what had become of him.

Is this accident? Is it the result of education? What education could there have been in this case? The boy had never seen a portrait in his life—not even an engraving. But, yet, with what enthusiasm did he behold the smiling countenance of the sleeping infant? What agitation seized his nerves? He snatched the first thing that came in his way, and, as if by inspiration, struck off a perfect likeness of the sleeping child. Was this the result of accident? Had not ten thousand nurses before, beheld the smiles that play over the illumined face of a beautiful infant, but did it ever create a genius for the *graphic art* in any other mind, save that of Benjamin West? The same cause must always, under similar circumstances, produce the same effects. It is utterly impossible to account for this remarkable development of mind, except on the principle which we have already mentioned. The mind of West possessed a strong, innate capability of delineating the forms of nature, and of relishing the beauty and harmony of symmetrical forms. The accident of nursing the child only served to show the previously existing capacity, and to waken it up to activity by the gratification which it afforded.

We might thus go on and bring numerous examples to prove to the satisfaction of any reflecting man, that the mind consists of certain original, innate capabilities or faculties—that these faculties are definite in their number and distinct in their character. We might prove that there is an original capability of mind which befits the possessor in an eminent degree for physical science, for music, for sculpture, poetry, and for abstract speculation. But the examples already adduced must suffice—time will not permit a further investigation.

Now we have discovered this great peculiarity in men who possess one or another of the *faculties* strongly marked—they have no need of instruction nor assistance from men or books—they seem to learn, as by inspiration, every thing that affords gratification to the peculiar propensity of their mind. If all men, therefore, were possessed of some faculty developed above all the rest, or if they possessed all the faculties strongly developed, they would have no need of assistance or instruction from others. But all men are not so gifted. It is but here and there that we find one who manifests an extraordinary talent for any pursuit. Men generally possess the faculties or capabilities of mind in an even degree, and slightly developed.

It is a wise provision of nature that it is so. Men who are endowed in an extraordinary manner with *one talent*, are generally unfit for any other pursuit in life. They take no interest in the ordinary affairs of society—are lost to all motives of prudence, or considerations of the useful—every thing is sacrificed to the indulgence of the one ruling passion. It is well, we say, that society is not made up of such men—but that it consists of those who have no very great capacity for one pursuit more than another—and who possess all the faculties in a moderate degree. For it is this even balance of the *faculties*, moderately developed, which constitutes the best state of mind for a prudent course and a sound judgment.

The investigation which we have just concluded, offers

many important hints in the management of education. We have seen, that a man who possesses a talent strongly developed, has a most extraordinary memory in every thing connected with that faculty—is capable of fixing his mind in the deepest attention upon subjects of his inquiry—in a word, possesses all those things which have been generally called faculties of the mind—perception, memory, attention, conception, &c. His thoughts, too, are more numerous, more profound and original.

When, therefore, we observe that the mere possession of a faculty without instruction, without help—nay, in spite of all opposition, gives such a decided advantage, is it not obvious that our main object should be to find out what *are the faculties* of the mind—and then by all judicious means to unfold and strengthen those faculties or capabilities?

If we can be successful in these two objects—the discovery and development of the capabilities of the mind—we shall have accomplished our purpose. Education, so far as the assistance of the instructor may be required, is complete. We care not whether three ideas have been communicated to the pupil during the process of his education, we have already seen, that if he is turned out with a mind waked up to inquiry, and with invigorated powers, he needs nothing more to secure eminent success in every department of knowledge. The mind will, afterwards, go on of its own accord, unabated in its ardor, with ever increasing powers—gathering wisdom from every source, and pleasure from every object—no subject so barren as not to yield instruction—no situation so dull as not to afford pleasure.

What has just been said, we have no doubt, will appear self-evident to reflecting men, whose minds are not trammelled by the systems of modern philosophy. But such men have no idea of the error which exists on this subject, and which is the cause of so many failures in education.

Is it not a matter of common remark, that men who have most pains bestowed upon their education, seldom come up to expectation; and that self-educated men are always the best scholars, the wisest men, and the ablest statesmen? What is the cause of this? Is there not an error somewhere? Can education be an evil rather than a good?

The truth is, that the object of education is entirely misunderstood. Even when it is well known, there is not one in five hundred who can accomplish it. An instructor may know, that to unfold the powers of the mind ought to be the object of his efforts, but he may not have the ability nor the skill to accomplish it. It is a much easier task to convey knowledge than to waken up and develop the sleeping, infant powers of the mind. Such a task requires more than ordinary patience and gentleness of temper—more than ordinary skill in the management of wayward youth—more than ordinary knowledge of all the workings and combinations of the mind, both intellectual and moral. Many a teacher is capable of giving valuable instruction on every science—who utterly fails in the more important part of his undertaking—the development of the powers or capabilities of the mind. Hence, whatever may be their theory, they all act as if they considered the mind a mere passive receiver, and that their business was to pour into it as much *matter-of-fact* information as possible.

The consequences have been ruinous. Young people go to school, to the colleges—aye, to the universities, too, and after a few years sojourn they come home finished scholars—have studied this science and that science—in fact, have glanced at all the sciences—but, in the meanwhile, the mind itself was never thought of. Its powers were never wakened up to inquiry, nor imbued with a love of knowledge. It was never taught to reduce its acquisitions to their original elements and make them a part of its own constitution—like the worm which feeds upon a plant, until it acquires the same color, and almost the same consistency of the plant itself. Oh! that this were the process of education—but far otherwise is the truth. What they learn is by the aid of the teacher *alone*, with but slight mental effort on their part. The pupil becomes a mere *intellectual baby*, carried along in the arms of his kind instructor. And, like all other babies, spoiled by too much nursing, he can do nothing, or will do nothing, without help. Who has not seen a great chubby boy drop down in the road and begin to bellow, whenever the nurse tries to make him walk for himself? Just so with the intellectual baby—so soon as he leaves the school and the teacher, his mind sinks down into inactivity; the knowledge he has acquired passes away; and finally the youth comes into life a sorry scholar, and a useless man. Such is the education acquired at most of our colleges—often have we seen a noble mind utterly ruined by its process. If a youth makes himself a scholar, it is not by the aid of his education, but in spite of it. College education has become a by-word and a reproach. A diploma, so far from being a recommendation, is looked upon rather as an object of suspicion. It has become a common proverb, when a man knows nothing about a thing, to say that he knows as little about it as a graduate about Greek. If the education of colleges be so bad—what is the condition of our schools and academies?

Take the self-educated man, how different the process by which his character is formed—raised in poverty, perhaps, without a friend—a poor journeyman in a workshop—a ploughboy in the fields—or a herdsman on the lonely mountain top. Humble as he may be, he feels unearthly emotions in his bosom. His ear listens to a heavenly harmony that fills him with more than wotted rapture. He looks with a “peculiar eye” on the goings forth of nature. He holds communion with his own thoughts. He breathes a wish and feels a hope that he may rise above the common level of mankind, achieve honor for himself and glory for his country. In the spirit of poor Burns he can say:

I mind it weel, in early date,
When I was beardless, young, and blate,
An' first could thresh the barn;—
E'en then a wish, (I mind its power,)
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast;
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some usefu' plan, or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least.

When he can no longer resist these aspirations of his heart, he boldly determines to brave every difficulty, and venture forth in quest of knowledge and renown. But now comes the toil and the strife. Obstacles rise on every hand. His course becomes intricate and con-

fused. He finds no arm on which to lean—no kind mentor to guide him in the right path. He must grope in darkness, and grapple with difficulties, until he finds the right way for himself—and then he must climb the steep ascent of knowledge by his own unaided efforts. No companion to cheer his solitary way, nor point the beauties of the landscape. But these very difficulties make the man. With such a man, the mind is not a passive thing, but an active agent—all its powers are wakened up and made to put forth their utmost strength—they become vigorous by self-exertion—the mind feels the presence and the power of greatness—it travails in its own strength, and with a giant's bound leaps every obstacle.

Need we pursue this subject farther, in order to show that the object of education has been entirely misunderstood? After what has already been said, will it excite surprise when we declare that the business of an instructor is not to *teach* the scholar, but to learn him to *teach* himself?—not to *tote* him, but to *lead* him? Will it be called extravagance, when we say that the least aid a teacher gives to a scholar the better? It may then be asked, where is the use of a teacher? If the scholar is to do all for himself, surely it is an unnecessary expense to procure a teacher. We answer, that a teacher possessing the character just described, is of immense importance—his worth cannot be calculated. If he does nothing more than to force the scholar to rely on his own resources, and not on the help of others, he has done more than all your plodding, matter-of-fact teachers have done since the foundation of the world. Surely there can be no need of argument to prove this—it is the very principle on which all nature operates. Does not the mother lead her little *toddling* child into the floor—then gently withdraw the finger and leave the child to totter along for itself? Should it fall, does she not raise it to make another trial, until by repeated efforts, and repeated falls, it acquires strength in its limbs and confidence in its own powers?

Does not the mother-bird take out her newly fledged young upon her wing—then drop it in mid air to flutter and fly for itself? We repeat, therefore, that reason and nature tell us, that the main business of the instructor is to unfold the powers—to strengthen them by forcing the child to self-exertion—and to create a confidence in his own powers and resources by teaching the scholar to rely on no other aid save his own.

When this task is accomplished, there still remains an important part for the skilful teacher to perform. When the powers of the mind have been once awakened and kindled with an enthusiastic love of knowledge, the instructor must then act as a guide to his pupil—employ his powers upon useful subjects—restrain him from improper indulgences, and encourage him in the severe toil of mental labor. When a child has just learned to walk, the restless activity of his limbs is perpetually leading him into danger; he must be constantly watched to be kept out of danger. So when the mind is first properly developed, its restless curiosity becomes impetuous—it leads him to search for pleasure and gratification wherever it may be found, regardless of the consequences—then comes the interesting and responsible part of the teacher's duty—better not unfold and strengthen the powers of the mind than to do it for evil purposes—better not un-

fold them at all than to guide them improperly afterwards.

The teacher who understands the profession which he has undertaken, can communicate the elements of knowledge in the *shortest and the most effectual way*. And at the same time that he is communicating the imperishable principles of knowledge, he is strengthening the powers of the mind.

Let us illustrate this principle by an example. Take arithmetic—the most elementary branch of mathematics. As commonly taught, it is of very little practical advantage, and no improvement whatsoever to the mind. Scholars are made to commit certain rules to memory, and solve problems mechanically by these rules, without ever seeing the necessity or the reason of the rule. Ask them why they do a sum one way rather than another—their answer is, *the rule says so*. But why does the rule say so? Do you see no reason for it. *No, sir! the rule says I must work so and so, and the answer will come. But why, I don't know.*

Now what possible good can come of such instruction? When the young man quits his school, and forgets his rule, (as he must, for he saw no reason in it,) he can no longer cipher. He must then begin, after his youth has been squandered away, to make an arithmetic of his own, or be content to live in ignorance the balance of his days. What improvement has it been to his mind? He has committed the multiplication table to memory, and practised his fingers on the slate—and that is all. The reason of things were never dreamed of by him nor his teacher. The Automaton Chess Player can give as good a reason for the move which he makes on the board, as our hopeful scholar can give for his rule—although he has ciphered through and through the whole of Pike! Now, we ask, if this is not the way in which arithmetic is generally taught? It is much the easiest way—the pupil will make a much greater show of progress, and a greater parade at an examination, which is the main object (sorry to say) of most teachers.

Is arithmetic ever taught as a science, based upon reason and the necessity of things? Is not every thing communicated to the mind of the pupil, arbitrary and constrained? And is it not a consequence that young men spend years at arithmetic, and after all, are not able to solve a problem which varies a hair's breadth from some rule to which they have been accustomed?

How different is the course pursued by the skilful and the conscientious teacher. He does nothing for which he cannot give a reason perfectly satisfactory to the youngest mind. He begins with the pears and apples of the child—makes him add, subtract, multiply, and divide among his little brothers and sisters—the whole matter is brought down to his senses—he is made to see the reason of every process, and to give his full assent to every principle. The mathematical powers of the mind are thus unfolded—a habit of mathematical reasoning acquired. And the pupil is carried on, step by step, until he can solve the most difficult problems by the force of his own reasoning alone, without the help of any arbitrary rule. He knows no rules—he wants none. He would not confuse his mind with them. He has learned principles, simple and imperishable. He has cultivated his *faculty* of mathematical reasoning;

and you had just as well attempt to destroy the mind itself as his capability of mathematical calculations—for this capability is one of the constituent parts of the mind itself.

By this means not only the soundest knowledge is communicated; but it is communicated in the shortest time.

In every science there are a few fundamental principles; which, when stripped of all circumstances, become plain and almost self-evident truths. An active and vigorous mind can seize them at once. And a knowledge of these principles is all that such a mind requires—it can run out the details for itself whenever occasion may require. For instance, when the principle on which the multiplication table is formed, is once thoroughly understood by the scholar, the drudgery of committing the table to memory may be dispensed with—by practice he will soon be able to multiply all sums under twelve or fifteen without resorting to a table for the purpose—hence, when the mind has been first prepared and the seed or first elements of knowledge sown, the native powers of the mind acting on these elements will do the rest—just as the husbandman has only to prepare the soil, sow the seed, and leave the rest to nature.

Let us illustrate this important principle by another example. Music, as generally taught, is a worthless thing. The pupil is made to learn a few tunes mechanically on some instrument. The fingers and the musical memory are alone exercised. The reasoning powers of the mind have no part nor lot in the matter. The pupil never suspects that music is any thing more than a combination of sound produced by arbitrary rule. He is not aware that it is a perfect science, founded on the most abstruse principles of mathematics and natural philosophy. Now, if the same course were pursued in music as we have pointed out in arithmetic, he would be made to acquire important principles, and at the same time would receive a valuable exercise to the mind. He will not then go home and forget all that had been learned,—he will have learned principles which cannot be eradicated from the mind—because they become incorporated and form a part of the mind. Music will then become (as it ought to be,) one of the most important and profitable branches of education. Pleasure will become a handmaid to science—wisdom and the graces will be companions to each other, and will steal knowledge into the mind along the chords of melody.

Now every body will say that all this is very plain and reasonable; and surely must be easy to do. It is certainly a plain truth; but who has practised it? To practise it, the teacher himself must have a profound knowledge of the science he professes to teach, so as to know what are truly the fundamental principles of the science. He must be so thoroughly acquainted with the constitution of the mind, as to know what faculties are to be exercised for the reception of these principles. He must be so conscientious in the discharge of his duties, so ardently devoted to the public good, as to pursue the course which reason tells him is right, whether it be for his own private interest or not. He must have the moral courage to withstand the clamor and opposition of those who can neither understand nor appreciate his motives. He must have prepared himself to encounter difficulties both on the part

of the parent and the pupil. The severe exercise of mind which he requires, will be revolting to the badly taught and undisciplined mind of youth—the plain and unostentatious way which he pursues—the entire abandonment of all rewards and distinctions—all stimulants to rivalry and emulation—will be a cause of complaint to most parents, who love to see their children distinguished at an examination, and love to hear that they have studied a great many things, whether they know any thing about them or not.

Thus thoroughly furnished, and endowed withal with the patience of a Job, an instructor may indulge some hope of success, in that most arduous, responsible, and delicate task—the education of youth.

But, the teacher has not yet discharged all his duties, when he has unfolded the powers of the mind, and communicated the elements of all science. Many things are to be learned which cannot be found in books—many ideas and notions necessary for the ordinary affairs of life, are not to be found in any treatise—many precepts to be derived only from the lips of the living teacher. One imbued with wisdom and experience can communicate valuable information every moment of his life. Around the social hearth or the board, in the fields or by the way-side, he may instil into the mind, knowledge far more valuable than any which can be acquired by the study of logic, mathematics, Latin, or Greek. By apt illustration and pleasing incidents, he may reveal the secrets and the passions of the human heart—may excite and unfold the noble and the social virtues, and all those tender affections, which constitute the better and the only redeeming part of our fallen nature.

The most useful thing to a young pupil is to develope, and at the same time, purify his sentiments, inclinations, and passions. But this most extensive branch of our subject, must be deferred to another occasion.

The teacher can do more by his example than by all the motives which can be presented to the mind. Socrates kindled in the minds of his pupils the love of knowledge, more effectually by his example, than by all his precepts, wise and instructive as they were. Wherever he might be found, in the market place, in the street, or in the groves of Academus, the love of wisdom seemed to be his only animating spirit. Not even that termagant of a wife, Xantippe, could disturb his contemplative mind. His pupils caught the ardor and devotion of their master, and made themselves the most eminent men of Greece. Philosophers, and the warriors, the statesmen, orators, and poets of that day, and of succeeding ages, were the pupils and disciples of Socrates.

We are creatures of imitation and example, is omnipotent. What made Washington and Bonaparte so successful in their campaigns? their own example. On the eve of some great battle, when all was doubtful, and the fate of thousands suspended on that one event, did they then calmly harangue their armies on the importance of valor and the necessity of victory—then retire to the rear and send on their soldiers to brave danger alone, and to toil in the conflict without a leader? Did they not rather brace themselves up to the great occasion? With an eye darting unusual fire, with a bosom dilated by strong hope, they marched to the front rank, brandished their sword in mid air, and cried

come on, follow me to victory or to death. Was there a soldier who did not feel the electric influence of such example? Was there a soldier, who did not grasp his sword with double vigor, and swear, come life, come death, to follow his glorious leader? What could stand before such men, animated by such example? Even so triumphant success must inevitably crown the exertions of every pupil, who is animated by the example of a master, that leads the way in the search after knowledge—who shows by his life that he values wisdom above rubies—who mounts up before him, the hill of science, and beckons him to follow—who shows by his animation and his enthusiasm, that he indeed looks out on a glorious landscape—so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospects, and melodious sound, on every side, that the harp of Orpheus were not more charming.

Would you have a scholar of a bold and original mind, he must have a master of the same character, as Philip, Alexander, Aristotle. Nothing but genius can elicit genius. If the master be a chamois hunter in the pursuit of knowledge, the pupil will become a chamois hunter also.

To the chamois hunter, a love of the chase has become a passion; though he were sure that he must be precipitated from some mountain crag, and that the snow must be his winding sheet, he would not exchange his pursuits for the wealth of India, or for the throne of a Russian Autocrat. Carried away by the excitement of the chase, he knows no danger. He crosses the snows, without thinking of the abysses which they may cover—he plunges in the most dangerous passes of the mountains—he climbs up, he leaps from rock to rock, without considering how he may return. The night often finds him in the heat of the pursuit. But he passes the night—not at the foot of a tree, nor in a cave covered with verdure, as does the hunter of the plain—but upon a naked rock, or upon a heap of rough stones, without a shelter. He is alone, without fire, without light; he puts a stone under his head, and is presently asleep, dreaming of the way the chamois has taken. He is awakened by the freshness of the morning air; he rises, pierced through with cold; he measures with his eye the precipices he must yet climb to reach the chamois—and again rushes forward to encounter new dangers.

Oh! that all instructors were like the chamois hunter—in whom the love of knowledge were such a passion, that they would not change its pleasures for the wealth of a kingdom, nor the throne of a monarch—who feared no danger, regarded no toil, no self-denial, which might help them on to the attainment of wisdom. Such examples of daring adventure in the fields of knowledge, would kindle in the minds of youth such a spirit of improvement, such an ardent devotion to the cause of learning, that would lead them to surpass every previous age of the world, in the extent and the value of their acquisitions—they would soon embrace in the wide scope of their expanded and ever expanding intellect, all science and all knowledge. They will then show to the world the great blessings of education—its superior excellence above all earthly things. They will then show their superiority to the self-educated man, who must shrink before them like the twinkling star that dies away in the heavens before the face of the rising sun.

The self-educated man must always labor under a disadvantage, when brought in comparison with the scholar, whose mind has been properly developed and trained from the beginning, by the hands of a skilful master. The difficulties the self-educated man had to encounter, the many errors he made in the outset, have given him a bold and independent mind, but one of limited information and contracted views. The two characters may not be unaptly compared to the two great rulers of the animal kingdom—the lion, king of beasts—the eagle, king of birds.

The walks of the lion are confined within a narrow compass—he never travels beyond the region in which he was born—the sun that rises in the morning finds him in the same spot when it goes down at night—he lives only on one kind of food. The luxuriant plants of a torrid clime in vain spread their delicacies before him—the blood and flesh of animals constitute his repast—when they fail, he is without resource. But, within the limited space where he lives, he is absolute master, and the terror of every thing that hath breath—when he lifts his voice in thunder, the earth trembles—the beasts of the field start with sudden affright and flee to their coverts.

So with the self-educated man—his knowledge is confined within a narrow space—but in that limit, he is master absolute, without a rival—upon his own ground, none dare oppose him—his word is law—he is the lion of his tribe—but only of his tribe—his authority, elsewhere, is not known—as a professional man, he feels the power of a giant in his own peculiar department—but beyond that, he is shorn of his strength and his glory; all is darkness and confusion—he is conscious that he has ventured beyond his safe depth, and feels the impotency of a stripling. He feels that he does not possess those resources, which can only be acquired by a thorough education—"that education, which," in the language of Milton, "fits a man to perform skilfully, justly, magnanimously, all the offices, both public and private, of peace and of war."

The eagle is an animal that hath wings, expanded and vigorous—no climate can oppose him—no element can daunt his resolution—no region to which he does not penetrate. At one time, you find him in the frozen tracts of Iceland; at another, on the parched sands of Zahara—now you behold him on Alp or Andes, sitting amidst the thunders that leap from crag to crag—now he walks majestic on the barren shore, listening to the deep melody of the profound ocean. Again, you see him perched on some tall eminence, calm and unruffled, contemplating the scenes outspread before him, wood, vale, and lake, mountain high—then he mounts upward, above the clouds, takes the whole earth in one wide circuit, bends his course sun-ward, and kindles his undazzled eye at the full mid-day beam.

The thoroughly educated man, like the eagle, is confined to no region—dependant on no limited resource for the nourishment of his mind—for him the whole earth is filled with pleasure and stored with the treasures of knowledge—"he reads sermons in stones; books in the running brooks; and good in every thing." Like the eagle, he sits on some tall eminence, in awful solemnity; disencumbered from the press of near obstructions, he breathes in solitude above the host of ever-humming insects. Elevated above the murmur of

a thousand notes, many and idle, by which the soul is distracted, he can send his mind forth in deep meditation on the present, past, and future—he hath the power to commune with the invisible world, and hear the mighty stream of tendency uttering to his listening and intelligent ear, a distinct and sonorous voice, inaudible to the vast multitude, whose doom it is to run the giddy round of vain delight, or fret and labor on the plain below.

Let us exhort you to cultivate your minds with all diligence, that you may be thus elevated above the accidents of time and circumstances—that you may be thus imbued with a spirit which shall prepare you to sustain any destiny that may await you, adverse or prosperous. Imitate the example of those who have gone before you, and who have guided the destiny of nations by their wisdom and their valor—thoroughly imbue your hearts with their lofty and unfading patriotism—study the works which they have left behind as the imperishable monuments of human greatness—study them diligently—they are few—like green spots in a sandy desert, or stars amid the fitful clouds of a stormy night—study them day and night—they contain the sublimated wisdom of all ages—they contain a history of the remotest past, and a prophetic annunciation of the remotest future—tread along the steps of thought which they have reared, and you cannot fail to reach the sources of wisdom and the fountains of pathos.

When you have thus measured yourself severely with men of old—imbued your minds with their wisdom, and cultivated the affections of the heart by a participation in the feelings of your fellow-men—then will you need to have no fear when the evil day shall come upon us,—then will you be prepared to sustain the honor of your country—you will carry in your own bosom a rich treasure—an ever increasing source of joy and happiness. You will be lifted above the conflicting tumult of vulgar passions, and men raging in aimless commotion—you will have a fellow feeling of the mournful and the joyful, in the fate of all human beings—you can weep with those that weep; rejoice with those that rejoice. From your heart, as from a living fountain, will flow the streams of wisdom—then will you acquire the gift of communicating to men lofty emotions and glorious images in melodies and words, “that voluntary move harmonious numbers.”

THE ORIGIN OF THE MYRTLE.

“Eugenia, did'st thou note this budding flower?
See how it blossoms from that dry stiff branch,
And showers its incense on the doting winds:—
That opening flower is like our love, Eugenia,
Blooming from out our friendship. Once we smiled
To think we e'er should love, as now we do;
And when I brought that leafless, flowerless twig
And stuck it in thy garden, by thy roses,
And said in playful mood, ‘I plant this tree,
Emblem of friendship—calm as our's shall be,’—
We little thought the beauteous flower of love
Would bloom within our hearts and bloom so soon.
And while we walked together, oft and long,

Fonder and fonder growing, as the Spring
Came balmily on and waked the sleeping buds
With whisperings from the South—and yet knew not
That it was love, yet feared, yet hoped it was,
That twig was putting forth a tender shoot,
As if to keep pace with our budding hearts.
And now upon this blessed morn, that I
Can call thee mine, friendship has bloomed in love.
My own, my loveliest—let us guard the tree
That hath been so propitious—and to love—
True love like our's—let us here consecrate
Its future leaves and flowers. Dost thou weep,
Eugenia? Nay, brush off that trembling drop:
Ah, what hast thou to do with tears, my love?
Dost thou forebode aught that may mar our joy?”

“Nay, Hermion,” she replied, “I had a dream—
Only a dream—that love hath sometimes died,
And that its flower hath withered, while the hearts
From which it bloomed lived on—I dreamed that I
Had heard of broken vows and blighted hopes,
Born e'en from love's sweet hours, as these from friend-
ship's.

Dearest—'twas but a dream—forgive these tears—
In truth, I know not why they fell; I am
Too quickly, strangely moved. We'll guard this tree,
And O if thou art true as I shall be,
The myrtle flowers shall see no more such tears.”

C. P. C

THE VICTIM OF LOVE.

A TALE OF “BY GONE TIMES.”

It was a lovely evening, the last of the Indian summer, when, on a tour through the far west, in the fall of 18—, after a long and wearisome ride, I suddenly emerged from a dark oaken forest, through the immense body of which I had for many hours been slowly tracing my almost trackless way. Before me lay stretched in all its barren grandeur, as far as the eye could reach, a broad tract of country, on which it seemed as if for ages upon ages the iron hand of time had been working destruction—with nothing but here and there, a wandering buffalo, or a solitary deer, or a tall clump of majestic trees with their withering branches, to break its dull monotonous extent. The glorious sun had just sunk beneath the distant horizon; its last lingering beams tinging with their bright colors the airy clouds and the far off skies, and lighting up with double brilliancy the rainbow hues of the surrounding wood. The scene was truly sublime—and by an involuntary act, on a rising ground, I reined in my chafing steed, and looked around. I had been upon the broad bosom of the deep, when nothing but its blue waters were around me—I had gazed on its unbroken surface, when the winds and the waves were at rest, and had cast my eyes in vain for some other object, far away over its blue sheen;

from the tops of the loftiest mountains of the earth, I had beheld with admiration the wonderful works of nature—the twinkling stars and the flowery vale—but never had I seen before aught which could be compared to this; or been so awfully impressed with the mightiness and glory of him who rules the universe. Here, thought I, might the exile from his home and country, pass away his wearisome days, free from the hisses and scoffs of his oppressors—here might the lonely hermit offer up his prayers to Heaven and count his beads in peace; and here, might the sordid misanthrope, uncontaminated by the corrupting touch of his fellow-beings, drag out to his heart's content his miserable existence.

The shadows of night had far advanced—though now and then they were thrown back by the unveiling of the chaste moon and pearly star of even, as the light zephyr blew aside the fleecy clouds—when I was awakened from my reverie by the voice of my guide, who had been, as well as myself, for some time lost in meditation, and who was now calling to me, saying, that he feared, unless we hastened on to our place of destination, we should be considered by its inmate, unwelcome visitors.

“And is it possible,” I asked, “that there is indeed a lone being, who has shut himself out from the world, in this vast wild?”

He said there was some years ago a habitation, not far hence, where he could insure me a hospitable reception, unless the owner's torch was extinguished before we arrived. Concerning his history he could give me no information; but said, that when he last saw him, he bore about him marks of a nobler birth and a better life than that which he then led.

I said nothing more, but passed on, still wrapt in the contemplation of the surrounding scenery, and in thoughts of distant things, until my companion exclaimed, in the full ecstasy of joy, at the idea of reaching his journey's end, “We are in time; the light still burns”—and at the same time I heard the hoarse barking of a watch dog to my right. I turned and found myself at the entrance way to one of the loveliest cottages my eyes ever rested on.

The faithful animal ceased barking, and shortly after, the voice of a man, who now slowly advanced towards us, supporting with a staff his feeble frame, greeted my ear, asking who we were and what our purpose, to disturb him at this late hour.

I answered—we were benighted travellers, whose way lay through the trackless and almost boundless plain before us, and who, being much fatigued by our day's ride, craved shelter of him for the night, from the inclemency of the weather. For a while he bent upon us a scrutinizing glance, until having satisfied himself of the truth of my

assertion, he said, that though he could offer us but scanty fare, and a rough couch—being himself but ill provided with the comforts of life—yet such as he had, we were welcome to, and he felt happy in being able to confer on us so small a favor.

Accordingly we unsaddled our horses, and left them to browse, and followed our kind host into his humble dwelling, where we were soon seated by a cheering fire, making fair way with the coarse but wholesome food which the good old man placed before us. By the time we had finished eating, he had spread out a comely pallet of bear and buffalo skins, to which he pointed, saying, that knowing we were much jaded, he would no longer detain us from rest with farther questions concerning our travels, but for the present would bid us good night, hoping we would experience no inconvenience from such rough quarters.

I thanked him for his kindness, and ere long was lost in sweet dreams of my far home, and absent friends.

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Scarce had the morning begun to glimmer in the east, before I aroused my companion, and we caught and caparisoned our steeds, ready to start on our way, as soon as we could bid adieu to the old man, who had given us so hospitable a reception; nor was it long before he came out and inquired the cause of such early preparations. We answered, that having a long road and short day before us, we had determined to make as much of our limited time as possible, and, therefore, had concluded thus early to commence the journey.

He seemed to be much concerned, and said, that it was true he could make us no very tempting offer, but if we would consent to remain with him a day or two longer, he would consider us most welcome guests; by the end of which time he would not only suffer us to depart in peace, but insure us a more speedy trip; at the same moment turning to our horses, as much as to say they needed, perhaps, more than we did, a short respite from constant exertion.

Not unwillingly did I accept his invitation, for the lonely site of his humble dwelling, was well suited to my depressed spirits; and again I freed my gallant though wearied charger, and followed him to his fireside, glad of the chance of becoming better acquainted with one whose history seemed so completely enveloped in mystery. But my guide, who from his earliest infancy had been accustomed to toil and danger, and who would almost have considered it a crime to let such a morning pass without engaging in some active sport, with his rifle swung to his back and hunting knife and pistols braced to his side, mounted his horse, and in a few minutes might have been seen in the distance, in swift pursuit of the timid deer. In the mean time, mine host—while an

old servant, his only companion, was preparing our morning's repast—agreeably entertained me with an account of the settlement of the surrounding country, the depredations of the Indians, and their bloody border conflicts with the white man; for I found him, to my surprise, possessed of a vast fund of information, and an education which a prince might have envied. He told me, that many years had elapsed since his unlucky stars had led him to leave his native place, in the State of Virginia, and to settle at his present residence. He omitted to mention any of the secrets of his early life; but whenever he referred to those days, a cloud would settle over his brow, and a deep sigh would burst from his bosom, telling at once that there was something connected with those by gone times which rested heavily upon his soul. What that was, is the object of this tale to show.

Scarcely had the old negro placed a hot bear's-steak with some roots and other eatables, on the table; when I heard approaching the shrill whistle of my merry "Sancho," and on looking out, I perceived behind his saddle a noble buck, the result of his morning's excursion. Shortly afterwards he came in, and both of us with appetites not a little increased by the night's fast, did ample justice to the frugal board of our hospitable entertainer.

It was thus, in eating, sleeping, hunting and talking, that we passed our time, until the arrival of the third evening of our stay, when I told the good old gentleman that we should be compelled to leave him in the morning. As yet I had been unable, by any question, however artful, to draw from him a disclosure of the incidents of his life, which I felt so anxious to know. The evening was mild, and he had been seated for some time on a rough bench, at the foot of an old but majestic oak, seemingly in deep thought; and it was evident from the contraction of his brow, and the flashings of his keen gray eye, that something was passing within his mind, which caused many a bitter pang to shoot, burning, through his frame; but again his countenance would clear up, and it was impossible to discover beneath its serene and benevolent expression, the storm that was raging within. It was in one of these moments, that he looked up and called me to him; and seating me by his side, asked, in a tone slightly touched with melancholy, if I was "George Hastings, the son of Henry Hastings, formerly of L—— in the State of Virginia." I told him I was—and he arose, incapable of utterance, and clasped me in his arms, while the big tear-drop rolled down his time-worn cheeks, and his breast heaved with emotion. I feared I had touched a chord which vibrated to his heart, and caused the waters of anguish, which had been for years pent up in his bosom, to overflow, and I was about to beg for forgiveness, when he suddenly stopped his

tears, and once more collected himself, saying, he hoped I would excuse his childish conduct; for he found it impossible to control his feelings on learning that I was the son of his earliest and kindest friend. And looking me full in the face, to trace therein, as I supposed, the likeness of my father, a dark shade might have been seen to come again over his features, and tears to start afresh in his eyes—but he suppressed his emotions, and, after a slight pause, continued:

"Henry Hastings," and for a moment his whole soul seemed absorbed in thoughts of things, which came up to his recollection like a dream, and his very frame shook with the intensity of his feelings. I sat motionless, for never before had I observed the full force of mental suffering.

"Henry Hastings," he continued, as if forgetful of my presence—"thou wert indeed a true and faithful friend. How often have I turned, in the bitterness of my grief, to those halcyon days, when the night went not, and the morning came not, without bearing witness to a friendship reciprocated by hearts, free from the withering touch of selfishness and uncontaminated by a less heavenly feeling! Yes—how often do I turn to them as the bright spots in the wide waste of my life, and wish, vainly wish, that thy words had not been thrown away to the idle winds."

Then turning to me, he said, "George, I knew him from his childhood. In after years 'we lived and loved together,' and together roamed through 'many a changing scene.' The buffetings and storms of life we alike encountered—and after the clouds were blown aside, revelled in the sweet sunshine of the soul. Open, frank and generous, he had that within him, which few men possess; but if possessed, causes life to pass away as smoothly as a sunbeam glides over the blue sheen of the sparkling waters. Those were happy, happy days—but they are gone—and where is he, the companion of my youth? And what am I?" and again he sunk into a deep reverie.

I was unable to speak, for my feelings stifled my utterance. He remained in that situation, apparently unconscious of any thing around him, until finally all outward appearance of inward care entirely vanished—and he commenced in a full, soft and sonorous voice, the following narrative:

"George, I know you were surprised at the deep emotions which overpowered me, when you answered my inquiry concerning your name and family. It was a shock indeed which my old frame has not suffered for many—many years. Why I was not struck with the name, at first, I cannot tell. Perhaps time had dealt too heavily with my decaying memory—or, being such an utter stranger, I took too little interest in you. But this evening, when the thoughts of other scenes and other days, crowded themselves upon me, that name was associated with them; and the

idea struck me that you were in some way connected with it. You have seen the result of the discovery, and, since then, I have determined to relate to you, the son of the only individual whom I ever called friend, what I would do to him, were he living and here present—the causes which have led me to seek this lone spot, free from the world and its cares. Your curiosity on this point has not escaped my notice. But I had long since determined never to disclose the secrets of my life, and therefore evaded all your questions relating to them; then I knew you not, nor did I expect ever again to see a member of your family.

"I will pass over the occurrences of my more childish days—for the relation of them would be as uninteresting to you, as tedious to myself,) and commence at that period which gave a coloring to every incident of my after life: I speak of the time when the frivolities of the boy, were to be thrown aside for the more lasting and arduous pursuits of the man—when the cup and ball, were to be dashed to the earth, and the staff of the philosopher taken up in their stead. It was no easy task to throw off my youthful sports and youthful companions; but, ambitious as I was and had always been, I did not hesitate, and it required but a moment's reflection to determine me to choose William and Mary College, as the place where I was to form my character—not only because it had been the '*alma mater*' of many of my country's deliverers, but because there, I knew, besides the many advantages which it held out in instruction, I could have an opportunity of entering the most refined circles* on this side the Atlantic—and thereby, at the same time that my mind was undergoing a thorough course of training, my body would acquire grace, ease, and dignity, and my manners by possibility might become highly accomplished. Whether I have ever had cause to repent that choice, you will perceive in the sequel.

"Your father had decided upon pursuing the same course—and at the same time we bade adieu to the homes of our sires, and set out for the ancient metropolis of the Old Dominion. The names of Henry Hastings and Charles McDonald, unless effaced by the destructive hand of time, may still be seen cut on the chimney piece in one of the rooms, on the southern side of the college, which we then occupied. Many a night did we see our taper flicker and die away in its socket; many an hour did we pass in searching out the secrets of philosophy, and the mighty principles of science—but at length the gay season commenced, and we found time to enjoy that intercourse which I had looked forward to with so much pleasure. But, alas, the day was now fast approaching which was to stamp upon me the seal of wretchedness.

"The spring season set in with all its flowery

* Williamsburg has always been celebrated for its good society—but more particularly so at the time here alluded to.

sweets—the modest violet opened its tender blossoms, and the wild honeysuckle and jessamine diffused their fragrant scents through the neighboring woods, and the beautiful rose bloomed over every walk; the merry song of the robin, and the wild strains of the thrush, echoed in the distant groves; and the melodious notes of the mocking-bird issued from each garden bower. The beauty of the land were here collected together—and the halls of pleasure thrown open for their reception. I entered eagerly into their sports—their presence acted upon my spirits like healing balsam to the painful and distracting wound,—it was necessary, it soon appeared to me, to my very existence. When languishing and melancholy, and worn out by a close application to my studies, the gay circles of beauty and fashion soon roused my heart from its drooping state, and ere long with buoyant spirits I fluttered in all the lightness of joy. I could then gaze upon the fairy forms around me, unmoved by any other emotion than that of friendship: towards each and all I felt the same, and even looked upon them as sisters. To have injured one, either by word or deed, would have destroyed my happiness forever—the stain would have acted upon my heart—spreading and increasing daily, in magnitude and blackness, and grown hourly more foul, until, at last, what was once as pure as the innocent child's, would have perished, leaving a dark cloud resting over the damned spot, pointing out to posterity its unhallowed site, and telling, in a manner more expressive than words, its unrighteous tale.

"But these feelings soon vanished. On a clear and lovely night—such as generally marks the commencement of May—when all appears doubly brilliant, by the bright stars, and the glowing, though mild and serene light of the chaste moon—I attended as usual one of the many parties given at this season of the year to the young, the gay, the light-hearted, and the thoughtless. I entered the hall, and looking around to see if I could recognize any familiar face, in the numerous assembly there collected, my eyes rested upon one, fair and beautiful, and it seemed that in years past I had seen the same countenance—where, or how, it matters not. 'Tis enough—and too much—to know, from that time she was the object of my thoughts by day, and the vision of my dreams by night. The stream of my affections was turned into a new channel, and conducted into a new reservoir.

"I went—the smile which played around her lip, the mild expression of her eye, and the sweetness of her voice, all made an indelible impression upon me. I saw—the tenderness of her manners which some blamed, as being coquetish. I admired—and was conquered! 'Twas enough—I was no longer the being I had been. That universal attachment which I had for all, was

gradually drawn off, and centred on this one object—that joy and delight which I formerly found in the society of others, I found no longer. It was only with her, that I felt contented and happy; and yet I was not—for, when with her, though my heart was full to overflowing, still I could not speak. Every other thought, but those pertaining to the burning passion within me, fled from my brain—until, finally, there came a gloom—a portentous gloom—and settled over me; and the mirthfulness of my heart was changed, like all things else, into the calmness of melancholy.

“Henry noticed this change—for it forced itself upon him—and vainly attempted to break the spell by which I was bound. In vain did he place before me, honor and fame, as the reward of exertion. In vain did he tell of the warrior’s laurels, or the statesman’s wreath—and depict the glory of immortality. The charm was too powerful for any thing human to dispel;—and his words passed—heard, but unheeded.”

Here he paused, and a smothered sigh broke from his bosom. At length in a milder tone he continued—

“Ellen Howard, might have been truly called transcendently beautiful—with an eye, dark and lustrous, and a form of the most perfect symmetry. In the light cotillon, or more stately minuet, she moved as a queen, in the midst of the graces, striking at once with admiration, the beholder, and afterwards chaining him to her side by the powers of her mind, which displayed themselves with such brilliancy, that she seemed to be a being of another world, sent on earth only for the purpose of showing its vain creatures how frail and imperfect they are when compared to the things of Heaven. Alas! she has long since passed away, but her image still dwells with me—and at times methinks I can see her, with her white robes, and airy curls, as she appeared to me on the night when I first beheld her.

“The close of the college session was now rapidly approaching—and for the last time, as the sun sunk to rest beneath the western skies, on the evening of the 3d of July, I wended my way to her father’s dwelling. She was alone, gently reclining upon a sofa. Her head rested lightly on her lily white hand; and her beautiful eyes—their usual brightness being partially dimmed by a tear which had stolen unconsciously from its pure fount—shone with a mild lustre, and were fixed, in silent pensiveness, on the floor. It was evident from the soft sighs, which now and then slightly broke on the ear, that a melancholy sadness pervaded her soul. I approached, and seating myself by her side, declared in burning words the imperishable love that I bore her. She spoke not—but placing her hand within mine, rested her head innocently upon my bosom, and wept.

“For once in my life I was happy—the cloud vanished from my brow—the smile played around my lips—and my eyes again shone with their wonted lustre. But, alas! how short was the duration of my happiness; how soon were the bright hopes which cheered my youthful dreams to pass away forever—the cup of bliss was no sooner raised to my lips, than some mysterious power shattered it to atoms. The next morning found me, with a heavy heart, on the road to the home of my childhood—and though that home was once to me the sweetest place on earth, surrounded by my friends, and former associates—yet when again there, I soon became restless and discontented—the hours passed like days—and the days like months. I sighed for the arrival of the college course—I longed to see Ellen.”

And again he pressed his hand against his forehead—and again his feeble frame shook with the intensity of his feelings. But at length he continued:

“Yes! she was *once my own*—my beautiful Ellen—my plighted, my promised bride—on whom my every hope of happiness was centred. Indeed, I wished for any thing which might serve to drive away the negative state in which I existed—and soon was my wish gratified. News arrived, that the western tribes of Indians under a new leader, had broken from their forests, burning and destroying the border settlements, in the present states of Kentucky and Tennessee, and massacring the inhabitants. This called up my patriotism, and animated me with a double desire for distinction. And it was scarcely the work of a moment for me to raise a corps of volunteers—at the head of which I placed myself and marched off to assist in repelling the invaders. It would be useless to detail the many conflicts and hair-breadth escapes which we encountered; suffice it to say, that the final struggle at length came; when, unexpectedly, as I was marching through a dense wood, my whole company was surrounded. We fought bravely—and struggled manfully against their superior numbers—but every exertion proved in vain. As the last resort—driven to desperation—I turned to the faithful few, who as yet remained unscathed; and exhorted them to follow me. They did so,—we rushed among the thickest of our enemies—and at every stroke sent a foe from the earth forever. Their bodies lay heaped up around us, but their ranks continued to strengthen; till, finally, faint and weary, I saw my brave followers, one by one, cut down by my side. I despaired of life, and determined to die like a soldier. Seeing at a short distance, an Indian chief, who appeared to be the leader of the hostile band, at one bound I was by his side, with my sword descending over his head, when, pierced by a ball, my weapon dropped from my hand, and I fell nerveless at his feet. How long I remained

in that situation I know not; but on coming to my senses I found myself in a strange land, and heard their savage laughter ring in my ears, as they saw life returning in me. For they had applied their healing balms to my wounds in order to reserve me for a more cruel death. In about a month afterwards through the attention of Meona, the chief's daughter, I was entirely restored. Many laborious tasks were then, day after day, and month after month, imposed upon me, until, finally, the time came, which would have ended all my sufferings. Meona discovered the preparations for my funeral pyre, and urged me to fly while I was yet unfettered. But I was immovable, and declared my determination to remain, until she satisfied me that she feared nothing on her own account, that not a hair of her head would be touched—and that night, through her assistance, I effected my escape.

"But many days came and went, before the tall spires of L—— greeted my eyes. Twelve months had scarce elapsed, since, full of high hopes and ardent aspirations, at the head of a gallant band I had left it; yet hunger and disease, together with my uncouth habiliments, had worked such a change in my appearance, that no one knew me. The inhabitants were just throwing off their mourning robes; and I learnt, though I did not reveal my name, that an account of the unfortunate accident which has been mentioned, was soon spread through the country, causing many a scalding tear to flow from the eyes of the childless matron. And I moreover heard, that Ellen Howard who had remained for some time inconsolable for my loss, had at last yielded to the solicitations of her friends, and consented to give her hand in marriage to a young man of wealth, who had since my departure addressed her. George! I never knew until that moment how much I loved her. I had borne all my sufferings with patience—I had witnessed with a calm and steady eye, the anguish which, through my misfortune, I had caused; I had heard, unmoved, myself spoken of in a pitying tone as the 'poor unfortunate.' But this was more than I could bear. If Heaven's fiery bolt had fallen upon me, the shock could not have been more violent. The blood seemed to boil in my veins, and I thought my very heart would have burst with its unspeakable anguish. I waited not to speak to friend or foe, but, almost as swift as the winds, I flew over the space which separated us, and in a few days might have been seen, dashing, as fast as my noble steed could carry me, into the ancient metropolis. It was about dusk—and the mansion of Ellen Howard was already lighted up. I approached and entered it—and, oh God! what were my feelings, when, at the next instant, I saw the fatal ring placed upon her finger, and she pronounced another's! A deadening pang shot through me. My brain fired

and my head reeled, and I fell against a pillar at the entrance of the room. At this moment, I heard my name accidentally mentioned—I turned and saw a paleness like that of death come over the features of Ellen. 'Twas enough—I knew that it was still sacred with her. And reflecting upon the consequences which might result from a discovery of myself, I rushed from the house; the next day found me a lonely exile, wandering over the face of the earth, with every tie, that bound me to my fellow creatures, torn asunder—my fortunes shattered—my hopes blasted. I fled—the mere wreck of my former self—away from my home. Since then, Charles McDonald has never been heard of in Virginia. Concerning her who was 'the morning star of my memory,' I have since made many inquiries—and learnt, thank Heaven, that her life passed away like a summer flower in the midst of its own sweetness."

His voice died away—and as I looked upon his silvery locks and furrowed cheeks, I could scarce refrain from weeping through very sympathy.

We retired to rest—and the next morning I bade him an affectionate farewell, with his blessing on my head.

The winter's blast had passed on, and the gentle breath of spring swept softly by, when I found myself again—on my way home—at that lovely spot, the home of the wanderer; but its owner had been gathered to his fathers! and I stood by his grave, over which the wild violet unfolded its humble blossom, and dropped a tear to the memory of "THE VICTIM OF LOVE." T.

TO MARGARET.

"Daughter of the hand of snow, I was not [then] so mournful and blind—I was not so dark and forlorn." * * * Youth of the gloomy brow, raise the praise of the daughter of Sarno, and give her name to the wind of the hills. * * * Attend to the tale of Ossian, oh maid! for he remembers the days of his youth." "Why dost thou come, my love, to frighten and please my soul!"

My fair—my gentle cousin;

My meek and winsome lass—

At every time, in every clime,

Through which I've chanced to pass,

Since our adieu, thou hast been near:

Thy presence is a blessing here.

The blue lines of the mountains,

Which kiss the bending skies,

And the clouds around the mountains bound,

Less beauteous in mine eyes

Have grown; but in thy glance I see

A brightening smile reserved for me.

Our brook no longer prattles,

Adown its shining way,

Nor flowers, in ranks, upon its banks,

Rise at the wand of May,

As in the past; but at thy side,

I hear its blossom-bordered tide.

Thy blooming tree—thy bower,
 So beautiful in Spring—
 Beneath whose screen, of rustling green,
 We used to sit and sing,
 Is gone—yet, in my dreams of thee,
 We sit beneath that blooming tree.

The "old house" is deserted,
 And through its ancient halls,
 Mid poisonous air, engendered there,
 The noxious reptile crawls;
 But, come! and I will breathe that air,
 Nor feel the desolation there.

Oh! the happy, happy voices,
 That cheered life's radiant dawn;
 And the gladsome band, that, hand in hand,
 Gambol'd upon the lawn,
 Have ceased—but, in thy voice, appears
 The melody of distant years.

Long in the past I linger,
 When memory leads astray;
 For wearily and drearily,
 Trails off the present day.
 Let in those memories to my soul—
 The curtain is at thy control.

A prospect of the future
 No consolation brings,
 But doubt and fright,—for, horrid Night
 There spreads her darkling wings.
 She comes, she hovers round me now,
 But, bless my being, here art thou.

Cheerless were earth, my cousin,
 Without thy heavenly smile,
 To light, to bless, my loneliness,
 My terrors to beguile:
 But with thy love, deep, pure and warm,
 Life has its sunshine and its charm.

Middletown, Va.

G. B. W.

LETTER FROM MALTA.

Opera House at Malta; Sir Thomas Maitland; God save the King; Misunderstanding between the English Army and American naval officers, &c.

The Opera House in Valetta is, during the greater part of the year, the principal resort for amusement: it was erected in the time of the "Order," and is sufficiently large to contain some two hundred persons in the pit, and numbers upwards of seventy boxes. It is very much in the Roman style, of an oval form, and brilliantly lighted by a large French chandelier, which hangs from the centre of the ceiling. The pit, and third tier of boxes, are occupied by respectable citizens, while the second or dress circle, is solely for the "bon ton." Being patronised by the admirals of the station, the highest officers in government employ, and by the native nobility of the island, the house, during the winter, is very much crowded; and the company as mixed as can well be imagined; indeed, people from every

country, and voices of every language, are to be seen and heard during the carnival, within the walls of this building. That period of the year, when of all others this opera should be avoided by respectable females, is immediately after the arrival of the Mediterranean fleet. At this time, crowds of seamen come on shore from the different ships, with sufficient money to riot during the day in the numerous dram-shops of the city, and at night to seat themselves in the upper gallery with the women of the town. While here, having no taste for Rossini's music, and not understanding the language, they amuse themselves by cracking nuts, the shells of which they throw in all directions—by uttering oaths, and using such language as would be sufficient to corrupt the minds of children, and shock the ears of refinement. At no season, however, are the boxes better filled; and if by chance, a drunken tar utters a vulgar joke, or blasphemous oath, fit only for the inmates of billingsgate to hear, 'tis then, some have been noticed to use their handkerchiefs to conceal their blushing cheeks. The principal performers, whom I have seen at this opera—and neither of whom deserve to be named, for bad are the best—are the tenore Dagnini, who I regret to add was among those who were thought by the Palermitans to have introduced the cholera among them, and was stoned to death by the ignorant inhabitants, in that Sicilian city—the basso del Riccio, and the prima donna Madam Darbois. This last has been singing for several years, and was, in former days, a great favorite with all classes who visited the opera. In her youth, she was gifted with a pretty face and sweet voice—but what with her increasing years, and over exertions, her good looks have left her, her powers are fast failing, and she must content herself ere long, however loathing to her spirits the thought must be, to occupy a second place, even in this colonial theatre.

As an American and a republican, and oftentimes the only one present, who was not the subject of a king, I was forcibly struck on my first arrival at the island, with the attention which was paid by all present, to the national air of "God save the King." This air is performed in the interval between the first and second acts, and the whole audience rises at the commencement of it, and remains standing and uncovered until it is concluded. Indeed, during my long residence at Valetta, I have never known this custom for a single evening to be dispensed with. Perhaps I may be justified in saying, that in the present disturbed state of the island, it is not at the moment a favorite tune with the people; and instances have recently occurred, when the last notes were being played, previous to the dropping of the curtain, that all present, except those only, who, as His Majesty's officers, were compelled to remain, have suddenly retired, and left the musicians to play this "crowning rose of the musical wreath," to an almost empty house. One night, I remember in particular, when the Basso, who chanced to be a political exile from Italy, was in good voice, and the subject of his song was the blessings of liberty, he so excited his audience, that there was simultaneously a round of applause, and a general cry of "*Liberta*"—a little while after, when "God save the King" was being performed, there was almost as general a murmur. Although the opera, in which the Basso's song occurred, was one of the most popular with the people, and most profitable

to the managers, yet orders were given that it should be struck from the list—and it has never to this day been repeated in the "royal opera house" of Valetta.

Some twenty years since, His Majesty's officers of the army, were far more sensitive on the subject of their national tune, than they would wish to be at the present day. The time which was formerly occupied in the performance of this air, was passed in observing, and afterwards insulting those who might through ignorance or inattention, have remained seated. It is now far more pleasantly, and as many would say profitably employed, in ogling through an eye glass the fair haired daughters of Europe, or the native brunettes of the island, as each in his taste may fancy.

In the spring of 18—, not many years after peace was declared between the United States and England, and at a period also when the feelings between the two nations were any thing but friendly, an incident occurred, which, but for the foresight of Sir Thomas Maitland, and prudence of the American Commodore, might have led to the most painful and fatal results. It was at the moment the signal gun was discharged from fort St. Angelo, to denote the hour of sunset, that an American line of battle ship, with a frigate and corvette in company, were observed to be entering the harbor of Valetta. The wind being light from the south, the smoke was slowly wafted in the direction from which the ships were approaching. This circumstance served to elicit from an old quarter gunner the following blunt remark—"I say, messmates, this, at our entrance, being greeted at the mouth of the cannon, is but an evil welcome, and proves any thing but a gracious reception." His hearers, who were in a merry mood, called him a superstitious old fool, and added that it was always the same with him; if he spoke of home, he could think of nothing but a haunted house or a walking ghost; when at sea, he was eternally talking of "Mother Cary's" chickens, a mackerel sky, or blowy weather—and now, when after a long cruise, and on a beautiful evening, entering a friendly port, he could see nothing but grim death staring him in the face, and Charon's boat ready for his reception. The old gunner heard the first part of their remark with perfect good humor; but when they spoke of his courage, on which subject he was naturally sensitive, he instantly lost all patience, and remarked—"If by that, messmates, you mean that I, who have served under Lawrence, McDonough, and Decatur—who have been in three naval engagements, and always found among the victorious crew—am now afraid of an empty gun, or a puff of curling smoke, you are most — mistaken; and it ill becomes your saying it." As no one could dispute his reasoning, he continued, as he carelessly looked at a group of idle soldiers lazily lounging on the Marina, "If our blue jackets don't have some dust with these red coats, before they get out of this, I, as Jonathan Davis of Marblehead, will lose my guess—for my part, I would rather be holy, striding the deck of the old Montezuma, in a thunder squall on the equator, than to see this good old ship running her nose in this cursed hole. You may laugh as you like, my boys, but my motto is, give us the ocean, and fair play is a jewel!"

At this moment, the ships had arrived at their anchorage, and taken a position equidistant between the shores of Vittoriosa and Burmola. The sails were

quickly furled, the yards squared, the top gallant yards sent on deck, and to a cursory observer, every thing appeared as if the ships had been at anchor for as many days as it had been minutes since they passed the fortifications from which the sunset gun had been discharged. The hoarse sound from the trumpet, as the officer of the watch quickly walked the quarter deck, and observed with a seaman's eye, those of the crew, who might be neglecting their duty aloft, or to quote his own words, "were playing the soldier," had for a time been unheard, and the shrill notes from the boat-swain's whistle, as the evolutions were performed, had ceased, when a number of the younger officers made their appearance before the Commodore, and asked permission for an evening's absence. This request was readily granted, and each one, when on shore sought, as is customary, for a place of amusement, in which to while away their few idle hours of liberty. One of the younger officers being at the opera, and on his first cruise, was unacquainted with the custom of rising when the national air of "God save the King" was being performed, and therefore, remained seated. This circumstance served to draw the attention of those who were around, and to excite the indignation of an ensign of His Majesty's tenth regiment, who chanced to be a sprig of nobility, and consequently, as it would appear, felt himself bound to take notice of, and resent any insult which "he thought might be offered to his royal master." The feelings of the one addressed, were naturally aroused, and as he handed his card, he coolly remarked, that where no disrespect was intended, no such language would be permitted. The American officers having observed the situation in which their companion was placed, and thinking he had been insulted, quietly resumed their seats, and, as one remarked, "before the tune had done jingling in their ears, were all accommodated with their neighbor's address." On the following morning, at an early hour, a boat was observed approaching the flag ship, in which were seated two officers, each of whom was of the rank of captain, and of the "king's army," as was written on their cards when handed for introduction. On going on board they were well received, their business explained, and every thing arranged to the satisfaction of the parties engaged. After pledging each other over a glass of Madeira, they were shown to the gangway, the marine presented arms, and the gentlemen retired. All this was done without the knowledge of the Commodore, and it was not until the salute of nineteen guns had been fired, as a compliment to the garrison, and the same had been returned, "that the commander in chief of the American naval forces in the Mediterranean" was informed by a note from his excellency the Governor, of his regret at the misunderstanding which had taken place between the two nations, who, from their descent, similarity of language, and customs, ought always to be united. Sir Thomas, at the same time, expressed a wish that the matter would be explained; and if this could not be done, that a plan should be devised to prevent the movements which had already been made, and by which it appeared that a greater part of the Americans had pledged themselves, as they came on shore, to ride into the country, to a garden not far distant from St. Antonio, where unobserved, they would await the arrival of their opponents, and

with the pistol, settle the matter of dispute, which unfortunately existed between them. All attempts at a reconciliation were fruitless—the motto with all being, first fight, then an apology, or another shot, as might suit the parties who had the ground. This reasoning, has oftentimes led to the most unfortunate results, and would, most undoubtedly, have done so in this instance, had not the Commodore and Sir Thomas hit upon the following stratagem, by which, if the misunderstanding could not be permanently removed, the proposed mode of settlement should be, at least for a time, deferred—and in a manner also, by which the honor of the parties engaged should not be compromised. At noon, on the following day, which was some two hours previous to the time appointed for the first hostile meeting, garri-son orders appeared for a brigade review at Florian, which compelled the officers, who were preparing for an afternoon's ride, to be with their respective regiments till sunset—at the same moment, a signal was hoisted on the American flag ship "for all boats to be along side," a command which could not be misunderstood, or by the rules of the service, under any pretence whatsoever, be violated.

It was near nightfall, when the soldiers returned to their barracks, and the officers to the bastions, to take, as they sneeringly remarked, a last look at their transatlantic brethren, who were brave, if they should judge from their words, but wanting, when it came to the point. The young ensign, who caused the difficulty, was heard humming the words:

He that fights, and runs away,
Will live to fight another day—

when he, most unexpectedly, received a second challenge, which put an end to his song, and made him think of the morrow. It so happened, that one American was left, who had been in the navy, seen some service, and was then filling a diplomatic situation in one of the Regencies of Barbary. Going up to a group of officers, who appeared equally astonished at his coolness and daring—as the one whose impudent tongue had been so suddenly silenced, he remarked, "Gentlemen, I am but one; but I have the will, and indeed intend to fight you each in turn, until it shall be my lot to fall." Need I add, that those who heard him, were brave men, and acted in every sense of the word, as became Englishmen and officers. The major who was the eldest present, immediately stepped forward, and extending his hand, observed—"We know not your name, sir, but admire your spirit; and from your conduct when alone, we are satisfied that were your absent friends present, they would have acted in the same honorable manner."

On the morrow, all the officers left their cards, and during the day, Mr. Consul J**** was informed of his election, without ballot, as an honorary member of the regimental mess, during his residence at Malta. In the meantime, the Governor, Sir Thomas Maitland, had made known the reasons which induced the commodore to take French leave, which served to make our countryman still more popular. Would I might name him—I can only mention, that he is at present a judge in one of the middle States, and universally esteemed in the district in which he resides. It is by such like

instances of cool courage, that the Americans have obtained a character abroad, which it is to be hoped all who follow will maintain. Republicanism is not a very popular creed in Europe, more especially with those who have titles, without either money or character to support them.

W.

Malta, August 3d, 1838.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF L. E. L.

BY J. C. M'CAKE.

And thou—the lovely, gifted one—art gone!
Gone to a brighter, better world than this.
The goal of Immortality is won—
The fadeless wreath of everlasting bliss!
Cold malice now may seek to dim thy name;
In vain may envy from its native hell
Glare with distempered vision on thy fame,
Or soil thy stainless memory, L. E. L. J. C. M.

She has gone! the gifted spirit hath burst its prison bars and sought its habitation in the skies! The lyre of beauty hath given its last, last echoes to the wind,—the hand that woke the soul of melody from its chords and bade it live, is smitten in its glory, upon the string which was destined to prolong the proud fame of its possessor.

When conquerors die, the pomp and pageant—the nodding plume and the crape shrouded banner—the muffled drum and the cannon thunder—tell the gazer that the *great* have fallen, that the mighty have been prostrated—and we moralize on the vicissitudes and mutations of time, the uncertainty of life and the darkness of the tomb—and we unite to rear the proud mausoleum to their memory and their glory.

But when the gifted ones of earth are removed—when the priest falls at the altar, and the hand which lighted the shrine-fire forgets its duty, we weep o'er the memory of the hour when the song of praise rose from the Courts of the Temple, and the blaze of the altar told that the services of the sanctuary were remembered. When the poet dies

"Mute nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies."

And to the eye of the individual who can understand and appreciate the spells of poesy, the very trees and waters, the gentle hills and the green valleys—the bright young flowers, and the birds, all, all seem to catch the pervading gloom, and mourn the loss of their friend and companion! Thus, gifted one, we miss and mourn thee. We feel as tho' some household deity had been hurled from its sanctified home, and we weep as tho' some idolized flower, beloved and beautiful, had been rudely crushed before us. Thine hath truly been the poet's destiny; and though not "born in sorrow and baptized with tears," it has been a chequered pilgrimage of but little sunshine and much gloom. From the most authentic accounts before us,* we learn that "Lætitia Elizabeth Landon, was born in Hans Place,

* Sketch by Mr. S. C. Hall.

London. She is of the old Herefordshire family, of Tedstone-Delamere. Her father was, originally, intended for the navy; and sailed his first voyage as a midshipman, with his relative, Admiral Bowyer: he afterwards became a partner with Mr. Adair, the well known army agent, but died while his daughter was very young. Her uncle, the Rev. Dr. Landon, is Head of Worcester College, and Dean of Exeter. As we have heard her say, she cannot remember the time when composition—in some shape or other—was not a habit. She used in her earliest childhood to invent long stories, and repeat them to her brother; these soon took a metrical form, and she frequently walked about the grounds of Trevor Park, and lay awake half the night, reciting her verses aloud. The realities of life began with her at a very early period. Her father's altered circumstances induced her to direct her mind to publication; and some of her poems were transmitted to the Editor of 'the Literary Gazette,'—the first and most constant of all her literary friends. He could scarcely believe they were written by the child who was introduced to him. 'The Improvisatrice' soon afterwards appeared, and obtained for her that reputation, to which every succeeding year has largely contributed.

"In person Miss Landon is small, and delicately framed; her form is exquisitely moulded; and her countenance is so full of expression, that, although her features are by no means regular, she must be considered handsome. Her conversation is brilliant, and abounds in wit. Like most persons of genius, her spirits are either too high or too low; and those who have seen her only during her moments of joyousness, imagine that the sadness which too generally pervades her writings, is all unreal—

Blame not her mirth who was sad yesterday
And may be sad to-morrow.

"One of her prose tales records the history of her childhood. It is but a gloomy one—and she treats it as the shadow of her after life. In a communication before us, she says, 'I write poetry with far more ease than I do prose, and with far greater rapidity. In prose, I often stop and hesitate for a word—in poetry, never. Poetry always carries me out of myself; I forget every thing in the world but the subject which has interested my imagination. It is the most subtle and insinuating of pleasures,—but, like all pleasures, it is dearly bought. It is always succeeded by extreme depression of spirits, and an overflowing sense of bodily fatigue. Mine has been a successful career; and I hope I am earnestly grateful for the encouragement I have received, and the friends I have made—but my life has convinced me that a public career must be a painful one to a woman. The envy and the notoriety carry with them a bitterness which predominates over the praise.' It has perhaps been her lot to encounter those best of friends—enemies—on her path through an eventful life; but she has the affection, as well as the admiration, of many; and her own generous and ardent zeal in forwarding the interests of those she regards, has not always been met with indifference or ingratitude."

From the pen of one who does honor to the land of his birth, we learn the true history in the case of the gifted and unfortunate lady—and if spirits from their

blessed abodes on high, smile benignantly on those who hallow their memory on earth, methinks this friend* of her early youth, will have thrown across his pathway from the skies a holy ray to lighten with its chastened beams his upward path to honorable renown.

"Poor L. E. L. ! a more melancholy fate than her's is not to be found in the history of literary calamity. In the very bloom of a consummated hope—a hope which had supported her through many hard and bitter trials; and to which, though darkened by the clouds of adverse circumstance, she clung with the enduring faith and trust of woman—in the very moment of her seeming reward, the cup was suddenly snatched from her lips—nor love, nor constancy, nor genius could save her from the inexorable hand of the destroyer. In another world, we may indeed hope, she has a reward more perfect and pure than the highest earthly one could have been; and we have no right to murmur at the decree which called her hence. Heaven but lends the spirits—it hath endowed with inspirations of its own divinity—to the world, and in its own good time recalls them.

But while we humbly bow to the mandate of Omnipotence, there is no need that we should do violence to the best sympathies of our nature, by withholding expressions of regret at the severance of cherished earthly ties, the breaking up of social and endearing affections. This is not the creed of nature, and, therefore, not of truth.

The writer of this slight sketch, from his earliest youth, has been intimately and personally acquainted with L. E. L. She was the companion and playmate of his sister's childhood, and the friend and confidant of her riper years. To a warm admiration of her genius, he has ever united a feeling of brotherly affection; nor could the fame of his own mother, were she no more, be well more sacred to him than is that of L. E. L. We advert to these things, only as furnishing proof, that in what he may advance hereafter, he will not speak without knowledge.

There was something peculiarly melancholy and shocking about the manner of L. E. L.'s death; but heart-rending as was that calamity to her friends, the unfeeling and brutal speculation which has been set afloat respecting her, has been to them, if possible, a source of yet severer anguish. If the unprincipled manufacturers of scandalous gossip, would but reflect upon the bitter misery they cause in their vocation, surely they would abandon it. The most depraved nature would not pursue a course so vile; while if he needs must be a villain, a hundred nobler methods are open to him. The tone of a portion of the press in relation to this melancholy affair, has been not only ungenerous, but positively wicked and unjust. People have not been content merely to indulge in speculation, but have actually fabricated falsehood for the support of their ridiculous and shallow theories.

One of the most infamous of these stories, we regret to say, is of English origin. We are as proud as any man that breathes, of our native land, and seldom, aught connected with its name, costs us a blush; but truly, when we read the article we have referred to, our cheek did burn with shame and mortification, that the writer and ourself should have sprung from the same soil. And for his sake, we could almost have renounced the name and birth-right of a Briton. We have no disposition to withhold the name of this person, nor do we fear to publish it: inasmuch as we are ready to prove at any time, that his assertions with regard to L. E. L. and Mr. McClean, her husband, were base lies; and that he knew them to be so while writing them. Shelton Mackenzie, a hack scribbler in Liverpool, who by some infatuation on the part of the editor, has been permitted to thrust himself into respectable company as correspondent of the New York Star. Shelton Mackenzie is the man—psha! we did not mean to write the word,—the creature, who merely to pander to a vitiated, but unfortunately too prevalent, appetite for gossip, has deliberately slandered the fair and honorable reputation of the living, and cast reproach upon the sacred memory of the dead—upon the memory of a woman—and of his own land; a woman, too, who had adorned that land by her

* Tho. R. Hofland, Esq., son of the talented authoress, and himself a writer of no little merit. The article which we select is from the "American Museum," edited by Brooks the poet, and Dr. Snodgrass of Virginia.

glorious genius. But why dwell upon the subject: the broad seal of infamy is affixed plainly upon the transaction. There is no need for us to point it out.

The article to which we allude is, we doubt not, familiar to most of our readers, as it was extensively copied by the press throughout the country. In case, however, there should be some unacquainted with it, we will briefly state its substance. It declares that Mr. McClean insulted his wife by open profligacy of the most indecent and wanton description; and that, crushed and broken-hearted by this treatment, she sought refuge from her sorrows in self-destruction. Now even had there been any foundation for this report, it would, at least, have evinced but common manliness of feeling, not to have aggravated the deep affliction of the friends of the departed, by giving it publicity almost before the earth had covered her remains.

But there was no foundation for such a report. A more gratuitous and infamous falsehood was never engendered in a malicious heart. That our readers may be enabled to form a judgment in the matter, we will briefly sketch the history of Mr. McClean's connexion with L. E. L. Our information is derived from sources unquestionable and unimpeachable—as in the event of its being questioned we shall not fail to prove.

The attachment of Mr. McClean for L. E. L. was of the purest and most ardent character—an attachment, not suddenly formed, but one which had endured through a long period of years, constant and unchanging, save in the continual increase of its depth and devotion. It is now some ten years, since McClean and L. E. L. first loved. How such a nature as her's must have loved—if it loved at all—may be easily conceived; and we do not hesitate to say, that in purity of sentiment and thought, he to whom she gave her heart, was her equal. That the man to whom such a creature as L. E. L. had given the priceless treasure of her young and pure affections, should have felt proud and happy in the gift, who can doubt? and that he would have sought for a consummation of his happiness by a speedy union with the object of his choice, might reasonably have been expected. But in his mind—his strong and honorable mind—there existed obstacles in the way of such, which, though at a severe sacrifice of his feelings, his generous manly nature would not suffer him to forget.

He was young, without fortune; and he felt that he was unable to offer prospects to L. E. L. worthy her acceptance—not that he misdoubted she could be influenced by worldly feelings; but his heart sickened at the idea of asking this young and gifted creature, for his sake, to renounce the comforts and luxuries of her own home, to share in the vicissitudes of his uncertain fortunes. He knew, also, that the friends of L. E. L. would have considered the match a sacrifice on her part; and not even for the sake of her, whom he so fondly loved, could the proud and lofty spirit of McClean endure the thought, that he could be looked upon coldly or slightly.

This noble sacrifice of feeling to what he considered his duty, was not more severely felt by himself, than by her who had called it into action. The tone of her writing—so exquisite in its plaintive, melancholy beauty—was derived from the inspiration of her own feelings in this affair; and very much of the glorious poetry, which has been read and admired as but the creation of a fertile fancy, was the genuine overflowing feeling of a sorrowing spirit—a spirit so divine in its nature, that its very complainings were robbed in loveliness—its very miseries a source of joy to others.

But McClean did not despair. He devoted himself energetically to the practice of an arduous profession. We will not dwell upon his sufferings—his trials; though many and severe; he drooped not, nor repined; for in the dim distance, he saw still shining, with an undimmed and holy lustre, a star of promise, which, ever amid the gloomiest moments, shed a ray of sunshine in his soul.

Well! at length, he triumphed; he was able to offer L. E. L. prospects worthy her acceptance. He found her unchanged in her feelings; and the separated but faithful friends of years were united. The reader knows the rest. We may be excused from dwelling upon after events—events of so painful and melancholy a character.

Now we put it to the common sense of the community—Is it likely that such a man, as we have described Mr. McClean to be, (and that our description is correct, we will avouch at any time, and in any place,) could have acted the part ascribed to him by this reckless libeller, Mackenzie? Men do not rush from

virtue into vice headlong in a moment. The change, when change there is, is gradual. The character of McClean had always been remarkably pure; and at the very time, when he had increased incentives to preserve it so, could he thus suddenly become the vile wretch this fellow would have us suppose? The idea is too preposterously absurd to dwell upon.

What, then, does the wretch deserve, who could thus basely assail the reputation of a virtuous, and honorable, and sorrow-stricken man? surely the scorn and execration of the whole world. But we have already wasted too many words upon the fellow. We leave him to the reproaches of his own conscience, "and to the thorns which, in his bosom's lodge, shall prick and sting him."

It forms no part of our purpose, in this place, to enter into speculation as to the cause of L. E. L.'s death. We think the tone of her letters written the very night preceding her demise, furnish sufficient evidence that she was in no state of mind, that was likely to induce her to the crime of self-destruction. We do not indeed believe, that under any circumstances, however afflictive, she could have committed such an act. It is one at variance with the whole tenor of her life—a life which had been characterised by self-sacrifice and endurance, in a more than ordinary degree. But we have no evidence worthy the slightest regard, that there existed any incentives to such an act; on the contrary, it may reasonably be supposed, that the happiest period of her existence was that when she was so suddenly called upon to resign it. She was united to the husband of her choice and her affections, and between that husband and herself, it was expressly stated on the coroner's inquest, there had never passed an unkind word. Was this, then, the first instance of casual death which has been known, that it should cause so much speculative wonder, and excite imputations of so horrible a kind? The mind that is disposed to look always upon the darkest side of things, in its gloomy and desolate nature, is a proper object of pity; but when it attempts, by distorted statements, to prejudice the vision of others, it should be the object of contempt and scorn. There is no sublimer sentiment in the whole christian creed—that sublimest of all moral codes—than the one which says, "Judge not, lest ye be judged." But for this divine and beautiful maxim, how full of doubt, and suspicion, and mistrust, would be the intercourse of man and man! An evil imagination can invest an angel of light in the semblance of the fallen; how much more then poor human nature, frail and full of error at the best.

Gentle reader! whosoever thou art, that hast borne with us through this imperfect but well intended sketch, let us claim a privilege from our brief connexion, and beseech you to cherish this holy maxim in your souls—"Judge not, lest ye be judged." For L. E. L., let not a thought injurious to her memory, find a resting place in your heart; and for the bereaved and broken-hearted husband, give him your prayers. Our task is ended: Farewell!"

But our task is not—nor is the task of England accomplished! L. E. L. slumbers in a foreign grave, far away from the scenes which were hallowed by her muse, and the homes she made glad with her song. It is the duty of her countrymen to have her remains placed in the soil that gave her birth—nay, it is the duty of her husband to bury her in that land where first

"She learned to lip a mother's name,
The first beloved on earth—the last forgot"

England has yet another duty to perform. The press is mighty to build or to destroy—to publish infamy or to sustain virtue. Let the press of England unite to scout from their columns, nay, from the association of his fellow man, the polluted wretch who dared to defame her character. Let the fiery brand of public execration be placed upon his brow, till like the fratricide Cain, he shall "flee when no man pursueth."

Farewell, sweet spirit! Peace to thy manes, beautiful sleeper! Wherever thy "sanctified dust" shall slumber—whether it be beneath the fervid blaze of a

tropical sun, or amid the "green lanes of old England," the spirit of hallowed poesy shall guard thy tomb, and in the language of a sister spirit, "too lovely and too early lost,"

Thy grave shall be a blessed shrine,
Adorned with nature's brightest wreaths;
Each glowing season shall combine,
Its incense there to breathe.
And oft upon the midnight air,
Shall viewless harps be murmuring there.

VERSICULI—NO. I.

BY LEWIS ST. MAUR.

While conversing a few evenings since with a warm-hearted girl, the eloquence of whose buoyancy had elevated my feelings from their despondency, my lightness was arrested by the question, "What causes depression of spirits?" from a sweet, gentle little friend, whose pensive eyes will, in the future, often come up in my memory, as the recollection of the angel-visitant of some dream of my childhood. The following lines were penned that evening as an answer to the interrogatory.

I.

To trace in remembrance, the spell
Of a witchery, thrilling and cherished,
While the sighs of the burdened heart tell
That the spirit which wrought it has perished;
To sit from the giddy apart,
To list to the gay and the cheerful,
While the thoughts that well up in the heart
Make the visage of Sadness more tearful:

II.

To enthrone one you love, as divine,
In the heart to rule ev'ry emotion,
And bow at that altar and shrine
With the heart's fondest, mildest devotion;
Then to find that the being you love,
Is unworthy your heart's precious off'ring,
Or in sorrow and sadness to prove
That she turns from the gift you are proff'ring:

III.

To have o'er the memory come,
Some cherished and fondly loved token,
Of the bliss of our childhood and home
And a heart that once loved us, now broken;
Of a childhood whose bright dreams are past,—
Of a home where those visions first found us:—
Oh! these, these are thoughts that can cast
The mantle of Sadness around us!

VERSICULI—NO. II.

I.

To love, and yet to know
The feelings which you cherish,
Like flowers that earliest blow,
Are destined soon to perish;
To have a vestal flame
In the heart's temple sleeping,
While yet you dare not name
For whom that fire is keeping:

To see some star above
In brilliancy declining,
Or round the flower you love,
The fun'ral ivy twining:
This is pain! this is pain!

II.

To know that some sweet soul,
With love's warm passion burning,
Like the needle to the pole,
To you is fondly turning;
To feel, when you're depressed,
Some lov'd one is desponding,
And when Hope soothes your breast
Some other heart's responding;
To have the passions blend,
In an unbroken union
Of love that knows no end—
The spirit's deep communion:
This is sweet! this is sweet!

LECTURES ON PHRENOLOGY AND ITS APPLICATION.

BY GEO. COMBE, ESQ.

Reported for the New Yorker.

LECTURE II.

In the last Lecture we decided that the brain is the organ of the mind, and that each distinct fundamental faculty is manifested by a distinct cerebral organ. We now come to inquire whether the condition of the brain exercises any influence on the manifestation of mind. Does it matter, in short, whether the brain be old or young, healthy or diseased, fine or coarse, small or large?

It is certain that a young and immature, or an old and shrunken brain cannot manifest its functions with the vigor and continuity of one in the heyday of life. Thus we see the feebleness of childhood and the imbecility of age. Usually at 55 or 60 the painter's conceptions become clouded and the poet's fire darkened. The influence of disease we observe in insanity and other affections.

It is the opinion of Phrenologists, that size, other things being equal, is a measure of power—that is to say, if age, health, exercise and temperament be the same in two individuals; but if in one the mental organs be small, and in the other large, the latter will manifest mind most powerfully.

You have all read the pleasing fable of the old man who showed his sons a bundle of rods and pointed out to them how readily they might snap them asunder separately, but how difficult it was to break the whole at once. Whence arose this difficulty? Clearly from the added rods or fibres producing additional resistance: so it is with living parts. A muscle is stronger in proportion to the number of its fibres; so is a nerve. But suppose an objector to present a rod of iron of the same thickness as one of the wooden twigs, and insist that to break that single rod was as difficult as to break the whole bundle of twigs before referred to. The answer

is obvious. Here the things compared differ in kind and quality. The condition that size is a measure of power, *other things being equal*, has been entirely overlooked. Take ten iron rods of like thickness, and you will find, as in the former case, that it is ten times as difficult to break ten rods as to break one.

And this leads me to observe that the things compared must be of the same species. The bee has a very minute brain, and yet it manifests great constructiveness. Now it may be argued, that if size be a measure of power, then should the comparatively enormous organ of constructiveness in man cause him to manifest the faculty with proportionate energy, which is not the case. But this objection is unsound. The structure of every species of animal is modified to suit its condition, and you can no more compare a bee with a man than a twig with an iron rod. Correct conclusions can be obtained only by comparing animals of the *same species*. It is to be observed, however, that the more nearly any two species resemble each other, the fitter they become for profitable comparison. Thus, the heads of the cat and tiger illustrate each other much better than those of the tiger and sheep; hence, too, by comparing man to the higher animals, analogy throws on human organization a reflected light, which serves admirably for illustration, though not for proof. Direct observation on man himself is the only evidence on which Phrenologists depend, and on such evidence alone their science rests.

All animated nature teems with proofs that size is a measure of power. Large lungs aerate blood better than small ones, and large muscles are more powerful than small ones. If a liver with a surface of ten square inches secrete four ounces of bile, it is certain that, other conditions being equal, a liver with a surface twice as great would secrete twice as much. Bones are large in proportion to the weight they have to support: hence their enormous size in the elephant and the mammoth, a complete specimen of which I saw at Philadelphia—and their strength is always in proportion to their size, other things being equal. But suppose the arrangement of the bony matter to differ, then may the same quantity produce different degrees of strength. Thus, if you wished to place an iron pillar weighing ten tons in the centre of this room, for the purpose of supporting it, the strength of the pillar would be much greater if you disposed the matter in the cylindrical than if you disposed it in the solid form. So when nature wishes to give strength to the bones of birds without increasing weight, the bone is made of large diameter, but hollow in the middle. It would not do, therefore, to compare equal quantities of bone, in one case compacted and in the other arranged cylindrically, inasmuch as the conditions would not be equal. But of two cylindrical bones, containing matter in proportion to their size, the largest would be the most powerful. And of two compact bones, the same would hold good.

We have striking confirmation of the principle I am advocating, in the relative distribution of the different kinds of nerves. Speaking generally, there are two classes of nerves, those of motion and those of sensation. Now, wherever the power of motion preponderates in an animal, there are the nerves of motion most numerous; and wherever the power of feeling predominates, there are the nerves of sensation most numerous. Thus, in the horse, which is noted for its muscular

power, the nerves of motion going to the limbs are one third more numerous than those of sensation. Whereas, in man, distinguished for acuteness of feeling, the nerves of sensation are one fifth more numerous than those of motion. The nerve of feeling going to the elephant's proboscis, and ramified on its tactile extremity, exceeds in volume all the muscular nerves of that organ put together. Birds require to rise in the air, which is a medium much lighter than their bodies: Nature, therefore, to avoid enlarging their muscles and thus increasing their weight, has bestowed on them large nerves of motion, and the power is thus secured by applying a powerful stimulus to muscles comparatively small. In fishes, on the contrary, which live in a medium almost equal in density to their own bodies, the muscles are comparatively large, and the nerves small. Thus does nature beautifully adapt the structure of the animal to its condition.

We find this adaptation well illustrated by the external senses. Each of these senses is composed of an instrument on which the impression is made, and of a nerve to conduct that impression to the brain. Now a large eye will evidently collect more rays of light, a large ear more vibrations of sound, and large nostrils more odorous particles, than the same organs if small. And the nerves ramified in these organs give intensity of perception proportionate to their extent. The organ of vision affords a most interesting example of this. A large eye collects a greater number of rays, and consequently commands a greater sphere of vision than a small one. The ox is remarkable for the size of his eye; (hence the term 'ox-eyed,' applied to large-eyed individuals;) he consequently commands a large range of space without turning round; but as his provender lies at his feet, his sight need not be acute: accordingly, we find that the optic nerve is not large in proportion. The eagle, on the contrary, soaring as it does to an immense height, needs not a large eye to give it range of vision, but it needs intensity of vision, that it may perceive its prey at a great distance. We find its eye, therefore, of small size, but of great keenness: the optic nerve is enormously large. It does not, as in man, form a mere lining membrane to the posterior chamber, but is composed of folds hanging loosely into the eye, and augmenting largely both the nervous surface and nervous mass, giving that great intensity of vision, which particularly distinguishes this bird of prey and enables it to discover its quarry at immense distances.

The external ear is for the purpose of collecting the vibrations of sound; and we find the lower animals to have large trumpet-ears, which man imitates when he wants to hear distinctly, by using an ear-trumpet.

In man, the olfactory nerves spread over 20 square inches; in the seal, over 120—and in this animal the sense is so acute that the hunters have to approach him in the teeth of the wind. There are two dogs, the greyhound and pointer: the first follows the game by its eye, and the last by its smell. The nose of the first is narrow and pointed; that of the last broad and extended. The sheep excels man in the acuteness of smell; and accordingly, while in it the nerve is thicker than this pencil, in man its size is not greater than thin pack-thread or whip-cord. The mole is remarkable for the acuteness of its smell, and the nerve is very large. It

is remarkable for the feebleness of vision—thus, “as blind as a mole,” is a common saying. Corresponding with this is the smallness of its optic nerve.

Lord Jeffrey, in an article which he published in the *Edinburgh Review*, opposed this doctrine of size being a measure of power. “The proposition,” he says, “is no less contrary to the analogy of all our known organs than to general probability. Grandmamma Wolf, in the fairy tale, does, indeed, lean a little to the phrenological heresy, when she has large eyes to see the better. But with this one venerable exception, we rather think that it has never been held before that the strength of vision depends on the size of the eye, the perfection of hearing on the magnitude of the ear, or the nicety of taste on the breadth of the tongue and palate.”

Now it happens that so far as the weight of authority is concerned, the venerable grandmamma Wolf has complete advantage over Lord Jeffrey, and fairly beats him out of the field—*Sæmmering*, *Cuvier*, *Monro*, *Blumenbach*, *Magendie*, *Georget*, and a host of others, taking her side in the controversy. *Blumenbach* says: “While animals of the most acute smell have the nasal organs most extensively evolved, precisely the same holds in regard to some barbarous nations. For instance, in the head of a North American Indian the internal nostrils are of an extraordinary size. The nearest to these in point of magnitude are the internal nostrils of the Ethiopians.” *Monro* *primus* says: “The sensibility of smell is increased in proportion to the surface; this will also be found to take place in all the other senses.”

Suppose that, after these expositions, I were to tell you that size has no influence on power in the human brain—would you be disposed to credit the assertion? I think not. Here is the skull of an infant; here one of an adult—mark the difference in size. This is the skull of a Swiss; this of a Hindoo—see how large the one compared with the other—and what says history of their manifestations of power? While the one people achieved their independence at an early day, and have maintained it at times against fearful odds, the other have ever been the prey of invaders, and one hundred millions of them are at this moment kept in subjection by forty or fifty thousand Englishmen. Before studying Phrenology this last fact was utterly inexplicable to me. The Hindoos are considerably advanced in the arts of civilized life. They have written language, systems of law and religion; and yet, they are utterly unable to contend against a mere handful of Anglo-Saxons. But now the reason is perfectly plain. The small comparative size of their brains explains all. Again, here is the head of a Peruvian Indian, a fair specimen of the race. See how small compared with the European head; and you know that a few Spaniards conquered a nation of them.

But again, when the brain is below a certain size, idiotism is the invariable result. In the lowest class of idiots, the horizontal circumference of the head, taken a little higher than the orbit, varied from 11 to 13 inches; in a full-sized head, the circumference is 22 inches; in *Spurzheim's* skull it is 22½. In such idiots the distance from the root of the nose backwards over the top of the head to the occipital spine is only 8 and 9 inches; in a full-sized head it is 14; in the skull of *Spurzheim* it is 13 6-10. Let those who deny the in-

fluence of size reconcile these facts with their belief. We challenge them to produce a man with a small sized head, who manifests great general mental power.

“But,” say some, “we know idiots who have large heads.” Our reply is—so do we; but, then, in these cases the brain is not healthy. A large leg is usually indicative of strength; but this is not the case when the leg is large from disease. But though disease be absent, if the size be very deficient, idiocy is invariable, and men remarkable for great force of character, as *Bruce*, *Cromwell*, *Bonaparte*, *Franklin*, and *Burns*, invariably have heads of unusual magnitude.

But here allow me to save you from error. Many, after hearing this statement, immediately commence to try on the hats of their acquaintance, and are apt to conclude that the man with the largest hat is the most clever. Now, here is a little bit of a mistake. The hat is only the measure of the head's circumference in a part of which he need not be so proud. It does not measure a great part of the intellect and none at all of the moral sentiments. Hatters, in seeming anticipation of moral improvement, have left in the upper part of our hats ample room for the moral sentiments to sprout and grow. *Sir Walter Scott's* hatter told me that the hat of that celebrated individual was one of the smallest which went out of his store. But then the perceptive faculties, which were large in *Scott*, were not reached by the hat. The upper and lateral portions of his forehead were only full. Cautiousness was little more than moderately, and concentrativeness only moderately developed; and these organs, taken collectively, determine the circumference of the hat. His forehead and coronal region towered high. His head from the ear to veneration, was the highest I ever beheld; but of these dimensions his hat gave no account.

That size has an important influence on the power of manifestation, is now admitted even by the *Edinburgh Review*. In the 94th number appeared a paper written by *Dr. Conolly*, containing this sentence: “The brain is observed progressively to be improved in its structure, and, with reference to the spinal marrow and nerves, augmented in volume more and more, until we reach the human brain, each addition being marked by some addition to, or amplification of, the powers of the animal—until in man we behold it possessing some parts of which animals are destitute, and wanting none which they possess.”

The principle for which we contend being thus established, we would remark that it is susceptible of a most important application. It is found, in four cases out of five, that in insanity the nature of the derangement bears direct reference to the predominant organ or organs. Some are affected with melancholia; in these the organ of cautiousness will be found large. Some fancy themselves the Deity; in these, self-esteem will be found predominant. Some are furious: in these destructiveness will be found large. These are generally cases of functional derangement; and by examining the heads of the insane I can generally determine with accuracy the nature of their derangements. But a small organ may become diseased, and sometimes does so. Most frequently, however, the derangement is structural: thus, I have seen a small organ deranged by a spicula of bone growing into it, and by the pressure of a fungous deposition.

Let us now inquire into the circumstances which modify the effects of size. The most important of these is the *constitution* of the brain; and the question naturally arises—do we possess any means of ascertaining this constitution? We do, in the observation of what are called the temperaments, which are four in number—the lymphatic, the sanguine, the bilious, and the nervous—each of which is accompanied by a different degree of activity in the brain. The temperaments are supposed to depend upon the condition of particular systems of the body: the brain and nerves being predominantly active, seem to produce the nervous temperament; the blood-vessels being constitutionally predominant, give rise to the sanguine; the muscular and fibrous systems being predominant, give rise to what is called the bilious, but what should be called the *fibrous* temperament; and the predominance of the glands and assimilating organs give rise to the lymphatic.

The temperaments are indicated by external signs:

1. The *lymphatic* is indicated by roundness of form, softness of muscle, fair hair, pale skin, sleepy eyes, and inexpressive face. In this temperament the brain and all other parts of the system are feeble in action, slow and languid.

2. The *sanguine* is indicated by a well-defined form, moderate plumpness, firm flesh, chesnut hair, blue eyes, and ruddy fair complexion. There is great fondness for exercise and intolerance of muscular quiescence. The brain partakes of the general activity.

3. The *bilious* is indicated by black hair, dark skin, moderate stoutness, firm flesh and harsh features. It gives great power of *endurance*, or bottom, as the jockies call it.

4. The *nervous* is indicated by fine thin hair, small muscles, thin skin, paleness of countenance, and brightness of eye. This temperament gives great vivacity of mental action.

These temperaments are, however, seldom found pure. We have a mixture of the nervous and bilious, as in Lord Brougham, giving great activity and endurance. As an example of Brougham's power of continuous activity, I may mention a circumstance related to me by one who knew it well. Brougham was engaged in a Court of Law all day; he went from the Court to the House of Commons and remained there till two in the morning; on going home he wrote an article for the *Edinburgh Review*, by the time of finishing which he had to go to Court; from the Court he again proceeded to the House of Commons, where he remained till some time in the morning—and it was not till the morning of the third day that he retired to bed. During all this time his vigor seemed unabated.

The nervous and lymphatic temperaments are not unfrequently combined: this gives alternations of great activity and indolence. It was the combination of Professor Leslie. He would for a day or two apply himself with great vigor, assiduity and success, to scientific studies. It would then seem as though the nervous energy were exhausted, and the nutritive system came into predominance. He would sit and eat, and dose and sleep—paying no attention to study for one or two days. He would often take another day to go about and attend to any matters not requiring much mental exertion. Again would the nervous system come into

predominance, and again for two or three days would he apply himself most assiduously to study.

The nervous and sanguine temperaments both give activity; but the first is more of a mental, and the last more of a physical character. One of the former temperament would rather write a note than walk across the floor; one of the latter would rather walk the length of Broadway than write a note.

Shakspeare admirably contrasts the lymphatic and nervous temperaments in the scene between Cæsar and Anthony:

Cæsar. Let me have men about me that are fat—
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.

Yond' Cassius has a *lean* and *hungry* look:

He thinks too much—such men are dangerous.

Anthony. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous—

He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæsar. Would he were *fatter*—but I fear him not;

Yet if my name were liable to fear,

I do not know the man I should avoid

So soon as that *spare* Cassius.

It is to be remembered, then, that a large organ may, in fact, be less powerful than a smaller one, if its temperament be inferior. But in judging the relative power of organs, temperament need not be considered, as all the organs of the same head are in this respect alike.

In cases of disease, great size may be present, and yet the manifestations of mind may be very feeble and imperfect. In this case, size forms no measure of power any more than does the size of a leg affected with dropsy.

Now, if the brain be the organ of mind, and different parts of the brain manifest different faculties, it cannot be indifferent what part is most or least developed, for it is obvious that two brains may be composed of precisely the same quantity of cerebral matter, and yet manifest totally different qualities. The *form* of the head, therefore, is not less interesting and important to phrenologists than the size. Before proceeding further with the consideration of this subject, however, let us glance at the means which have been used by those not of the phrenological school, to ascertain the true philosophy of mind and functions of the brain.

By one set of philosophers, the laws of thought have been expounded without any reference to organization. Such were Locke, Hume, Reid, Stewart, and others. They reflected on their own consciousness, and they inform us of the result of their investigations, what they have thought and what they have felt. The dependence of the mind on material organs forms no part of their philosophy.

With the hope of obtaining some information concerning the functions of the brain, the anatomists cut it up in every possible direction; but no sentiment was ever perceived slumbering in its fibres, nor half-formed ideas starting from its folds. In fact, a dissection never yet disclosed the functions of any part whatever. Formerly it was very prevalent in France to cut out parts from the brains of living animals, in order to ascertain functions; a practice as absurd as it was cruel. The experimenters proceeded on the supposition that nothing was known concerning the functions of the brain, and yet they expected to ascertain their functions, by observing what powers were *not* manifested when various parts were destroyed. Suppose an instrument were

presented to one of these operators, and that his object was to discover, by experiments, what sounds it was capable of producing, and by what part of it each sound was emitted. Imagine him to take a hammer and smash at random a number of its springs and wheels, and then set the machine a-going. By listening to the sounds emitted, how could he tell *what were wanting*, when he did not know the whole originally within its compass? and how could he tell by their silence, the sounds which the broken strings were originally calculated to emit? Yet this would be precisely analogous to the procedure of the vivisectioners. They are unacquainted with the number of the mental powers, and they destroy several of them at random, that they may find it out. They do not know what particular power is manifested by any particular part of the brain, yet they destroy that part to get it to reveal its function. They destroy the string of a musical instrument, and then listen to hear what sound it will not emit!

We hear of Magendie and others cutting away certain portions of the brain, and some animals went forwards, some backwards, some to the right, some to the left, some seemed drunk, some stupid. And then we have from these experiments, a number of so-called important deductions drawn. But how can deductions, fit to be depended on, be drawn from the actions of animals so tortured? Suppose you take a beautiful black bird and cut through its integuments and skull, and cut out a portion of its brain, do you think it would favor you with a song? And because it did not, would you be correct in calling the excised portion of brain the organ of time? Suppose you take another animal and serve it in like manner, do you think it would be in the humor or condition to tend and nurture its young? And because it did not, would it be correct to say that the excised brain was the part which manifested love of offspring? Had phrenology been based on such observations, then would it have merited all the obloquy which has been heaped upon it. But because such cruel experiments have been performed to overthrow phrenology, they have been lauded as most philosophical!

Again, pathological cases have been brought forward to illustrate the functions of the brain; and sometimes to oppose phrenology. Now, before you can draw any conclusion concerning the function of a part from a state of disease, you must know the function of the part in health. But as the non-phrenologist is ignorant of the situation of particular organs, he cannot tell, when a certain feeling is deranged, in what organ to look for disease,—nor, when he sees disease in an organ, what faculty was probably deranged. To illustrate my meaning, I relate the following circumstance:

Sir R—L—* was a man highly respected for talent and character; he was at one time minister plenipotentiary to this country, and at another to the court of Constantinople. He lived to the age of ninety-three. Seven years before his death, his character commenced to undergo a remarkable change; from being one of the most amicable and courteous, he became one of the

most violent of men. He abused his aged gardener, spit in his face, and threw things at him. He also from being an admirable linguist, became unable to use words. When he died, Dr. Abercrombie and Mr. Craig examined the brain, and I, being related to the family by marriage, obtained leave to be present. I knew that the organs of combativeness and language were those in which to look for lesions. Accordingly the medical gentlemen found an abscess, one inch in length by half an inch in breadth, in the posterior lobe, where combativeness is situated; thinking they had found out the cause of disease, they were about to stop, but I got them to proceed, and when Mr. Craig came near the organ of language, I took the scalpel and proceeded very carefully, and in the convolution which is marked as the organ of language, I found another lesion. Mr. Craig published an account of the case, in which he mentioned the large lesion, and connected it with the loss of words. He had been unacquainted with the furious conduct of Sir Robert. I immediately published another report, stating the conduct of the patient in this respect, and showing clearly the manner in which the post mortem appearances harmonized with phrenological doctrines. I repeat that a non-phrenologist is incapable of reporting pathological cases of the cerebral organs with success.

Dr. Roget, an opponent of phrenology, confesses, that "the brain is still as incomprehensible in its functions, as it is subtle and complex in its anatomy." Dr. Conolly, in the 94th No. of the Edinburgh Review, well describes the utter confusion of the anatomists and physiologists, even in late years, when trying to unravel the mysteries of the brain.

It is plain, then, that if Dr. Gall could boast no superior method to that of ordinary physiologists and metaphysicians, he would have been unable to solve the question, What parts of the brain and what mental faculties are connected? He was led, however, to adopt a different and superior mode of inquiry, which will be best explained by relating briefly the history of his discovery.

Dr. Gall, from an early age, was given to observation, and was struck with the fact, that each individual was distinguished for some peculiarity of talent or disposition. Some of his schoolmates were distinguished for the beauty of their penmanship, some for the elegance, others for the stiffness and dryness of their style of composition. Their dispositions were equally different; and this diversity appeared to determine their partialities and aversions. Some manifested a fondness for employments which they were not taught. Some would spend their leisure in painting, some in cultivating a garden, some in carving, some in noisy games. Each individual presented a peculiar character, and Gall observed, that an individual who one year had displayed selfish or knavish dispositions, never became in the next a good and faithful friend.

The most formidable rivals of Gall, at school, were such as learned by heart with great facility, and these he noticed had prominent eyes. They gained from him, by their repetitions, the places which he had obtained by the merit of his original compositions. Some years afterwards he changed his residence, and he still found that his school-fellows so gifted had prominent eyes. He made the same observation on entering the Univer-

* Mr. Combe, for the sake of authenticity, mentioned the name, which the reporter deems it proper on this and like occasions to suppress, lest pain should be given to individuals in private life, with whom the parties mentioned were connected by the ties of blood or friendship.

sity. Gall could not believe this connection to be purely accidental, but suspected that they stood in an important relation to each other. After much reflection, he conceived that there might be external signs for the other intellectual powers, and thereafter all individuals remarkable for any mental quality became the objects of his attention. Light broke in upon him by an almost imperceptible induction, and by degrees he conceived himself to have found external characteristics, indicative of a decided disposition for painting, music, and the mechanical arts.

In following out the principle which had thus presented itself to his mind, he encountered great difficulties. The prevailing notions of the philosophers and physiologists were a continual stumbling-block, till abandoning every theory and preconceived opinion, he gave himself up to the study of nature. He visited prisons and schools, and was introduced into the courts of princes, to colleges, and the seats of justice, and visited every individual remarkable for any particular endowment. During my recent visit to Vienna, I was informed that such was the ardor with which Gall pursued his inquiries, that he created quite an alarm; people were afraid of dying lest Gall should obtain their skull, and some left orders in their wills that means should be taken to prevent him.

On reflection, Gall was convinced that, without anatomy, physiology must be imperfect; and although he had always supposed the external indications to depend on the brain, he had not gone beyond other anatomists in explaining its structure. From observing a woman afflicted with hydrocephelus, who manifested an active and intelligent mind, he declared that the structure of the brain must differ from what was generally conceived. From that commenced his anatomical discoveries. Gall did not first dissect the brain and thus pretend to discover the mental organs, nor did he first map out the skull according to his imagination. On the contrary, he first observed a concomitance between particular talents and dispositions, and particular forms of the head; he next ascertained, by the removal of the skull, that the size and figure of the brain are indicated by external appearances; and it was only after these facts were ascertained, that the brain was minutely dissected, and light thrown upon its structure.

Dr. Gall, for the first time, delivered lectures on his system in 1796, at Vienna; in 1800, Dr. Spurzheim became a student of his, and in 1804, his associate.

When I was in Germany, I saw a collection of barks describing the science at different stages of its progress, and also skulls marked at different times; all proving that the organs were discovered piece-meal. Indeed I found in this country a most unexpected corroboration of the fact. Mr. Nicholas Biddle, when quite a young man, and on a visit to Europe, in 1806, attended a course of Dr. Gall's lectures, and was so much interested, that he requested Dr. Gall to mark out the places of the organs on the skull, which the Dr. did. When in Philadelphia, Mr. Biddle presented me with the skull so marked, saying, that I could make a better use of it than he. This is it, and you perceive that there are quite a number of unoccupied places. You perceive that Hope, Conscientiousness, Individuality, Concentrativeness, Time, Size and Weight are not marked upon it—they, at that time, being unascertained.

So far indeed was Gall from advocating a hypothesis, that in the disjointed items of information which he first presented to the public, there appears a want of ordinary regard for systematic arrangement. A candid and uncolored statement of facts was all he seemed desirous of furnishing, leaving their value to be ascertained by time and farther investigation. But gradually a system of mental philosophy emanated, almost spontaneously, from the seeming chaos.

A REMEMBRANCE.

Yes, 'midst the lingering visions of the past,
She comes—as Venus in the train of stars—
The brightest of them all! She was not fair;
If that expression only can describe
The dazzling beauty of a perfect blonde;
But the soft hue spread o'er her neck and brow,
The pure, transparent color of her cheek,
Were strangely beautiful;—and then her eyes,
Dark as the night, with lustre like the rays
Of summer-moonlight, splendid, clear and calm,
Seemed, in their crystal depths, to be the home
Of a bright spirit, heavenward in its gaze.
Her lovely brow was shadowed by a cloud
Of glittering hair—'twas of the raven's hue;—
And in the matchless contour of the face,
The chiselled lip—a rose-bud in its dye
And freshness—there was still a spell, a charm,
No shape or color could alone impart—
A spell, a charm, exclusively her own.
You would have tho't her birth-place was the clime
Of song, and genial air and radiant skies,
Where glow the purple clusters of the vine,
And where the breeze is laden with the sweets
Of countless blossoms—for her beauty bore
Th' Italian cast, tho' it was nurtured here.
One pen has well described her. One alone.
In all the varied pictures which the muse,
With Fancy's magic pencil, yet has drawn
For favored poets, I have never seen
Aught that resembled her, save in the page*
That tells, in language full of soul, the tale
Of the fair Spaniard, lovely and adored,
Victim of passion's dark and deadly aim.
So like ISORA was she, that to me
It almost seemed, when first I read the book,
It was her portrait. Gentle as a dove,
Gay as a child, she was—but like the flowers,
In brevity and beauty, seen no more
Was she among the living, when the leaves
Of Autumn strewed the ground, her eighteenth year.
It might be that her Maker did not choose
One innocent and delicate like her,
To bear the world's cold scorn—the unhallow'd glance
Of passion from the base—for *she was poor*,
And had her home amidst the vulgar herd,
Who could not feel with her, or be her friends.
And deeply grateful was she to the few
Who sought to draw her from that mean abode—
A dark seclusion, totally unblest;—
And her young heart seemed full of tenderness

* See "Devereux," by Bulwer.

For all who marked her with a kindly eye.
It has been long ago—I was a child,
When that bright blossom withered at the touch
Of fell disease—but never can the light
Of her transcendent loveliness be dimmed
In my remembrance. No, I see her now!
July 1, 1839.

E. A. S.

THE LOVER'S TALISMAN; OR, THE SPIRIT BRIDE.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

"Anna," said the young collegian, "you are a noble girl—no die-away airs, because your lover is so long absent; no making all the rest of your admirers feel, that they are just the last persons in the world that you care anything about—no, no; you are not so selfish as all that, Anna."

A shadow passed over the face of the fair girl, and the smile died away upon her lips.

"Indeed, cousin, this *might* be a cutting reproach; but you do not intend it as such—I know you do not."

"Never," said the youth passionately; "I meant only to commend my cousin's sweetness of temper—her constancy is"—

Anna raised her finger.

"I have issued my interdict upon that score, cousin; but do you know I have a Talisman that will ensure me the constancy of William—and it is of a kind too, that is valueless in case of fickleness upon my part?"

"Indeed; initiate me into its mysteries, Anna; there are a pair of blue eyes, that I should like amazingly to fix for me alone; and when you are married, sweet coz, perhaps your Talisman will be transferable."

"Aunt can describe its virtues best, cousin George; and if she will tell you the story of Hannah Newton, you will never be at a loss to understand the nature of the Lover's Talisman."

Mrs. B., the aunt, raised her eyes from her needle, and a faint smile played over her placid features. She was an unmarried lady of nearly fifty, dressed with great simplicity, her gray hair neatly parted over her forehead, which was still smooth and fair. The plain muslin cap, with its white satin strings, denoted a member of the Society of Friends.

"Thee is very fond of that story, Anna; but thee must not rely too much upon the power of the Talisman, as thee calls it; for ours is the constant sex, Anna, and we remember long, it may be, after we are forgotten."

I observed a faint blush stole to her cheek as she uttered this, and for the first time I began to ask myself why Mrs. B., (I use the English term of Mrs. as applied to ladies of a certain age, as I think it dignified, and altogether proper,) with all her sweetness of manner, and feminine excellences, should still have remained, like "the last rose of summer, left blooming alone." But the tone of the voice, the flitting blush, and more than all, the sentiment she had expressed, revealed to me at once a record of wasted affections, of lonely watching, and midnight tears, of the bitterness of sor-

row, known only to Him, who seeth in secret, and of that "concealment, that preyeth like a worm in the bud" upon the human heart.

Mrs. B. from that time became with me an advocate for the whole sisterhood of those who are to seek for a kindred spirit amongst the pure essences of the invisible world, instead of the grosser elements of earth. She told the story with a grace and pathos, that I dare not even hope to transfer to my pages—I can only give the details, leaving my readers to imagine the many fine touches of feeling and beauty, which could be imparted only by the lips of Mrs. B.

THE STORY OF MRS. B.

Hannah Newton, at sixteen, was merely a quiet, sweet-looking girl, with small pretensions to beauty; for she had nothing of that regularity of feature, and brilliancy of complexion, that are supposed to be essential to it. She was neither a blond nor a brunette, but a mixture of both—her eyes were neither black nor blue; they were, I believe, hazel, but they owed much of their power to long curved lashes that veiled their extreme tenderness of expression, and made them appear much darker than they really were. I say this of Hannah in the early part of her life, for at thirty she was called beautiful by those to whom an elevated expression of countenance, combined with softness and grace of manners, constitute beauty.

Her mother was a pale, gentle woman, with large blue eyes, who had always been an invalid, and whose delicacy of look and demeanor contrasted strongly with the rough, harsh manners of her husband. Constant ill health had made her winning and dependent as a child; yet beneath all this softness of exterior, she carried a fixedness of principle, an elevation of mind, and strength of purpose, that had their full share of influence over her stern, imperious companion. Whatever might have been his previous irritation of feeling, no sooner did he enter the presence of his wife than all traces of it disappeared, even as if his rigid brow had been swept by the wing of his good angel.

Hannah had inherited all the fine womanly qualities of her mother, superadded to an excellent constitution, and a dash of her father's energy of will. It was well for her that it was so, for even from a child the duties of a woman had been exacted from her, and she was at once sister and mother to the little group about the domestic hearth. As she approached maturity she became the friend and companion of her mother, the nurse of her sick room, and even the utterer of her religious faith and devotion, as physical suffering sometimes dimmed the vividness of exalted truths. At such times the high-minded girl might be seen kneeling by the bedside, and with clasped hands, pouring forth the simple, fervent prayer of a young heart, deeply responding to the blessed truths of revelation.

The mother pressed her to her bosom with tears and blessings, for her progress to the tomb was made a pleasant pilgrimage, while cheered and supported by such a child.

At this time an addition was made to the little family, in the person of a youth of rare piety, and such powers of intellect as to warrant the elders in setting aside their ordinary rules for his benefit. Andrew Horton was an orphan, left pennyless by his young parents, who both

died of an epidemic when he was scarcely a year old; bequeathing this, their only earthly gift, to the charity of the church. He became, as it were, the property of the church, and each individual of it claimed a right for the discharge of kindly offices in behalf of the little orphan. As he grew up, it was evident, he was not unworthy of their solicitude. He was of rare modesty, deep piety, and such wonderful intellectual endowments, that all eyes turned to him, as one destined to become a leader in Israel, a burning and a shining light in the temple of the Lord. Unusual care was bestowed upon his education; as was meet for one who was hereafter to become the expounder of the Word, and a voice to the people of the Lord.

Friend Newton had now claimed his privilege of entertaining, at least for one year, the favored youth, while he should prosecute his studies, and engage in those acts of devotion and piety, which so much engrossed his affections, and were so appropriate for one called to his high and holy vocation.

Mrs. Newton listened to the lofty utterance of prayer from the lips of the pious young man, with a new strength, and felt her faith quickened, and her hopes elevated while she heard the truths of her religion explained and illustrated in his clear, vigorous manner, with the glowing language of his aspiring imagination and fervency of spirit.

Hannah, always retiring, and occupied with household matters, had little time for converse with the youth; but in the secrecy of her own heart, she sat even at his footstool, and imbibed not only the stores of wisdom from his lips, but the far more dangerous lessons of youthful love.

Andrew Horton scarcely noticed the quiet, unobtrusive maiden, so occupied was he in his studies and devotions. But when it became necessary for him to accept the hospitality of another of the brethren, he started to perceive how often the image of Hannah mingled in his dreams, and obtruded upon his meditations. He missed everywhere her sweet voice and placid smile, and felt that she must henceforth be to him what no other maiden ever could become.

The affliction of the little family, occasioned by the increasing illness of Mrs. Newton, seemed to justify his frequent visits, and Andrew Horton, more than once, upon his return from the bedside of the dying, threw himself upon his knees, and besought forgiveness from the Father of spirits, that his visits should have been rather the promptings of earthly attachment, than those of a high and holy sense of duty.

All sternness and pride of manhood forsook Friend Newton, as he stood by the side of his dying wife. He threw himself upon his knees, pressed her thin hands in his own, and the tears streamed from the eyes even of the strong man. Andrew Horton was there, and his rich deep voice breathed the language of prayer. He ceased—the soul of the sufferer had taken its flight upon the wings of his lofty aspirations; the mystery of life had ceased in the cold form before him.

Hannah arose with pale cheek, and approached the bereaved husband.

"Go with me, my father," she said, gently putting her arm in his, while she pressed her lips to his pale, damp brow. The old man arose with the docility of a little child, and she led him forth to an inner room,

where none might witness the agony of that moment. When she placed the large arm chair for him and had adjusted the cushions, he opened his arms to his child, and she fell upon his bosom. It was an unwonted tenderness, for Mr. Newton had never expressed anything like it for any other being than his wife. Now that she had left him, he yearned for some heart to which he might reveal the burden of his sorrows.

"Thee has been a dutiful child, Hannah, though I may never have told thee so before. It always grieved, Hannah, that I expressed so little tenderness for thee; but it wasn't in me—I couldn't do it—but I love thee just as well, child. And I might have made thy mother a great deal happier, but for my stern, hard ways. Oh, Hannah, Hannah, the grave is the revealer of all hearts. What would I not give to hear her say once again that she forgives me!" and the old man bowed his head upon the bosom of his daughter, and wept like a little child.

Hannah had wept too, but she felt that she ought not to witness the humiliation of her parent, and she raised her head calmly—

"Thee has ever been a good father to us all, and my mother loved and blessed thee to the last."

"Hannah, Hannah, I was unworthy of thee!" His voice was choked by a gush of tears.

Hannah turned to the Bible and read a part of the fourteenth chapter of John, "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you," and gradually the anguish of her father became soothed, and he pressed her again to his heart, saying—

"Thy voice is like thy mother's, Hannah, and thee will be to me all that a child can be; I know thee will; and I will subdue my nature for the sake of thee and the little ones."

He kept his word—from that day a gentleness was infused into his manners, and a tenderness of feeling hitherto unknown. If occasionally his former spirit gained the ascendancy, he went alone to the chamber that had witnessed the suffering and death of one so gentle, and when he returned, it was as if her mantle had fallen upon him.

Andrew Horton found himself the pupil, rather than the teacher of the noble girl; and his own zeal and piety were strengthened by his intercourse with her. They had exchanged their pledges of fidelity, and Andrew was about to leave the vicinity to prosecute his mission in a distant field. It would be many years ere he would return. Hannah in the multiplicity of household avocations, in attendance upon her sick mother, in the exercise of her own religious views, to which the silent worship of their sect afforded ample encouragement, had imbibed a lofty enthusiasm, a shade of spiritual mysticism, little in accordance with the practical faith of her people. She had watched the operations of her own mind, and compared them with circumstances and events, till she saw a mysterious connexion between them, and even at times was led to a something verging upon the spirit of prophesy. She delighted to dwell upon the inter-communication of mind with mind, and the power which she believed it had to influence a congenial spirit, even though separated at ever so great a distance. The mind was unsubjected to the laws of the body; it traversed the fields of space, and lived in the past as well as the present. Even the future, under

certain circumstances and states of the mind, she believed might be revealed to it. Why then should not the intense thoughts of the human mind, especially when directed to an object of attachment, go forth like winged messengers and work their influence upon the distant and beloved? For this reason, she said, she would keep her thoughts and imaginations pure, that no emanation from her own mind should mislead the conceptions of another; that no unhallowed emotions should ever be associated with her in the minds of those she loved.

Andrew Horton listened to these mystical views of the lofty girl, until his own mind shared a portion of her enthusiasm—if it were a weakness or error in judgment, it was at the least a harmless one,—one that to them could only purify and exalt, while it could never mislead another. Therefore, he gave himself up to the beautiful illusion, that established a perpetual intercourse between himself and Hannah in the long period of absence.

"I do not ask, said Hannah, whether I shall be forgotten. You cannot forget me, unless I cease first to think upon you. For oh, Andrew, I can never forget you; and the emanation of my thoughts will momentarily create an image of myself within your mind. Do you realize, my friend, what it is to love one like me? You can never forget me, even should you desire it; for my thoughts, fixed as they will be upon you, will forever present an intense image of myself to your mind. You may cease to *love*, but you cannot cease to think upon me. I hold the talisman, that will ensure me this. But, oh! Andrew, when you shall cease to love, when you shall *desire* to forget me, think not I can remain ignorant of the fact. No, never. While the attachment is mutual, and the thoughts and memory of each other pleasant to the mind—the emanations of each will conjoin, and there will be produced upon the fancy of each, the most vivid conception of the other—it will be as if a pleasant painting of each should be presented to the eye. But should the affections of either become cold, the image of that one will fade from the vision of the other. He may retain the memory, but that vivid impression that brings up the eloquent eye, the speaking lip, and the very tones, and look of endearment, will grow less and less distinct, till it shall fade altogether away. Now, Andrew, this must be the case with you. My image will be forever distinct to you, for I can never cease to think upon you. But should your's fade from my mind's eye, alas! I shall know too well how to interpret it."

Andrew Horton's brow contracted.

"Hannah, I did not expect this from thee. Have I ever given thee cause for distrust?"

"Never, my friend," she said, laying her hand upon his; "but thee will have many snares to encounter, Andrew. Beautiful faces will look up to thee in thy holy ministrations;—timid maidens, who will flatter more the pride of thy heart, than ever Hannah could, will tremble and weep at the fervor of thy eloquence, and come to thee as to a spiritual guide. Would it be surprising then, if vows to one like me should be forgotten?"

The youth trembled under her searching, anxious glance; but he drew the hand to his bosom and kissed the lofty brow of the impassioned girl. Hannah's head fell upon his shoulder, and tears started from her eyes.

"Hannah, thou hast a lofty soul, and thy love is to me dearer than aught upon earth. Do not distrust me, Hannah, I shall have thy prayers and thy blessings, and that mystery of inter-communication of thy soul with mine, which of itself will be an amulet to preserve me from danger. All that is noble and pure in life is associated with thee, and thou well knowest it is in contemplations like these that I delight."

Two years passed away, and the smile grew faint upon the lip of Hannah. She had taken the child, who was an infant at her mother's death, upon her knee, and its cheek rested upon her bosom.

"Hannah, dear, don't thee humber?" said the child, lifting its eyes to her face.

"Humber, my dear—what does that mean?"

The little one heaved a deep sigh. "There, to do so, sister—that was a humber."

Hannah felt the tears spring to her eyes.

"No, Georgy, I won't do so any more—it is wrong. I must make thee feel quite happy."

The child kissed her cheek many times, and put his arms about her neck, calling her a dear sister.

From that time Hannah went about her daily avocations, with a strong purpose to forget her own sorrows, in ministering to the happiness of others. The child had taught her to feel the selfishness of concealed suffering, and she wrestled in prayer for strength to sustain her under the many trials of her lot. She felt a strong internal conviction, that Andrew Horton had ceased to regard her with his former attachment. Impressed with this belief, she wrote a letter in answer to one of his, from which I shall extract a few sentences.

"Thy letters reach me with the same punctuality as ever, and their language is still tender; but, Andrew, the spirit is wanting. It is as if the sentiments turned to ice under thy pen. There should be no disguise between us. Thee should never attempt it with me, Andrew, for I can divine all. Thy image has almost faded from my sight, and I know that thee *desires* to forget me. The vows that bind thee to me have become shackles. It would more become thy calling, Andrew, if thee would tell me so at once; for deceit must be painful to thee. I absolve thee from thy vows, my friend; thou art free to do as seemeth to thee good. I will try even to forget thee, that my image be not troublesome, as I know it will be if I continue to think upon thee. My thoughts, fixed on thee, will perpetually create in thy mind an image of myself, which I would not do, if thy affections are fixed upon another.

"Farewell, my dear friend; I say it for the last time, and thee will forgive the utterance. Do not distress thyself upon my account. I was made for endurance—it is a woman's destiny. I would forgive thee, if I had aught to forgive; but the affections are not to be schooled like wayward children. I cannot even now believe they are transferable. Farewell—and may thee be very, very happy."

In the reply of Andrew Horton, he confessed all. Hannah had indeed divined the truth. He spoke of a sweet, gentle girl, whose witchery had chased the love of Hannah from his heart. But he implored her forgiveness, he deprecated his own fickleness of heart, and conjured Hannah to forgive him, to forget him, and be happy in some new attachment.

Hannah's proud lip curled in scorn, and she laid the

letter upon the coals of the hearth. She went about her accustomed duties with a new pride, a womanly spirit of endurance, that knowing the worst, hath nerved itself for the trial.

Ten years passed away, and Hannah had become like unto Deborah, in the estimation of her people. Her proud beauty, her fervent piety, and the burning power with which she sometimes expounded the truths of her religion, had raised her up to be a leader amongst her people; little short of a prophetess, indeed, did she seem to many, as she held forth in the congregation.

It was rumored that Andrew Horton would return, and explain the scriptures once more in the place of his nativity. Hannah took her seat early, amongst the matrons—for time had abated nothing of the interest with which she once regarded him, although it had become modified by the circumstances in which he was now placed. Ten years had elapsed since the reception of that last letter, yet Hannah Newton felt her limbs tremble as she found herself once more in the presence of Andrew Horton.

She raised her eyes, as a stranger sat down upon the form beside her. It was the bride of Andrew Horton—a fragile, fair girl, whose eyes were fixed upon her husband, through the whole exercises, as if the only divinity she worshipped were vested in the manly form of the preacher. As the rich tones of his voice once more broke upon Hannah's ear, and she encountered those deep, passionate eyes, she closed her own, for a new weight of misery seemed pressed upon her heart. Why had he returned, to do away at a glance, that firmness which it had cost her years to acquire?

Hannah was quite alone when Friend Horton called. She arose with native self-possession, and spoke to him as to a brother.

The preacher struggled for utterance.

"Hannah," he at length said, "I have taken this long journey only upon thy account. I have come to implore thee to forget me. Thee has had much to forgive, Hannah; but thee cannot have suffered as I have done. When I took the hand of my bride at the altar, thy form seemed to come between me and her—and oh, Hannah, I felt then, and have not yet ceased to feel, that thou art the wife of my spirit."

"Andrew Horton—I must not listen to this. Thee wrongs the fair girl who lives only in thy smiles. Why did'st thou return to bring new sorrow to my heart, and to plunge thee deeper in sin?"

"Hannah, I returned not for this, but to implore thee to forget me. Thee cannot have forgotten that intercommunication of spirit with spirit, of which we used to talk. I feel its full power now; for thy image is ever with me, and daily am I taught to feel the constancy of thy attachment."

"Why should'st thou return to tell me this? I think of thee, Andrew, as the husband of another. I pray for thy happiness, thy usefulness, and that thee may be preserved from temptation. Friend Horton, this is unworthy of thee. I forgive thee—but let us part."

"Nay, Hannah, thee must hear all. I come not to speak of aught that might wrong my bride; no, it is for her sake as well as my own, that I implore thee to forget me. When her cheek is pressed to mine, I see only thee, Hannah. When she sleeps upon my bosom, with her fair arms about my neck, it is thy form, and thy

arms that seem to entwine me. I shrink from her caresses as from a deadly sin, for I bestow them as unto thee. Mary is as a sister unto me; but thou, Hannah, art the bride of my spirit."

Hannah turned deadly pale, and covered her face with her hands, while low moanings escaped her heaving bosom.

"Andrew, I foresaw all this, when I warned thee of the peril of loving one like me. I knew the nature of thy sex—delighting in the timid, the trembling and dependent—and that should one like this cross thy path, the love of Hannah would be a shackle. It is as I foresaw—but I will not reproach thee, Andrew; it was thy nature."

"And most bitterly have I suffered. My broken vows have rung a perpetual knell in my ears, and barred up the avenues to enjoyment. The loving, the trusting Mary, hath been the victim of my error. And thee, too, Hannah. The blight hath fallen from me upon two spirits, of whom the world is not worthy. Woe, woe is me!" And he pressed his hand to his brow, for the large veins were swollen and rigid with the intensity of his suffering.

Hannah laid her hand gently upon his shoulder.

"Andrew Horton, thou art called not to ease and enjoyment, but to labor and trial. Gird thyself for the contest, and be strong even in the strength of the Most High. I will strive once more to forget thee. But, oh God! have I not striven? Have I not wrestled day and night, with tears, and many prayers? Andrew, I will pray yet again, that this bitter cup may pass away from us. But, oh! when I pray to forget, even in the agony of my spirit, do I not still remember thee? I will strive yet again. Andrew, return to thy bride; be all to her that thou hast promised at the altar to be, that thy conscience upbraid thee not for wrong done to the gentle and timid, whose spirit is ill able to bear suffering of any kind, far less to have it dealt out without measure, as it hath been to me. Farewell." She pressed his hand gently, and left the room.

For many years had Hannah Newton discharged the duties of her sex with a pale cheek and placid brow, sympathizing in the sorrows of all, but herself seeking sympathy from none; for with a mind lofty and exalted as her's, human sources of consolation were utterly unavailing. She stood alone in the majesty of grief, seeking consolation only from the Great Comforter. But now the smile lingered about her mouth, and the light returned to her eye—yet her step grew feeble, and her brow assumed a more transparent beauty. The image of Andrew Horton again mingled with her dreams, and visited her mental vision. She felt, she knew, that her love was still dear to him, that he turned to her with the fondness of earlier days. She knew this, but it filled her with doubt and anxiety. Had Andrew Horton, the minister of the Most High, dared to forget his vows to his wife, to her whom he had sworn to love and to cherish? Or was the fair bride at rest, gone in her youth and beauty to the bosom of her God?

Again, Andrew Horton, with pale cheek and a loftier beauty stood by the side of Hannah. He told how the sweet, child-like Mary, had fallen asleep, like a young floweret blighted upon the stalk. He dwelt upon her love, her beauty, 'till the tears of Hannah mingled with his own.

"And now, thee wilt be my own wife, Hannah, even as thou hast been the bride of my spirit. I shall acquire new strength with a spirit like thine. Thee will caution, advise, and elevate me. Thy love shall purify and exalt me. Mary was as a beautiful child, slumbering upon my bosom; when doubt and suffering came upon me, she would fling her white arms around me, and mingle her tears and sighs. But thou, Hannah, would'st have dispelled my doubts; thou would'st have led me to the true sources of consolation; and thy prayers would have been as the dew of Hermon to my spirit. Thy caresses would have blessed, while they exalted me. Wilt thou not be my own wife, bride of my spirit?" He drew her to his bosom—her cheek rested upon his. She pressed her lips to his, and her arms encircled his neck. A deep sigh escaped her, and her head fell upon his shoulder.

Andrew Horton raised her from his bosom and gazed upon her face. Hannah Newton was to be only the spirit's bride. She was dead!

JUDITH BENSADDI:

A TALE.

Second edition, revised and enlarged by the author.

Preface to the Second Edition.

Ten years ago the author heard, at bed time, some extraordinary incidents that had befallen a young friend of his. The romantic character of these incidents excited his fancy so, that he could not sleep until a tale was fabricated out of the materials, and the mind had unburdened itself by putting its conceptions on paper. After a hasty revision, this effusion of a restless imagination was sent to the press. It was published in a literary periodical of Philadelphia, and, to the author's mortification, a good deal blurred by a foul typography. It was copied, errors and all, into several country papers; and in spite of defects, whether in authorship or typography, the natural interest of the story caused it to be considerably read and admired.

After some two or three years, the author's name accidentally leaked out, and became generally known among his acquaintances; and it has been from that time, sent abroad occasionally, in connection with this sole specimen of his literary fancy-work. Feeling some regard for his reputation as a writer, even in this unusual line, he has been induced now, after so long a time, to employ some of his leisure hours in preparing a corrected and enlarged edition. He has given more development to the chief incidents and characters, added some of a subordinate kind that are new, and interwoven some descriptions of natural objects with the narrative. Thus he has more than doubled its size, and, he presumes to think, greatly increased the interest of the story. There is still in some parts a want of the careful finish, and strict correction, that are desirable, even in the smallest work of taste and fancy. For remaining defects, of whatever kind, the author can offer no apology, but either the want of genius for such compositions, or what is certainly true, the want of sufficient uninterrupted leisure amidst weighty cares and occupations, to polish a work of literary amusement. He has found an agreeable relaxation from severer labors of the mind, in this exercise of the imagination. Should any of his acquaintances think that the

composition of a tale, however innocent in its tendency or serious in its effect, misbecomes the gravity of his office, he begs to be excused for this once; and to be indulged in treating the only child of his fancy so far like a pet, as to be allowed, after such long neglect, to give it a new dress, and thus to let it go forth with better hopes to seek its fortune in the literary world.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY REFLECTIONS.

Sometimes a single incident at the outset of a man's career, may determine the course and color of his after life. He may find himself placed, unexpectedly, in such critical circumstances, that by a decision which cannot be delayed, he has the prospect of making, yet the apprehension of marring, his fortune during life.

An unlooked-for tide in his affairs may seem ready to bear him away to the islands of the happy; but he fears by the way some hidden rocks and quicksands by which all his hopes are in danger of being wrecked and engulfed forever. He stands upon the shore in trembling perplexity, strongly tempted yet afraid to embark. The tide of fortune begins to ebb; warning him that time and tide wait for no man; and that procrastination will be the death of opportunity. He still hesitates, painfully suspended between the attractions of hope and the repulsive suggestions of fear. The tide is gone: the happy opportunity has fled: he discovers, too late, that the danger was imaginary and the offered good inestimable. Then does he bewail his indecision, and reproach himself through life for the neglect of that golden opportunity. A bright and lovely object had, like a heavenly meteor, flashed upon his sight, and kindled his feelings to a glow. As it shone upon his enraptured vision, it invited him over the waters to its region of felicity; but when he delayed to answer the call, it vanished forever from his sight, and left him weeping upon the desolate shore. His only consolation was, that the result, though unfortunate, was not fatal, and still left open to him the humble path of exertion and the ordinary prospects of life, to which he had formerly looked. Reflection teaches him the salutary lesson, that the accidental opportunity was an act of Divine Providence, throwing rare circumstances into conjunction, to show man that his way is not in himself; and that his own conduct in so extraordinary a case, is evidence of weakness and fallibility, which should humble him beneath the mighty hand that sways the destiny of man.

Such a critical tide of fortune once occurred in the affairs of my life. It gave occasion to these reflections; and was of so rare and striking a character, as to make a story somewhat interesting and instructive. I proceed to record it, not only for the entertainment, but the admonition of the young reader; who should learn from it to act promptly as well as prudently, in critical conjunctures, and never to indulge any feeling in regard to human affairs to such excess, as to disqualify himself for the exercise of a cool and dispassionate judgment. This is the lesson which I would now teach him, from the most affecting portion of all my experiences.

CHAPTER II.

A STUDENT'S JOURNEY TO THE SOUTH.

I was born and educated in Rockbridge, a county that lies in the great valley of Virginia, and derives its name from that famous curiosity, the Natural Bridge. My parents were respectable, but in such moderate circumstances, that they could afford me nothing more than a good education. Our residence was on the North River side, near Lexington,

the seat of Washington College, an institution which has never made an ostentatious display of its claims to public notice, but which has nevertheless produced a large number of good scholars and excellent men. Here, of course, I pursued my liberal studies. We lived so near the village that I could attend all its schools without boarding away from home. This prevented in my case, what often happens in others, a breach of domestic attachments by early absence and long association with scenes and persons at a distance from the parental domicile. All my pleasures during the freshness and ardor of youth, were associated with home and kindred and the beautiful scenery of my birth-place.

Having by years of diligent application, obtained a distinguished place among the graduates of my college, which does not bestow its honors with a lavish hand, I betook myself ambitiously, and I may add, successfully, to a course of professional studies, under a learned gentleman of the village, whose office I frequently visited while I kept my lodging at home. My industry was the more energetic, because my worldly hopes depended on my personal exertions: and I was resolved to make up for my want of fortune by mental accomplishments and professional ability. Before I had finished the extensive task allotted to myself, I suffered a disheartening check upon my exertions. Excessive application to books gradually brought on me the symptoms of a consumption—the penalty often paid for literary ambition. Still, though aware of danger, I was loathe to quit my books. But the frequent cough and the hectic spot on a pale cheek, alarmed my friends so much that they called in a physician to aid them with his authority in persuading me to desist. His warning voice added to their anxious remonstrances, at length overcame my reluctance to quench the lamp of study: yet I did it reluctantly, even when I knew that persistence would extinguish the lamp of life; so treacherous a guide is even the noblest passion, and so needful of control. I consented, however, to fly from the sharp air of the mountains and to spend the approaching winter in the warm plains of the south. I promised also to abstain from all study, and to apply myself wholly to the social pleasures and amusements, which might cheer my drooping spirits and promote the restoration of my health.

When the chill winds of November admonished me to depart; I prepared to travel alone on horseback. My simple preparations being soon completed, I bade a sorrowful adieu to my friends and to the homestead of my youth, where every object was pleasant and dear to my soul. Never had I felt so melancholy. My previous absences from home had been only short excursions for amusement: my local attachments were strong and unbroken; my little circle of kindred and friends was nearly all the world to me. My journey was a solitary one to a strange land; my disease I knew to be always insidious and often fatal. I was constitutionally subject to fits of mental dejection. How could I be otherwise than sad? I was in fact plunged into the deepest gulf of despondency. When I reached the top of the Blue Ridge, a lonely fugitive from home, breathing short from obstructed lungs, going far away for the first time, to live and not improbably, to die among strangers, I turned to take what might be my last look over the woody hills and the cedar cliffs, that bent the river half round my paternal home. I saw the smoke in bluish wreaths ascending from the peaceful nook. I began to weep—yes, though a man grown, I wept like a child, when I waved my hand to bid the unutterable adieu to my native land, and turned my horse's head down the southern declivity of the mountain.

I pursued my journey moping and sometimes despairing, but occasionally interested, and the more so as I went farther on, with the new scenes through which I passed, and the new aspects of human life that occurred to my observation. I arrived safely, though still in low health and spirits, at a village near the Savannah river, where I purposed to sojourn during the winter. The location was suitable in every respect; the climate was mild, the society good, and one of my former college mates was the most popular physician in the place. By him I was soon introduced into some of the most agreeable families in the town and neighborhood. Now I learned by experience, what I had heard from the reports of travellers, how engaging are the charms of southern hospitality. My case seemed to excite as much sympathy among these benevolent strangers, as if I had been of their own flesh and blood. They ministered to my diseased mind a thousand delicate and consoling attentions. My rustic backwardness in strange company was quickly subdued by their easy and open simplicity of manners—that true politeness which is not an imitation of conventional forms, but an agreeable manifestation of kind feelings. New scenes, cheerful conversation, pleasant rides in the soft winter air, and all the nameless appliances of watchful benevolence to a drooping invalid, soon turned the ebb of my health and spirits into reviving flow. My appetite was restored, my cough ceased, my respirations became free, the purple tinge of health revisited my cheek, and all the world again brightened around me: And what was not a recovered good, but a positive and a delightful acquisition, I began to relish in a high degree the pleasures of society, and was daily learning to act my part in company with a better grace, and a more ready communicativeness than formerly. During my studious life, I took no pleasure in social parties, but preferred to ramble alone for amusement in the green woods, or on the wild cliffs and shady river banks about home, or over the high mountains that border my native valley; from whose forest-crowned summits I could look out, and see finer sights than “the cloud-capped towers and gorgeous places” of the artificial world. But now the experience of three months, devoted to the enjoyment of mixed society, had completely tapped a new fountain of pleasure in my soul; and the stream that flowed from it, if not so deep as some others, was yet so sweet and sparkling, that I was resolved no more to neglect its pleasant entertainments. My new circle of hospitable friends had gained such a hold upon my affections, that I felt much less than I had anticipated, the weariness of a long absence from home. But still I did not forget my dear native mountains. In the solitude of my chamber, I often longed for their whispering shades and mossy rivulets; but I could bear my absence without repining now, because I hoped, ere long, to see them again, as I had often seen them with delight, raising their green heads aloft in the vernal air, and bathing them in the cerulean light of heaven.

CHAPTER III.

THE STUDENT'S NEW STAGE ACQUAINTANCES.

To confirm my health and to enlarge my scanty knowledge of the world, I resolved to visit Charleston on my way home, and thence to take a sea-voyage round to the Chesapeake. Accordingly, when spring began to smile over the woods and fields, I bade my southern friends an affectionate farewell, and took a seat in the Charleston stage, which left the village two hours before sun-rise. I found two other passengers within; but discovering by the starlight only, that they were a man and a woman, I said nothing to them, and they said nothing to me, until day-light.

We seemed on both sides, to feel a diffidence of venturing to address a stranger in the dark, when we could not see even the color of his face. They once in a while spoke a few words to each other in a low and remarkably sweet tone of voice. This awakened in me a curiosity to see what manner of persons they were, whose half whispered words sounded musically. When the dawn began to disclose the personal appearance of my fellow travellers, I was struck with their beauty. They were evidently brother and sister; the one being a masculine likeness of the other. They were in the bloom of youth, with complexions between brown and fair, raven black locks, and eyes moderately large, not quite jetty black, but star-bright interpreters of intellect and feeling. Their faces were roundish oval, all the features in just proportion, and the expression of the whole, vivacious and benign. In person, they were well shaped, the limbs plump and rounded, their stature of the middle height, and the body inclining to fulness. Nothing else in their personal appearance struck me as remarkable, until I saw them walk, and then I noticed an easy and graceful agility of movement, indicating muscular elasticity, sprightliness of mind, and, as I thought, a cultivated taste.

The young lady struck me at once, and indeed at all times, as the most beautiful gem of humanity that I had ever seen. At first I considered her, but rather doubtfully, as a brunette—a sweet pretty brunette—but when I looked at her in the open air, and the full light of day, the ebon black of her flowing hair, and the mild black of her lustrous eyes, contrasted so strongly with the delicate hue of her complexion, that I pronounced her so fair, as to be only not florid. I endeavored to criticize every part of her person and features—but, except what I have mentioned, I discovered nothing in the superlative degree—her round forehead was not very round; her nose had no very marked character; her mouth was neither wider nor narrower than common; her lips neither thick nor thin. The only striking circumstance about her mouth, was a sort of tremulous vivacity of muscle, ready to catch and to express the slightest movements of the soul. As to her chin and cheeks, I could not say that they were or were not dimpled; for the play of her features made dimples appear and vanish alternately. Nor could I call her neck long and arched, as the necks of beauties are usually described—this young lady's was neither long nor short, though it tapered a little. Her foot was not very small, not a withered Chinese foot, but in good proportion to the person which it had to support. As to other first appearances, my fellow passengers were genteelly but not showily dressed, and had all the air of good breeding.

After several glances of curiosity had passed between us, we gave token of a willingness to try each other's conversation. We began with due caution, feeling our way with a short remark at a time on the weather, the road, and other such trivial matters. This foretaste proving satisfactory, we extended our remarks to subjects less trite—such as the features of the country and the condition of its inhabitants. Here too, we mutually elicited observations, good in themselves and savoring of better yet in store. Encouraged by our progress thus far, we promptly advanced another degree, and launched forth our thoughts into a bolder strain; making, in turn, little discourses on the effects of climate and geographical circumstances, in modifying the character and pursuits of the population around us. Here we at least bordered upon the philosophical, or

got perhaps within its confines; yet none of us failed, not even the lady, young and beautiful and bright-eyed though she was. Her speeches thus far on in the conversation, were neither many nor long; but they were music to the ear, intelligence to the understanding, and to my heart, they were—I knew not the nature of the impression—it was something undefinable—it can only be suggested by comparison; and yet I am in doubt whether to say that it was refreshing as a crystal fountain in the shade, when the fields glow with summer heat; or rather a genial warmth, like that of the April sun, when the zephyr breathes softly and the flowers are springing.

We soon dismissed all caution and reserve. We had found ourselves to be mutually agreeable, and in a short time understood one another so well, as to feel assured that nothing would be said or taken amiss; so we poured ourselves forth without measure, and were soon flowing on with a full current of loquacity. My fellow travellers delighted me more than strangers had ever done—their speech was so intellectual, yet so modest—was set off with such a sparkling vivacity, yet with such a kindliness of manner, that it raised in me the highest tide of social animation, that I had experienced since my melancholy departure from home; or perhaps the highest that I had ever experienced.

But who were my new acquaintances? I had a great desire to know, but not the impertinence to ask. They spoke English with the perfect ease and idiom of well-educated natives of England or America; but in their persons differed from my notion of the anglo-saxon race. The course of our conversation, however, soon led us to speak of the people of different countries. I alluded to my Virginia mountaineers—they, to their fellow cockneys, and to London as their native city. Their name, Bensaddi, soon afterwards mentioned, sounded in my ears like an Italian name; and I shrewdly conjectured that their dark eyes and hair, with their brunettish complexion, were due to the influence of an Italian, perhaps of a Sicilian sun, upon their ancestors.

I was now curious to know the object and course of their travels. As if he had perceived my curiosity on the subject, the open-hearted young gentleman took occasion to tell me the following particulars. The father having some business with a planter in the West Indies, had sent his son to attend to it; the sister took a fancy to accompany him, and had after much pleading, obtained their father's consent, that she might see the curiosities of nature in the torrid zone, and "the black man in the miseries of West Indian bondage, and the white man in the highest state of freedom, as he is in your happy country," said the young gentleman politely.

"Miss Bensaddi sees man in the extremes of slavery and freedom here," said I candidly.

"Not so far gone in the dark extreme of slavery, (said he,) for West Indian bondage is worse than yours; though I confess that the mildest form of slavery is a degradation bitter to the feelings of mankind."

"Yes, sir, to us it would be intolerably galling, because we have the birth-right and the sentiment of freedom. But happily for the poor negroes, they have never known the state of freedom, nor imbibed its sentiments; hence, they are not aggrieved by a sense of degradation and wrong. Born to slavery, they grow up with minds conformable to their condition, and rarely, if left to themselves, brood over the hardships of their lot; but finding their parents, themselves, and nearly

all their race, placed in it by Divine Providence, their only thought is to make the best of a condition which is not without its comforts and advantages."

"True, sir, you have accounted for a fact, which is little known in England, and which both surprised and gratified us, when we observed it in America. The slaves, in general, seem to be as contented and merry a set of beings as any in the world. They laugh, and sing, and dance, not to "drive dull care away," for dull care seems never to visit them: they seem to think that, as they themselves belong to their master, he is bound to take their cares into the bargain; so they throw the vexatious pack upon his shoulders, and leap for very lightness of heart at their deliverance."

"Now, brother, (said the young lady, playfully,) did not I tell you when we left Savannah, that if you staid much longer among these merry slaves, you would renounce abolitionism, and defend slavery as the best condition of poor laborers. You know what care-worn wretches most of our hiring laborers and small jobbers are at home, especially the mechanics and manufacturers; how hard they must work for a scanty subsistence, while they are healthy and strong; how precarious their resources, and how little they can hope to lay up for their future support; and consequently, what a miserable prospect they have for the coming days of sickness and old age—having nothing better to rely on than the cold comfort of the parish hospital, with a stinted dole of public charity often grudgingly administered. What a contrast to your light-hearted slaves, who are sure of a competency without care on their part, a provision which they look to as their right, and enjoy without the mortification of being dependants on charity. Thus released from the care of providing for themselves and their families, their only remaining care is how to get easily through the hours of labor, and merrily through all the rest. Now, brother, have you not proved that we ought to renounce abolitionism?"

"Not yet, my sister. You have made an ingenious web of my argument, and thrown it dexterously over my own head; but you have not so fastened the loopholes, but that I can escape its entanglements. Every thing that has length and breadth has two sides, you know. So has slavery, and so has free labor. I turned up the bright side of slavery, and you showed the dark side of free labor. The contrast was strikingly advantageous to slavery—so you clapped, without further ceremony, this inference upon me, as the conclusion of the whole matter. That was not fair—was it, sir?"

"You need not appeal, brother, for I acknowledge that I was too hasty. But, sir, (said she, addressing me,) we are sincerely gratified at one result of our observations thus far in America. We have discovered that negro slavery is not on all sides so dark and doleful as we had imagined. It has, indeed, some cheerful sunnyspots, delightful to look upon. Brother, tell Mr. Garamé of the pleasant scenes that we witnessed at Colonel P——'s, where we saw the negro wedding. That sight would have convinced any one that slaves might be happy in their slavery. It was an example in point—or, what I have heard Doctor Magruder call, an ocular demonstration. Do tell it, brother."

"Tell it yourself, Judith, for you enjoyed the sight fully as much as I did, and you probably remember the circumstances better."

A slight tinge of rose-colored modesty suffused her cheek, as she hesitated a moment to answer.

"I fear that I should make a wearisome story of it—for, after all, it was but an humble scene of joy, felt by untutored hearts, and manifested in a way so unrefined, as to afford little scope for entertaining description; especially when told to one who is so familiar with incidents of the kind as I suppose Mr. Garamé is. Such pleasant passages in the experience of slaves often occur in this country, I presume—but they are almost unheard of in England—and I shall carry this one home in my memory for the edification of some friends there, who have been lately filled with dismal ideas of American slavery, and almost raging indignation against all slaveholders. We were fast catching the same dark colored views and feelings when we embarked for America. One object of our voyage was, that we might see how the poor slaves lived and fared, and what could or ought to be done for their relief—and we rejoice to find, that in some cases, nothing better can be done for them, than to leave them in the undisturbed possession of their blessings."

"I am glad that you have found it so—but, Miss Bensaddi, I beg that you will favor me with an account of the negro wedding. I know that the slaves in my part of the country have as light a task of labor, and enjoy as many comforts, as common laborers can well experience in any country or any condition; and that they have both hearts and leisure to frolic as much as their white fellow-laborers; but I am a stranger in these Southern parts, and have had very limited opportunity of observing the condition of the slaves. You will, therefore, gratify me by giving a sketch of the wedding scene."

"Well, sir, an imperfect sketch is all that I can promise. We went by invitation to the hospitable mansion of Colonel P——. On approaching the house, we observed a large party of slaves, before one of the quarters, by the yard fence, and we were struck with their tidy apparel and joyous looks. Seeing us regard them with interest, Col. P—— remarked, that they were to have a wedding among them that evening. When we expressed our pleasure at their appearance, and our curiosity to observe their manners and customs, he told us that we could have the opportunity of witnessing the whole affair, if we pleased, as some of his family always attended their marriage ceremonies; and that we could look in upon their supper and ball, after the ceremony was over. We gladly embraced the offer, and were much gratified with more than the novelty of the sight. These slaves had more comfortable accommodations, and were more civilized than the West India slaves; and we thought, more also than the generality of slaves that we had seen in this country. The reason was, that they had an excellent master. I never anywhere saw so gladsome a wedding party. There was, of course, nothing elegant or refined—but there was enough of finery in their dresses—indeed, a profusion of gay colors and flaunting ribbons, and gewgaws in their bushy curls; with all which their simple fancies were mightily pleased. I was, myself, exceedingly gratified with the full hearted joy that sprang up in them, and sprang out of them too, when the fiddle and the dance gave free vent to the fountains of feeling within them. Merry jests started forth every instant, and jovial laughter burst in claps of delight from their souls. We looked through a window upon this scene of harmless mirth and of joy, that gushed light and free from the hearts of nature's children; and we could but consider these outpourings of pleasure as a re-

ward—if not a full one, still a real reward—bestowed peculiarly on them for their submissive toils at a master's bidding; and while I looked and reflected on what I saw, I felt a strange mixture of emotions; tears trickled down my face—for what I could not tell—they might be tears of joy or tears of compassion, or both together—and while the tears came, I sometimes found myself laughing—but whether out of diversion at their oddities, or out of sympathy with their merriment, I do not know; for I seemed to have all sorts of incongruous feelings at the same time.

"The next day an incident occurred, that gave us a still more touching proof of their happy condition. News arrived that their dear 'massa' was 'lected to Congress.' Perhaps they did not exactly understand what this was, but they understood at least that it was some high honor, and they triumphed as if the honor were all their own. They could not contain their gladness—they shook each other by the hand—they came in a crowd to the door, and sent in a request to see their master. When he came out, and asked them kindly whether they wanted any thing, their spokesman answered: 'Nothing, massa, only to tell you how we thank God that you be 'lected to Congress.' 'Well, boys, (said he, with emotion,) I am gratified to find that you are so rejoiced at it—and, boys, you need not go to work to-day; you must have an infair for the bride and bridegroom; so make ready for that.' 'Yes, massa, thank'ee; but we lef' a little to do in dat field; we'll go finish it—then we'll dress for the infair.' When they were retiring, one of them, as he passed near the window where we stood, said aloud to himself: 'God bless my good massa.'

"I thought, (continued the young lady, wiping her eyes,) that next to the blessing of good parents to take care of us in childhood, was the blessing which poor ignorant laborers have in a good master to direct their labors, and to take care of all their interests."

"Now, sister, (said the young gentleman, smiling, with a tear in his eye,) do you not see that you have become an advocate for slavery—quite a pleader, and as earnest in the cause as a feed barrister?"

"If I am earnest, you must observe, brother Eli, that I am pleading only in a particular case—and if I advocate slavery, it is only in such cases as the one which I have described—where the master is discreet and humane, and where the slaves are unfit for any higher condition than that of common laborers, and are moreover contented with their situation, as in such cases they are likely to be. Then I believe that they are happier than they could be in a state of freedom. To abolish their slavery; is then to abolish their best source of happiness—and what sort of philanthropy would that be?"

"There you are right, sister. I think, sir, that in this country at least, many cases exist, in which the abolition of slavery would be a sorry boon, one for which the merry fellows, whose happiness we had taken in charge, would not thank our philanthropy; at least, not after the experiment of freedom had taught them, that they must now shoulder their own cares, and still work or starve. And, sir, when we consider that the half of mankind do, and must labor in poverty, whether they be bond or free, the loss of human happiness through slavery will not appear to be of such mighty magnitude that the heart of a zealous abolitionist must needs burst in attempting to conceive it."

"Your zealous abolitionists, (said I,) probably con-

fine their attention to the evils of slavery, and swell their conceptions by brooding over these alone, until the miseries of bondage grow to an uncontainable magnitude before the imagination. These philanthropists would suffer a less painful distension of their sympathetic hearts, if they would condescend to take an impartial view of all the facts, and in the fulness of their humanity, would allow their horror of slavery to be somewhat abated by a consideration of the exemption of the slave from some of the worst ills of poverty, and some of the most corroding cares of life, and by a consideration of some positive comforts, which grow out of the relation between the slave and his master. Divine Providence has annexed to this relation some of the happy feelings which arise from the relation of parent and child. But even the filial feelings of a son or daughter may be destroyed by ill usage; much more the correspondent feeling of the slave. Notwithstanding the exceptions, however, the general fact in this country is, that the slave is attached to his master, and feels sensibly, almost every day of his life, that there is comfort in having such a protector and superintendent in his humble station as a poor laborer. But I suppose that some men are so violently philanthropic, that they will not look at this side of the picture. Why, sir, in the same partial way of considering a subject, they might soon gather up a store of indignation against a higher character than the slaveholder. They have only to set their imaginations to brooding over the evils alone of any condition in life, even the highest and best, and they will soon engender in their minds, and nurse to maturity, a heavy indignation against the Disposer of our lot, and raise their feelings to a sublime pitch of philanthropic blasphemy."

"Yes, sir, (said the young lady, with animation,) we knew from experience, how the dark-sided representations of slavery tend to inflame the imagination, and to exasperate one's sympathy, until the milk of human kindness is poisoned with gall and wormwood. When we left home, we were beginning to consider slavery in America, as made up of little else than knotty scourges, brutal oppression, and the heart-rending cries of mothers robbed of their children—of peccadillos punished with bloody lashes, and taskmasters wringing toil from every age and sex, without reward and without mercy. I shudder now, to think how exaggerated reports of this sort, often reiterated, so galled my humanity, that I could almost wish to see the horrors of St. Domingo repeated on every set of slaveholders in America—such a bitter charity did I feel for African bondsmen. But I have learned a lesson from it, which I hope not soon to forget;—and that is, never to let partial statements of human oppression work up my sympathy to rage; and never, if possible, in any case, to let a good feeling overrun the heart like a torrent, and gather impurities by the violence of its course."

During this conversation, my fair companion had gradually acquired a spirit and energy of expression, of which we all partook, but which in her bordered on the impassioned eloquence of enthusiasm. Her delicate frame had begun to dilate with swelling emotions, and all her features to express the glowing fervor of thought. I began to expect from her a lofty outpouring of soul; and would probably have been gratified, if the coach had not stopped at the breakfast house so soon, and turned the bold current of our conversation into the shallow and discursive channels of small talk.

I need not say that I was highly pleased with my fellow travellers. The subject of our last conversation

was a serious one, but well adapted to draw forth their moral sentiments and to try the strength of their reflective powers.

I have attempted to give the thoughts which they uttered, and to imitate their style of expression—but there was an indescribable something in their manner, especially the sister's, which gave an extraordinary interest to their conversation. The brother's language was peculiarly witty and amusing, and withal very sensible; but when Judith spoke,—the soft melody of her voice, and after she became excited, its lively intonations,—the kindling lustre of her eyes, the play of her expressive features, with the winning modesty of her manner, and the undefinable eloquence of both her manner and her style—made all that she said go warm and animating to the heart; as if an ethereal fire had penetrated to the sources of animation, and given an exhilarating impulse to all the principles of life. Not to admire such a person with such a mind, I considered impossible.

"I could love her, (said I to myself, when I got out of the stage, and saw her trip gracefully into the house,) yes, I could love her with all my heart—but how rash and vain were that for me—her accidental companion for a day! I must not indulge this amatory propensity. The warmth of so delicious a passion might solace and delight me to-day, only to afflict me with aching regret and hopeless longings, after she will have left me to-morrow. I must close my breast against this dangerous Cupid. I see him now with bended bow and malicious eye, watching for an avenue to my heart."

So said I to myself—but I was a sheer novice in the mysteries of love. Ovid may teach the signs and rules to the inexperienced; but we shall be still unwise, till nature shall by actual experience teach us the interpretation.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STUDENT'S DESCRIPTION OF A BRIDGE.

After resuming our seats in the coach, we began to speak of our journey to Charleston, and our ulterior courses of travel. My free-hearted companions promptly communicated their plans. They would spend a few days in Charleston, and then take a packet and go to Norfolk by sea. They would thus avoid the disagreeable route by stage, through the tame sand-flats and miry swamps of the Carolinas; disagreeable at all seasons, they had been told, but most so in the watery month of March. From Norfolk they would visit Washington, Philadelphia, and so on to Boston, where they intended to embark finally for England.

My heart gave a leap—a higher one than necessary, I thought, when I heard of the days in Charleston and the voyage to Norfolk.

"Your route to Norfolk, (said I to Mr. Bensaddi,) coincides at all points with mine, and if mutually agreeable, I should be glad of your company all the way."

"Very agreeable, I assure you, and I esteem it a fortunate circumstance that we shall have your company so far."

His pleased look confirmed his complimentary declaration, and my instinctive glance, (or was it accidental?) at Miss Judith's face, caught the smiling token of her satisfaction, as it played over her beautiful features. But what did that signify? Travellers generally like

company, though it be not *particularly* agreeable—but for all that, when the smile was caught playing so sweetly over her countenance, I felt it glide down immediately into my heart, and nestling there, produce a series of agreeable little titillations. But Mr. Bensaddi thus continued:

"We are total strangers in this country—we have not a single acquaintance nigher than Boston. To meet with a companion every way agreeable is very gratifying to a land traveller, and particularly so to a voyager. One who has travelled much feels this pleasure the more sensibly, because he has been annoyed with accidental companionships, which not only plague him for an hour, but stick and grow to him like barnacles, and make heavy sailing for the poor wight, whether it be on land or water. I am the more inclined, therefore, to stick like a barnacle myself, when I fall in with a choice companion. I wish your route coincided with ours all the way."

"I wish so too, Mr. Bensaddi; but my route from Norfolk leads me westward to Richmond, and thence still westward to my home in the mountains. I should be much pleased if your curiosity led you to visit my native valley—its scenery is fine, and well worthy of a traveller's attention."

"I should delight to visit the Natural Bridge, (said Judith, with kindling eyes.) Is that near your residence?"

"Within fifteen miles; and that single object would reward a trip to the mountains."

"Writers describe it as a great curiosity; but I have a very imperfect conception of it. Do, if you please, give us a full description. You are doubtless familiarly acquainted with its appearance, and can describe it better than travellers, who have taken but one hasty look."

The brother joined earnestly in the request.

"Do, if you please," said the beautiful sister again.

How could I refuse? Yet, I professed, as in modesty bound, that I was not a good describer—and I added, what was true, that no description could do justice to this singular object, which refused to confer a just impression of its beautiful magnificence, through language or painting; and demanded, that all who would enjoy the delightful conception, should come personally and do homage in its own rocky abode. Hence it comes to pass, that no visitor of common sensibility ever viewed it attentively, without acknowledging that the reality exceeded all that he had conceived or anticipated.

"Well, sir, that only increases our desire to know something more of an object so interesting, and which we cannot visit. We will make allowance for the inadequacy of all description, and still thank you for improving our notions of so rare a curiosity, of which, at present, we have very obscure conceptions from accounts defective in themselves and imperfectly remembered."

"Well then, sir, I will make the attempt:—In the first place, imagine yourself to be travelling from the village of Lexington, southwestwardly, through a valley ten or twelve miles broad, separating two ranges of high mountains, and presenting a surface broken into every variety of hill, dale and ravine. Twelve miles from the village you leave the main road, and after crossing the hill on the left, pursue the course

of a brook which glides over a bed of solid limestone. Within two miles of the main road, you cross the brook a second time, and go up an acclivity to an inn by the way side. Here you find that the road continues to ascend the slope of a hill, which gradually rises before you to the elevation of a mountain. Your course is west of south. A few yards beyond the inn, your eye is drawn towards a vista between the forest-covered hill that you are ascending, and a similar one on the left. This opening is made by a deep narrow glen, through which you descry, at the distance of several miles, a portion of the high and many-formed blue ridge, bounding the great valley on its south-eastern side. Attracted by this, you may not be aware of any thing remarkable about your feet, as you ascend the slope, until you observe that you are in the line of this deep glen, and apparently at its head. Casting down your eyes, you discover a sudden break in the rocks by the road side. The glen seems to terminate there in a deep, narrow chasm. You approach the margin, a few yards from the road; perpendicular cliffs open to a fearful depth under your eyes, as you lean forward and see at the bottom a small river, which seems to issue from a cavern underneath the road, and passing between parallel cliffs, is joined about a hundred yards below by the brook, which falls to the bottom of the glen over a high bank of limestone. You turn about, towards the opposite side of the road, to observe whence the deeply sunk rivulet flows. There you discover the same or another dark wild glen, with the tokens of a like chasm on that side. You go, with breathless curiosity to the margin of this, which is about twenty yards from the other chasm. Here again parallel walls of rock crowned with evergreens, open a passage for your eyes down, and yet further down, till you lean over the abrupt brow, and with a shudder behold the same rivulet coming from the deep dusky ravine above and passing under the *Natural Bridge*. You might have crossed it unwittingly, if you had kept your eyes directly upon the road, as it continues to ascend the acclivity of the mountain.

"Desirous now to peep under the bridge, you return a few steps along the road; and passing by the side of the chasm among cedars and *Arbor-vitæ** trees that love such wild limestone cliffs, you find a projecting point of rock a little below the crown of the precipice, and a few rods up stream from the bridge. Here you see the massive thickness of the bridge, thirty feet of solid stone, with the arch gracefully spanning this great mountain cleft, down into which you look with dizzy head and mute astonishment.

"As yet, you have seen only one side of the arch, which being on a lower level than your position, precludes a sight of its vault. Curiosity soon prompts you to descend, that you may take an upward view. For this purpose, you must follow a path that conducts you south of the bridge, to the place where the brook tumbles over the rocks. Here is the nearest place where the descent is practicable. Winding round the base of a crag near the bottom of the glen, you behold from beneath the trees that overshadow your path, the high arch supported by its abutments, somewhat rude in appearance, but solid and everlasting as the moun-

* *Thuja* or *thuya* is the botanical name of this beautiful evergreen.

tain that supports them. Yet the form of the whole is so nearly symmetrical, that you are impressed rather with the beauty than the sublimity of the object. As you advance towards it, the perpendicular walls of rough rock enclose you on either hand, and leave but a narrow space of sky visible between the cedar-topped crags overhead. The arch seems now to expand and elevate itself, to receive you beneath its ample vault, and to awe you into a due respect for its superb majesty. When you look around and observe near the bridge some forest trees of the ordinary size, growing from the bottom of the glen and reaching with their tops the feet of others, which having fastened their roots in crevices of the wall, strive to reach the upper air, yet fail by far to attain the elevation of the arch; and when you look up to the arch itself, moving your eye slowly from side to side and from end to end over its spacious vault, it seems still to enlarge its amplitude, and to rise heavenward, until your breast labors with the grand conception; you think how centuries and millenniums have rolled over this changeless structure, and how other centuries and millenniums are yet to roll over its undecaying solidity; you think of it as the emblem of its eternal Creator; and the puny works of man dwindle to insignificance before this cloven mountain, from whose deep interior you look up and behold the everlasting rock, that bends its glorious vault from crag to crag, seventy feet in span, and two hundred feet above your head.

"When filled with these contemplations, you move to a point in the glen above the bridge, where you see its beauty and magnificence under another aspect. The arch has apparently a different curvature, and the opening beneath it a different yet a more beautiful outline, than it does when viewed from below. Shift your position to some other spot, where from under thick trees and beetling precipices you can take another look. Now the same features appear under another form, and as you move from side to side and farther or nearer, new transformations appear, such as you never observed in a work of art. You wonder how it is possible that one object, so simple in its general structure, should exhibit such an entertaining mutation of aspects—which are the more interesting, because they put at fault the rules of perspective, and consequently differ from the anticipated effects of your changes of position. If you study the cause of this, you will find perhaps that it arises from a general approach to regularity of structure, combined with deviations from it so various and so graceful, that the visitor sees at every step, some new and unexpected combination of forms and appearances, variable as the shifting scenes of the kaleidoscope, but all disclosing new features of beauty and sublimity, leaving on the mind the final impression, that this singular curiosity is a wonderful specimen of Divine art, which has diverted its workmanship of formality, but retained the graces of form and proportion in the general outline, while it has left just so much of unfinished rudeness in the details, as to cast an air of wild sublimity over the whole work."

Here I closed my lame description. After a pause, Judith started as from a reverie; emotion depicted in her face, and lighting her fine eyes to a glow like that of the evening star. Turning to her brother, she said, "Oh, brother! how can we leave the continent, where

such an object may be seen, and not go to enjoy the sight? I would cheerfully travel a thousand miles to see that bridge, so grand, so beautiful—Nature's sole specimen of divine art in the construction of a bridge. Is it not, Mr. Garamé? Or does the world contain another?"

"I think you are right, Miss Bensaddi; though Humboldt describes a natural bridge in the Andes; but it is not like ours. There is a solid arch, but very inferior, and also a broken arch, composed of loose rocks, which by a rare accident in falling down a deep narrow chasm, got wedged together, and continue firmly lodged against the sides at a great height from the bottom. The bridge itself is of difficult approach, and the bottom of the fissure is inaccessible."

"Oh, yes—now I remember to have read of it. That must be a wild place—but it is not comparable to your Natural Bridge. It has less appearance of design in its formation—it cannot impress you with such awe by its immovable solidity, nor with such admiration at its lofty proportions, struck off with Nature's careless, but master hand. It is not very wonderful to see loose rocks caught midway down a great mountain cleft, though the scene be romantic enough—but to see a real bridge, built by Nature for a highway, skilfully designed for it, then cut without hands out of the solid mountain rock—defying all human power to shake it, and human art to imitate its magnificence—springing its grand arch aloft—so mighty a mass, yet so high, so airy, so light. Oh, brother, can we not go to see it? I know that your time in America is limited; but if you will give me that sight, only for a day, you may hurry me as rapidly as you please over the rest of the journey."

"My dear sister, I would gladly afford you that pleasure, and gladly enjoy it myself; but I am doubtful whether we can spare the time. Yet, if we have a quick passage to Norfolk, we may possibly run up to the mountains and snatch a glance at so wonderful a specimen of Nature's handiwork—or rather un-handiwork, for Nature works without hands, I believe. I will tell you, Mr. Garamé, what sort of fancy your interesting description suggested to my mind. Methought that dame Nature must be sitting somewhere about that bridge, probably hidden in a thicket of cedars on a craggy point of the rocks, watching the visitors as they come and look and wonder; and when they turn to go away, sending an elfin breeze to whisper in their ears, 'Ye are pretty two-handed folks to be proud of *your* works—are ye not?'"

"Your pleasant fancy conveys a truth. When a man is under the bridge and thinks of himself and his fellow bipeds, it is with a feeling of humiliation that is salutary without being painful. But, Miss Judith, in relation to the inquiry which you made a while ago, I have another curiosity to mention—one of little notoriety as yet, because it is hidden in the mountain wilds of Virginia—which may boast of having the only curiosity comparable to the Natural Bridge: that is, the *Natural Tunnel* among the Cumberland mountains, in the southwestern angle of the State. Here, a small river flows between high mountains, along a narrow valley, which is suddenly closed by the junction of the mountains. But, nature has cut a tunnel four or five hundred feet long, through solid rock, and thus given egress to the water. The arch of the tunnel is nearly

regular, solid throughout, and of considerable span; but its elevation above the floor does not exceed forty or fifty feet. This tunnel would be a finer object if it were straight, so as to let one see through its whole length at once. But such as it is, or as I have heard it described by an intelligent visitor, (for I have not seen it,) you will readily conceive that it is a rare and interesting curiosity, and one that would be much visited, if 'dame Nature' had not (as if jealous of showing too many of her works of *internal improvement*) hidden it among rugged mountains, in a place remote from the great highways of travel."

These notices of the bridge and the tunnel, with some allusions to various particulars of my native country, awakened a lively interest in my fellow travellers. I saw it and was glad. Their eager inquiries about the scenery, the population, the literary institutions and state of society, not only gratified my habitual feeling of patriotism, but strengthened, while it gratified a new feeling, as yet so undeveloped in the recesses of the heart, or so concealed under the disguise of other feelings, as to be unacknowledged even by consciousness. I knew only that I thought the bright-eyed beauty, who had been shining now for hours into mine eyes, to be the most bright-eyed of beauties, and to be moreover in mental qualities, the most attractive vision that had ever realized itself to my perception. I may have conceived the like, when fancy garnished some ideal picture of a lovely woman; but here seemed to be the living substance of what poets had taught me to imagine, but experience had never taught me to expect in this iron age of degenerate humanity. True, this lovely creature did not appear to be exempt from defects of character. I could discover on a few hours acquaintance, that she was subject to illapses of mental excitement, bordering on enthusiasm; yet did she not lose in my view one feature of loveliness on account of this over-excitability; for here I acknowledged a point of agreement in our tempers.

I had called up prudence, and set that dignified virtue to guard, with hundred eyes, the avenues of my heart against the insidious Cupid. "But, then, (said something within me,) I have since discovered, that she is not to be my companion for a day only, but for a whole quarter of a moon—and according to the proverb, 'Circumstances alter cases.'" "Well, (said prudence, faintly,) if they do alter cases, it is not always for the better. Does this new state of the case diminish either the probability of your falling in love, or the danger of your falling afterwards into something less pleasant?" This remonstrance was so feebly uttered, that prudence was evidently yielding to somnolency. Oh, thou drowsy Argus! What subtle enchanter had so soon drugged thy hundred eyes to sleep?

This I well remember, that I sought occasion to set forth to these strangers all that was attractive in my country; and that, in portraying its landscapes, and whatever else might commend it to my fellow-travellers, my imagination then, more than ever before, bloomed with rich ideas, and my mouth shed forth every rising conception with a fluency of eloquent expression, which I can but imperfectly recall in making this record.

Among other entertainments which my native land affords to the visitor, especially if his mind be imbued with the love of nature, I mentioned the fine views from

the mountain tops ; and I suggested that I had made some delightful excursions to the House Mountain near Lexington, and could never forget the splendid prospects that its lofty summit spreads before the spectator.

This suggestion had the intended effect. My companions instantly besought me to describe my visits to the House Mountain. No longer coy, with memory and imagination on the wing, I was commencing a prelude to my story, when the coach stopped for dinner, and gave me the opportunity of arranging my thoughts a little. As soon as we resumed our journey, I was called on to proceed, which I did substantially as follows.

CHAPTER V.

THE STUDENT'S ACCOUNT OF HIS VISITS TO THE HOUSE MOUNTAIN.

To make my description more intelligible, I shall begin with a general sketch of the Alleghanian region of Virginia.

The Alleghany mountains consist of parallel ridges, casting off short spurs and sometimes long branches, that vary from the general direction ; but they always embrace rich vallies watered by clear streams, that either murmur over pebbly beds or dash over rough rocks. To find their mother ocean, they had to break their way through the ridges that run between them and the sea coast. Some of them as the Powhatan or James river, have made several breaches through successive ridges, two thousand feet, more or less, in height.

The line of continued mountain nearest the sea is the Blue Ridge, which beginning in Pennsylvania about the Susquehanna, increases in height, ruggedness and diversity of form, until it stretches its vast length into the Carolinas, where, being joined by the chief Alleghany, it becomes the great father mountain of the system, the huge, wild, prolific source of a thousand rivers, that gather themselves together in the deep vallies, and with their several aggregations of water run brawling and working their ways out in every direction, to seek the common source and depository of all subterranean waters.

Between the Blue Ridge and the North Mountain, lies the Great Valley, my native land, "the loveliest land on the face of the earth." (Here I detected a smile, instantly suppressed, on the faces of my auditors ; but not a smile of contempt, I was sure.)

The Valley is full twenty miles wide near the Potomac, but narrows to twelve miles in Rockbridge ; where it is infinitely diversified with mountain hill, knoll, slope, vale, dell, ravine, cliff, rift, with every other modification of surface that is named, and that is not named, except plains and lakes, whereof we have none ; but we have clear limestone springs, gushing from forest-crowned hills, and "giving drink to every beast of the field."

Westward of the Great Valley, for many miles, the country is composed altogether of high mountains with narrow vales between. But here, and further west, fountains of health flow ; a hundred mineral springs of different qualities, with a pure atmosphere, delightful summer weather, shady forests, beauty in the vale and sublimity in the mountain ; all combine to invite the

invalid for health, and all for pleasure, who love either the charms of nature or the social enjoyments of a watering place. But enough of introduction. Now for the House Mountain.

This short isolated mountain is a conspicuous object in the picturesque landscape of Rockbridge. It stands about six miles west of Lexington, from whose inhabitants it hides the setting sun, and not unfrequently turns the summer showers, that usually come with the west wind. Being separated by deep vales from the North Mountain, and more lofty, it stands like an island of the air, with its huge body and sharp angles to cut the current of the winds asunder. Clouds are often driven against it, cloven in the midst, and carried streaming on to the right and left, with a space of blue sky between, similar in form to the evening shadow of the mountain, when the light of departing day is in like manner cloven. Sometimes, however, a division of the cloud, after passing the town, will come bounding back in a current of air reflected from another mountain. It is not unusual to see a cloud move across the Great Valley in Rockbridge, shedding its contents by the way—strike the Blue Ridge—whirl about, and pursue another course until it is exhausted. The traveller, after the shower is passed, and the clear sunshine has induced him to put away his cloak and umbrella, is surprised by the sudden return of the rain, from the same quarter towards which he had seen it pass away.

What is called the House Mountain, consists in fact of two oblong parallel mountains, connected about midway of their height, and rising upwards of 1500 feet above the surrounding country. The summit ridges are each about a mile long, and resemble the roof of a house ; the ends terminate in abrupt precipices, and all around huge buttresses, with their bases spread far out into the country, rise up against the sides and taper to points which terminate some hundreds of feet below the summit. These buttresses, or spurs of the mountain, are separated by vales which run up between them.

The students of our college make parties every summer, to visit this mountain for the sake of the prospect. They set out in clear weather and spend the night on the mountain, that they may enjoy the morning beauties of the scene, which are by far the most interesting. Now the ladies too have begun to adventure on this romantic enterprise. Last summer I had a delightful ride by moonlight with a party of them and their male friends. We pattered along, while the whole country was hushed in sleep,—through woods, by meadow sides, over hills, and up a vale that led to our object. The vale was at first broad, and spread open its fields to catch the flood of moon-beams ; then it contracted itself, swelled up its dark rocky sides, and entered the mountain between two of the buttresses ; it terminated high up against the steep rocky side of the summit ridge. Here we had to dismount. We tied our horses in the forest, and taking to our feet on ground piebald with moonshine and shadows, we began to scale the rocky steep ; clambering over stony fragments and trunks of fallen trees, catching hold on bush and jutting rock ; now working our laborious way ; then stopping to recover breath for another effort ; till we succeeded in mounting the summit and

taking our stations, some on projecting top-rocks, and the more hardy on branches of storm-battered trees; before the sun, whose rising we aimed to see, had surmounted the piny top of the Blue Ridge. He soon rose; but in a haze, shorn of half his beams; and therefore with much less worshipful glory, than when he ascends his mountain throne, full-robed, amidst the pure blue of the ether, when no earthborn vapor sullies its transparency.

My first trip, some years ago, was with a party of students only. Then we were disappointed in our hopes by a sudden clouding up of the atmosphere, before we reached the place; and we should have made an unprofitable trip, had not an unexpected scene afforded us a partial reward for the toils of the ascent. We lodged like Indian hunters, not far from the summit; where an overhanging rock affords shelter, and a spring trickling through a crevice supplies drink to the weary climber. After we had slept awhile, one of the company startled us with the cry of fire. We saw with surprise, in the direction of the Blue Ridge, a conflagration that cast a lurid glare through the hazy atmosphere. The flame rose and spread every moment, tapering upwards to a point and bending before the night-breeze. At first, we conjectured that a great barn was in flames, and then that the beautiful village of Lexington was, as it had been once before, wrapped in devouring fire. Whilst we gazed anxiously at the fiery object, it rose higher every moment, and in rising seemed now to grow less at the lower extremity, until finally it resembled the last flicker of a dying lamp-flame; and then it stood forth, to our joyful surprise—the moon, half in the wane, reddened and magnified by the misty air, beyond what we had ever seen. Its light afforded us an obscure perception of the most prominent objects in the landscape. Shadowy masses of mountains darkened the sight in various directions, and spots of dusky white, glimmering here and there, indicated fields and houses. We perceived just enough to make us eager for a more distinct view; but when the morning came, the cloudy confusion of the atmosphere concealed every thing; and a rain succeeding, put us quickly to scampering down the mountain, and sent us home as dirty as pigs, and as wet as drowned rats; and with the wings of our fancies completely bedrenched and bedraggled into the bargain. We were cured of scene-hunting and gypsy-ing in the wild mountains for that season. But by the next summer my spirit was revived, and I longed for another excursion to the great observatory that was daily standing aloft with its rocky solitudes in the back ground of our landscape, and stimulating the spirit of the students to try what romantic incidents and wide prospects a night's lodging on its high eminence might yield.

So one fair midsummer's day we set off, a dozen of us, full of high enterprise, and laden with whatever might be necessary for use and comfort. This time we lodged on the aerial summit of the mountain, where we built a fire of logs, that illuminated the rocks and trees about our wild encampment, and blazed like a beacon-fire before the eyes of nearly all Rockbridge. We prepared our coffee, drew forth our bread and cheese, and ate our supper merrily; and for hours we made those gray rocks hear, what perhaps they had never heard before, the jests and quips and shouts and laughter of

a dozen college youngsters, let loose and exulting in the wild freedom of nature.

This time the weather proved eminently favorable. We slept two or three hours and rose before the dawn, that we might watch for the opening of the scene. Our fire had sunk to embers; the desolation and death-like stillness of our situation were impressive. The heavens above were perfectly serene; the stars looked down upon us with all their eyes, from mansions of the purest blue; but the lower world was enveloped in a dense fog. We seemed to have been separated from the society of the living on the face of the earth, and to have ascended to another sphere, where we held communion only with the silent orbs and the blue ether that drew our spirits into their heavenly fields. The merriment of the evening was changed into sober thoughtfulness. We spoke little, and that with a low voice; and each one seemed disposed to retire from his fellows, that he might give his mind to contemplation. Such at least was my case. I withdrew to a naked rock that crowned a precipice, and turning my face to the east, waited for the sun, if not with the idolatrous devotion, yet with the deep seriousness of the Persian fire-worshippers.

Presently the dawn began to show, at the distance of twelve miles, the dim and wavering outline of the Blue Ridge in the eastern horizon. When the morning light had opened the prospect more distinctly, the level surface of the mist which covered the valley became apparent, and the mountain tops that rose through it in almost every direction, looked like islands in a white, silent and placid ocean. I gazed with delighted imagination over this novel and fairy scene, so full of sublimity in itself, and from the sober twilight in which it appeared, so much like the creation of fancy in the visions of a dream. The trees and rocks of the nearest islands began to develop their forms; more distant islands were disclosed to view, various in size and shape, and variously grouped; but all were wild, desolate and still. I felt as if placed in a vast solitude, with lands and seas around me, hitherto undiscovered by man.

Whilst I looked with increasing admiration over the twilight scene, and was endeavoring to stretch my vision into the dusky regions far away, my attention was suddenly attracted by sparks of dazzling brilliancy, shooting through the pines on the Blue Ridge. In the olden time, when Jupiter's thunderbolts were forged in the caverns of *Ætna*, never did such glittering scintillations fly from beneath the giant forge hammers of the Cyclops. It was the sun darting his topmost rays over the mountain, and dispersing their sparkling threads through the pure serene of the atmosphere.

Very soon the fancied isles around me caught the splendid hue of the luminary, and shone on their eastern sides like burnished gold. In the west, where they were most thickly strewn over the white sea of mist, and where their bright sides alone appeared, I could fancy that they were the islands of the happy, (so famous in ancient story,) where the spirits of the good reposed in the balmy light of eternal spring. But the pleasing illusion was soon dissipated. The surface of the mist, hitherto lying still, became agitated like a boiling caldron. Every where light clouds arose from it and melted away. Then the lower hills of the country began to show their tops, as if they were emerging from this troubled sea. After the sun had

displayed his full orb of living fire, the vapory commotion increased, and in a little while the features of the low country began to be unveiled. The first audible sound from the living world, the barking of a farmer's dog, arose from a vale beneath, and completely broke the enchantment of the twilight scene. When the sun was an hour high, the fog only marked the deep and curvilinear beds of the river.

The prospect of the country around, now yielded a pleasure, not inferior in degree, though it differed in kind, from that which I had enjoyed in beholding a scene, rare and beautiful in itself and embellished by mist and twilight with the visionary charms of a creative fancy. The country appeared beneath and around me to the utmost extent of vision. On the diversified surface of the Great Valley, a thousand farms in every variety of situation were distinctly visible—some in the low vales, where winding streams had begun to shine in the glancing sunlight—some presented their yellow harvest fields among the green woods and wavy slopes of hills—and here and there, others were perched aloft among the primeval forests and antediluvian rocks of the mountains. In the northeast, the less hilly country of Augusta was seen in dim perspective, like a large level of bluish green. Stretching along the eastern horizon, for many a league, the Blue Ridge mustered a hundred of his lofty heads, among which the Peaks of Otter rose preëminently conspicuous. The valley southwestwardly was in part concealed by the isolated line of the Short Hill. But beyond this, at intervals, I caught glimpses of the vale of James river, from the gap where the stream has burst through the Blue Ridge, to the place where it has cloven the North Mountain, and thence round by the west, to the remarkable rent through which it flows between jutting crags in the Jackson Mountain. Here the Clifton forge, though not seen, could be imagined, sounding in the deep ravine with the roaring waters, and making the dark cliffs re-bellow at every stroke.

On the western side the scenery differs from that on the eastern. Here it seemed as if all the mountains of Virginia had assembled, to display their loftiness and their length. Line after line, ridge behind ridge, peered over one another and crossed the landscape, this way and that way. Here a huge knob swelled up his roundness—there a peak shot up his rough stony point—out of a huddle of inferior eminences, or from the backs of ridges that stretched away far and wide, until they faded off in the blue of the atmosphere, and all distinction of form and color was lost in the distance.

When I was able to withdraw my sight from the grand features of the prospect, and to look down upon the country near the base of my observatory, I was attracted by the softer beauties of the landscape. The woody hillocks and shady glens had lost every rough and disagreeable feature; the surface looked smooth and green like a meadow; and wound its curvatures, dappled with shade and sunlight, so gracefully to the elevated eye, that they seemed to realize our dreamy conceptions of fairy land. The little homesteads that spotted the hills and vallies under the mountain, the large farms and country seats farther away, and the bright group of buildings in the village of Lexington, relieved the mind from the almost painful sublimity of the distant prospect, and prepared us, after hours of

delightful contemplation, to descend from our aerial height, and to return with gratified feelings to our college and our studies again.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NEW FRIENDS IN CHARLESTON.

When I had concluded my House Mountain story, the brother maintained for a few seconds the attitude of a listener; until I remarked that my other visits to the mountain produced nothing new, and that my theme was therefore exhausted.

"I am sorry that it is; (said he,) for I could listen with interest to much more of the same sort."

Judith, who seemed to be in a state of thoughtful abstraction, now heaved a deep sigh, which roused her; and being conscious that she had sighed, she blushed; and when she felt her cheeks warmed with blushes, she hung down her head in silence.

"Heigh-ho! Judith, what is the matter with you? You pay Mr. Garame a poor compliment for his description of one of the finest landscapes in the world—it seems to have made you sad."

"If I am sad, brother, it is because we may not be able to visit the mountains of Virginia. Mr. Garame will not think me disrespectful when he knows the cause of my sadness."

"Certainly not, Miss Judith; (said I with great sincerity,) but I hope that you may still find time to run up to our valley, and to look out from our mountain tops."

"Oh, how delightful that would be." She raised her head as she spoke, and her countenance flashed up to more than its wonted animation, as she thus continued:

"I love the mountains—I prefer the country to the town—joy springs up in my heart when I look upon the summer hills and vallies, the clear brooks, the green fields, and all the objects and employments that occur in rural life. Most of all I admire scenery like that which you have described;—grandeur and beauty spreading to immensity, and blending into indescribable labyrinths of variety. There nature feasts the soul with her choicest entertainments—there man leads the happiest life, and is inspired with the noblest feelings. The inhabitant of the plain and of the town may be intelligent, virtuous, refined; but the man of the mountains has sources of deep and holy feeling, which cannot be found among the artificial structures of a town and the no less artificial forms of city life; and which are absent also in great part from the monotonous campaign, especially when stripped of its natural garb and clothed with the petty embellishments of human art. There is beauty even in a scene like this: He who has reared his neat cottage in a grove, and can look out upon his fields and flocks in the plain, has much to love in his comfortable home. But he has feeble impressions from nature, and through nature draws only faint inspirations from God. But who can look upon the great mountains, and not feel his bosom swell with sacred emotions? Who can look up at the towering peak and the beetling crag, or look down from them? Or who can see, as you have seen, the sublime ridge, that seems to present an insuperable and immoveable barrier to ocean and river, cloven from the top to the bot-

tom—yes, snapt asunder by an Almighty hand, as you would snap a mouldering twig,—or who can dwell in the valley, fenced on either side by cloud-capped mountains, upon whose hoary steep the old forest shakes his thousand arms in the wind, while the cataract roars beneath pine-covered rocks in the dusky ravine—and not feel the movings of the Divinity in his soul? Here are the representatives of the Divine Majesty, the exhibitions of the Universal Spirit. Can a mortal mind contemplate such objects, and not feel a high-toned energy infused into it? Must it not catch the lofty impress of these sublime monuments of eternal Power and Godhead. And then the softer beauties of the broad uneven valley, the round hill-top with its sylvan crown, the sweet winding dale with its purling brook and flowery meadow; these seem to me to shed the milder effluences of deity into the soul—to breathe gentleness and love into the heart, to mitigate the fierce passions, and to soothe the wounded spirit. And where both these characters of scenery, the sublime and the beautiful, are combined, as they are among the mountains of Virginia, the people must be deeply imbued with religion and virtue, and their virtues must be a finely tempered mixture of the heroic and the gentle. But; (said she, checking herself,) I am running on with my crude notions, on a subject that I do not understand—yet still it does seem to me, that the people of your country must have a noble character—have they not, Mr. Garamé?"

"They certainly have in them the elements of a noble character, and need only to be more highly and generally improved by education, to become all that you suppose. I think too, that your theory derives confirmation from the history of the ingenious Greeks of old, and of the patriotic Swiss of modern times. Mountaineers are often rude, but rarely mean-spirited; and their local attachments are always strong, because they dwell among objects strongly characterised, and therefore strongly impressed on their minds."

"I am glad to find that my notion of the effect of mountain scenery is not altogether a groundless fancy: I thought, while speaking, that it seemed reasonable; but then I remembered how often I speak rashly, under the impulse of excited feelings: obtruding my hasty thoughts on others, and proving my need of instruction, instead of my ability to instruct."

"That is her way, (said Eli, smiling:) she is of such excitable stuff, that when she hears or sees any thing fine, she kindles and flames away like tow in the fire; and often for five minutes she will emit a constant blaze of fancy or feeling, sentiment or philosophy,—then she will sink at once into the ashes of humility."

Judith blushed good naturedly, as she said, "Well, brother, I have confessed my weakness to Mr. Garamé; and he will have the goodness to pardon my long rant."

"It was not rant, Miss Judith; and needs no apology. I should be very sorry if you conceived it necessary before me to lay any restraint upon the utterance of your thoughts—especially such thoughts. Do me the favor to give them free passage. I love the unstudied, unchecked effusions of the soul in conversation."

She looked up with one of her sweetest smiles and said, "Thank you, Mr. Garamé."

"I must do my enthusiastic sister the justice to say,

that of late she is less often carried out of her usual sobriety by these impulses, than formerly; now it is only something of uncommon merit that has power to tap her spiritual soda-fountain; and the jet, although still foamy, is for the most part racy and good."

Here Judith and I at the same time bowed to the speaker, and said, "Thank you, sir."

This little scene prepared us for a lighter strain of conversation; and we kept it up with hilarity until the evening. My companions charmed me more and more; their fund of good sense, sprightly wit, and sound knowledge, showed no symptoms of exhaustion, but continued to supply an increasing flow of thoughts, that came with unaffected simplicity and grace from their minds. There was a great resemblance in their mental characteristics, as well as in their persons; yet also a difference which every hour became more manifest. The brother had a more ready wit and a superior talent for light conversation; the sister a more lively and profound sensibility to whatever was grand, beautiful, or pathetic—more genius—and, what I could hardly reconcile with the evident enthusiasm of her character, more reflection.

My admiration of these young persons was increased, when we happened in conversation to tell our ages, and I learned that Judith would not complete her nineteenth year until the first of June, and that Eli was only twenty-two, that is, one year older than myself.

When the twilight came on, and we were yet twelve miles from Charleston, the coach stopped to change horses at a country inn. A party of slaves were coming in from the field; and, as often happens, they began to sing with a full voice one of the melodious airs that they have among them. Judith listened with breathless attention, as if the strain were new to her. I had heard it before. The same air was repeated to a succession of stanzas destitute of merit, but deriving pathos from the chorus or burden, "Long time ago," which sounded delightfully, because it was uttered with enthusiasm by many voices joining in symphony from different parts of the neighborhood.

When we were driven off, I remarked to Judith that the air just heard had a sweet and touching simplicity in it.

"Yes; (said she, with emotion,) it touches both the fancy and the heart; the melody is pleasant in itself; and it makes one think that the people who sing it with such enthusiasm, must be happy."

Having spoken these words, she relapsed into meditation, and seemed indisposed to further conversation during the evening's ride. We reached Charleston before nine o'clock, and obtained excellent accommodations at a hotel.

The next day we spent several hours together, viewing the city. After dinner Eli and myself left Judith in her room that we might go to the harbor and inquire for a packet to Norfolk. After some time, we found a stout well built schooner that was to sail in four days. We engaged the cabin for ourselves, and the attendance of a half grown black boy, attached to the schooner; then after strolling about the town, we returned in the evening and found Judith in our private parlor, playing the air of the preceding evening on a piano, which I was so unobservant as not to have noticed before, or I should have asked her to play. She had arranged the

notes on a blank page of the music book before her, which I found to be her own. I was charmed with her style of playing; there was so little appearance of art in it; she struck the keys with such nice tact, and in such perfect accordance with the spirit of the piece, that she made one forget the player, and lose even his self-consciousness in the Lethean tide of music that came stealing over the soul.

When she discovered that we were in the room, she rose with a blush to leave the instrument, saying that we had caught her attempting to learn the negroes' melody. I asked her to play it again, but she declined, with the apology that she must learn it better before she could venture to play it in company; but at my solicitation, she resumed her seat, and not only played several pieces with the delicious artlessness of her art, but gratified me also by singing two songs, with such "linked sweetness" of melody, that one which was of a pathetic character, drew tears from my eyes, and continued to run in streams of sensibility through my nerves during the night.

Our apartments were, as we had requested, in the most private part of the house, in a wing designed for families, and, as it happened, occupied at this time by none but ourselves. I mention this to explain an incident that occurred the next evening. When we had all satisfied ourselves with looking at the public institutions of the city, and had taken our tea, Eli proposed that we should walk the streets that we might observe the nocturnal customs of the place. I instantly gave my consent; but Judith pleading fatigue, declined; and then I was sorry that I had consented, but ashamed to retreat. She locked the parlor door when we went out, telling us with a playful smile, to say 'open sesame,' when we wanted admittance. After we had gotten to the street, I remembered that my room was left unlocked, with several articles exposed to pilferers. I requested Eli to wait until I should return and lock the door. I hastened back, ran up stairs, and had almost reached my room, a few steps from the parlor door, when my attention was arrested by the notes of the same negroes' melody, sweetly touched on the piano. The unlocked door, Eli, and all the world, were forgotten in a moment; I was insensibly drawn on tiptoe quite to the parlor door, when a momentary pause in the music, allowed me to feel that my heart was palpitating violently. I was beginning to fear that the exquisitely pathetic tones would come no more; when lo! with the melting tenderness of an angel, singing a newly departed saint to rest, she attuned her voice, as she touched the keys again, to the same melody; and these are the words of the simple ballad that she sung:

SALLY OF THE VALLEY.

Once I wandered through a valley,
Where waters flow;
There I saw the lovely Sally;
'Long time ago.'

Trees and banks were full of flowers;
Soft winds did blow;
Leafy vines made dusky bowers;
'Long time ago.'

By a rock beneath the mountain,
She, bending low,
Shed warm tears beside a fountain,
'Long time ago.'

"Maiden, why so broken hearted?

Fain would I know."

"Sir, my love and I here parted,
'Long time ago.'"

"Here he wooed and here he won me;
Then far must go:
Left his kiss of truth upon me,
'Long time ago.'

"Soon he sunk beneath the willow,
When storms did blow:
Then I planted here this willow,
'Long time ago.'"

"Fare thee well, sweet mourning Sally;
Keen is thy woe."
So I left the flowery valley,
'Long time ago.'

Once again I saw the valley,
Where waters flow;
Then again I looked for Sally,
'Long time ago.'

By the rock beneath the mountain,—
Saw willow grow
O'er a grave beside the fountain,
'Long time ago.'

She ceased. I was rivetted to the spot. For minutes I was entranced with the mournful vision of poor Sally's grave under the weeping willow; while my nerves yet quivered sympathetically with the heavenly tones, that made the simple story of her fate so dolefully affecting. I was roused at last by Eli's voice calling me from the foot of the stairs. I hurried down without thinking of my door. He asked whether I had missed any thing out of my room. I simply answered 'No,' and walked on, I knew not whither. I spoke not during the most of our walk, except when spoken to, and then sometimes I gave irrelevant answers. Eli soon observed my mood, and several times looked at me with amazement, but made no remark. To prevent unpleasant conjectures, I told him on our return what had so strangely affected my spirits. Whether he inferred any thing more than the merit of the ballad, and my susceptibility of musical impressions, I know not—probably he ascribed nothing of the effect to the musician, as he had not yet passed his novitiate in the mysteries of Cupid. As for myself I did not then reflect on the subject; I was too much absorbed by the emotions produced by the sweet music and the sweeter musician, to analyze my feelings, and to search out the causes which might be at work in carrying my soul away at such a rate.

At the parlor door, we said, 'open sesame,' and were admitted. When I told Judith how I had undesignedly overheard her ballad, she blushed and was a good deal confused at first; and then began to apologise, by saying that the air of the negro-song chanted sonorously in the calm evening and quiet fields of the country, had taken such possession of her fancy, that she could not rest until she had put together a few stanzas, according in simplicity of language and sentiment with the simplicity of the air, to whose melody they were to serve as a vehicle. We soon stopped her modest apologies, by insisting that she should repeat the song, at least for Eli's sake. She did so, more sweetly if possible than before. That night I dreamed that I visited the flowery valley, and saw first, Judith

weeping by the fountain side, and then, the willow waving its green tresses over Judith's grave.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SEA VOYAGE.

When I awoke in the morning, I rejoiced to find that my dismal conceptions were but a dream. But I was sad through the whole forenoon, and but partially relieved towards the evening by the conversation and cheerful looks of my companions. Pleasant rambles with them about the town, the amusements that we shared after dark, and a good night's sleep, had done much to counteract the downward tendency of my spirits. At breakfast time the next morning we were startled by a message from our captain, warning us to be on board within two hours, because the wind was fair, and he would sail a day sooner than he had intended, for fear of a change. We therefore hastened our preparations and were on board by eleven o'clock. According to contract, we took exclusive possession of the cabin, and were pleased that no other passengers of any sort were on board: the crew consisted of five men, the servant boy, and the captain.

We set sail immediately. It was one of the most delightful mornings of a southern spring. Balmy breezes wafted us gently out of the bay, whilst from the deck we contemplated the retiring city, with its advanced guard of islands and batteries. When these began to sink away in the distance, I had, for the first time, a full view of the ocean, spreading its desolate waste before me to the utmost extent of vision, and leading the imagination onward still, over its vast unfathomable deeps. How different from the diversified scenes of beauty and grandeur in my native highlands, yet even more awfully sublime! It was a scene of such naked simplicity, and such outspreading vastness: nothing to divide and relieve the attention: nothing to contemplate, but the unvaried immensity of the earth-girding waters. I sat mutely gazing over that liquid desert, until it opened to my view the whole canopy of heaven, bending down towards the waters;—the waters seemed to swell upwards as they spread, until all around, skies and waters met, and enclosed us in the centre of their grand periphery.

Serious impressions of the object before me, thoughts of its fearful might, when storms awaken the rage of its billows: thoughts of its gloomy unsearchable abysses, where monsters play among lost treasures and the bones of lost men—all came upon me, and sunk my spirits more and more, until I was deeply immersed in the melancholy to which I had been tending for the last two days. After I observed how the trees and sand-hills of the coast had seemingly slidden away down the western side of the globe, and had left us alone in this boundless waste of waters, and precariously floating over the dark gulfs of brine, in whose vast receptacle so many dead are hidden till the day of judgment, I became not only sad but terrified: and what made my situation more distressing was, that sea-sickness came upon me with its dismal nausea: itself sufficient to conjure up a fantastic host of goblins from the troubled deeps of the soul.

Eli had left me to arrange some affairs with his sister in the cabin. While my soul was thus sinking to the

bottom of the sea, he came up with her, and seeing my melancholy looks, approached me, and said, with his usual smile of benevolence:

"Now, Mr. Garamé, you remind me of the day when I first put out to sea. I kept thinking how wide and how deep is the sea!—yet I have to go all the way over it; and if I should plunge into it some dark windy night, or a tempest should crack this wooden-shell that now bears me up;—why, then I must sink all the way to the bottom, though it were thousands of fathoms down. What made me feel worse, this little sister of mine, who, as you have observed, has a touch of the romantic in her constitution;—she sat crying her eyes out. She had an unconquerable fancy to embark with me: she was not afraid! oh! no—she was a bold seafarer enough in her chamber at home; but, then, when she came into this wide presence chamber of old Ocean himself, her brave little heart quailed before the face of his hoary majesty. However, I must make due allowance for natural sorrow at parting with our father and friends. Judith, cannot you comfort Mr. Garamé, by telling him how dismally you felt at first, and how, in spite of all your fears, you passed safely over the Atlantic, and got well and cheerful before the voyage was ended?"

"Brother, (said she—and her voice was like a flageolet, breathing soft airs)—I wish that we could cheer Mr. Garamé. But what can mere words do for one suffering under two such natural causes of distress—the first awful impression of being out in the sea; and the heart-sickening nausea that soon comes to blacken every thought. I know from experience how impossible it is to be cheerful under such circumstances, and how little a friend can do to clear the dark current of our feelings."

Here Eli cut her short with the good humored remonstrance—

"Now, Judith, you are paying me a poor compliment on my ability as a comforter, and you are preaching like a Job's comforter to Mr. Garamé."

"Nay, brother, I mean not so; I know that you did all that any brother could have done for a distressed sister. You had your own sorrow to bear; yet you forced your countenance to look cheerful, for my encouragement; and if your exertions did not succeed in relieving me at once, it was because such a weight of sorrow, aggravated by sickness, could be removed only by degrees; so you removed the load which oppressed my spirits; and so, I trust, we shall succeed in taking off the burden that depresses Mr. Garamé. Nay, I think that he will find relief much sooner than I did; for he has two advantages in his case, which did not exist in mine. I was leaving home, kindred and friends on a long voyage;—he is returning by a short voyage to his home—his home in the glorious mountains. Mr. Garamé, think of that. Then, again, I had the heart only of a girl, a timid, foolish girl of the town: he has the heart of a man, and the bold spirit of a mountaineer, to bear his sufferings."

Here I was thoroughly ashamed of myself, and began to feel the mountain spirit rousing up its energies at the life-giving touch of my charming comforter. She concluded in these words:

"So now, brother, I think that I am not as bad as Job's comforters; if not a skilful, I am, however, a well meaning comforter: Am I not, Mr. Garamé?"

A sudden impulse had almost made me exclaim—"You are my elixir of life." I had opened my mouth to say it, when I perceived the impropriety of so passionate a declaration at this time. With an instantaneous effort I shut it in: but having no substitute ready, I felt confused, lost my self-possession, hung down my head, felt miserably like a fool; and was verging to madness under the mortification of being speechless with confusion, when Judith, perceiving my agony, though scarce divining the cause, brought me relief by saying—

"Brother, Mr. Garamé has one of the dreadful qualms that overcame me so often—and now I am glad that I have thought of it, I have still in my trunk a phial of the medicine that I took when the fits came on; it did not effect a cure, but it palliated my sufferings. Do you stay and comfort Mr. Garamé, while I go and search for it."

She started off, but seeming to recollect suddenly that I had been looking down over the side of the vessel, as if meditating something desperate, she stopped, and turning round, said, half seriously—

"Brother, people sometimes do rash things in a fit of sickness: take care that Mr. Garamé's tormenting nausea does not make him leap into the sea."

"No danger, Judith; a plunge to the bottom is not so agreeable to his fancy just now: he has no more relish for a four mile dip in salt-water than I have. But, perhaps, a dive to the sea-country would not be so bad an adventure after all, as one is apt to think when he has qualms. Suppose that he should find the Nereides down there, combing their wet locks in the green sea-meadows, among the coral groves; and they should sing him a ditty 'lovely well,' and take him into their shell-caves, and feast him on—let me see—what?"

"Oh! brother, (said Judith, interrupting him,) change the subject; you frighten me."

Then she hastened down the companion-way.

"Pardon me, (said Eli to me,) I meant only to divert you, but probably I have taken the wrong way."

And so he had, when he took the way to the bottom of the sea; for I found myself going down again rapidly to the lowest deep of mental dejection. I imagined myself, Judith and all, sunk by a storm in passing Cape Fear, which we must soon approach. What aggravated my sufferings was, that the weather had begun to change from fair to cloudy; the wind veered to the south-east, and freshened so much as to curl up the waves, and make the schooner rock with a quicker and heavier motion. My nausea and mental gloom were consequently growing worse every moment. Eli saw the gathering clouds on my face, and said:

"Mr. Garamé, resist this sinking of the heart; think of cheerful objects."

"Fain would I, Mr. Bensaddi; but I am constitutionally subject to fits of despondency, during which I am the passive and miserable slave of fantasy. Even now, frightful images of distress haunt me: I cannot even shake off the impression that they are ominous of some approaching disaster."

"Oh! think not so, (said he again,)—consider that they are the natural effect of a disordered stomach, and of your new situation out here in this 'barren sea,' as old Homer calls it."

"Your opinion may have the sanction of reason, but my feelings refuse to be governed by its dictates; they

point prophetically to some doleful calamity at hand; they call up a spectral tragedy. Something dark and horrible—I know not what—looms cloudily up to view: it makes me shudder, as if it were a real premonition. What can it mean?"

"Nothing, nothing, my friend, (said he, moving towards me quickly, to let the sailors shift the sails for a different tack of the vessel,)—nothing but the work of fancy, operating on the materials of your sickness and melancholy, and casting them into misshapen images of misery and disaster."

He had reached the place where I sat on a bench by the side-rail, and as he pronounced the last word, was turning round to take his seat with me, when he was tripped by a sudden lurch of the vessel and thrown backwards, head foremost, into the sea. He almost brushed me as he fell. Before I could think, he was gone. When I looked, I could see no sign of him but the bubbling of the water where he had sunk.

"A man overboard!—heave to!—down with the boat,"—were the orders of the captain, and every preparation was hastily made for the rescue. For my part, my eyes stared with the fixedness of death on the fatal spot as it receded every instant. Soon he rose to the surface, but strangling. A bench had been thrown out for him; but he either saw it not, or was unable to buffet the waves that separated him from it. The only hope was in the boat; I saw that it was so, and felt the rush of a new spirit through my whole man. As the boat was being pushed off, I sprang into it.

"Fast, fast, men: pull, pull, for God's sake,—he is sinking."

My eyes were fixed on him: he struggled convulsively, but with a strength that was failing every instant. The rowers strained their nerves to the utmost, but all in vain: we were yet ten yards off, when I saw his raven locks disappear beneath the wave, and when we reached the place, not even a bubble marked it. Cruel wave! It had already forgotten its victim.

The boat was turned immediately towards the vessel. I remonstrated.

"It is useless to wait, sir; he will never rise again."

Still I looked back, as the boat was dashed through the waves on her return. A shriek smote my ear! I turned with the quickness of instinct. Well did I know whose soul was pierced. She was running distractedly over the deck; her tresses fell and streamed in the wind:—her suppliant arms were flung up towards Heaven; then flung down in despair. The frenzy of despair drove her on, convulsively—she knew not what she did—against the fatal side-rail: she fell over into the sea: her white robe fluttered as she touched the wave; the wave tossed its ample folds, as the briny liquid enfolded her. I cried out, 'Oh! mercy!' and became speechless. The steersman urged the rowers; we neared the spot; a vanishing remnant of the robe—that snowy emblem of her purity—was all that could be seen of Judith Bensaddi. The boat was rather too distant to reach her in time: my foot was on the prow: my nerves were strung to a frenetic energy: one heaven-directed spring, and the robe was in my grasp. In my struggle to sustain her, we were both sinking, but were rescued just in time. She was carried insensible to her berth in the cabin; where, after some moments, my terrific apprehensions were relieved by signs of resuscitation.

Every thing possible was done to complete her restoration, and to promote her personal comfort. My presence of mind and vigor of muscle, since he, and especially since she, had fallen, seemed almost miraculous. Sickness, melancholy, languor, even consciousness of my own existence, were gone. I had no thought, no feeling, but for Judith's bereavement, and Judith's melancholy situation. Poor hapless maiden! Better, so her life had still been preserved, that her consciousness had not returned—at least for that dark night of sorrow, whose thick gloom of clouds and rain gathered over Eli's watery grave, just as she began to remember that her brother was lost in the dark stormy sea. Then her breast began to heave convulsively,—a sob—a groan—a shriek—the same wild sort of shriek that I had heard in the boat—these were all that she could utter.

In vain did I attempt some words of consolation. She heard me not. External things could make no impression on a soul absorbed in one idea and one emotion. Hours passed away before that one thought and feeling could find utterance in words: then they came forth only in broken accents, during intervals between the more violent paroxysms of grief. Merciful Heaven! Even the distant remembrance almost freezes my blood. Still do I seem to hear that voice, like a mourning dove's, utter its broken notes of woe in terms like these:

"Oh! my brother! Dear, lost brother! Lost in the sea! Oh, my poor brother! Drowned in the deep waters! Brother! oh, brother! can you not return? No, never. Too deep—far down in the cold sea. God have mercy on thee, my dear, lost brother! Oh, hapless fate! So sudden! He looked and smiled—he was happy: I went away—they called me—'your brother is lost!' Oh, God of Israel! pity my lost Eli—so lovely! so kind! so joyful! In a moment, he fell, he sunk; they could not save him. Alas for thee, my brother—cold! silent! alone! deep! No friend can find thee there, oh, lost brother! I cannot close thy dear eyes, in thy dark briny bed. Thy heart is cold, that heart that loved me so—Oh, my heart will break! Oh, that I had died for thee, beloved Eli! Alas, he hears me not! He hears no more the storms of this dark world—poor brother—in his oozy bed, far, far down beneath the waves. Farewell, lost brother—farewell, forever."

But vainly do I attempt to describe her grief, or to give a just conception of her heart-rending lamentations.

I will pass briefly over the next stage of her mourning. She began to think of her father's bereavement, and to condole for the grief that must afflict his aged breast, when he should hear that his only son was lost. Lastly she thought of herself; and then she deplored her sad condition as a lonely and friendless maiden on a foreign shore. Here I made a second attempt to gain her attention, that I might assure her of my friendship and protection. Still, though sometimes her eye seemed to rest upon me, her heart was too deeply buried in grief, her soul too fully possessed with the one idea of her bereavement, to let her recognize my person, or remember our late acquaintance. Her eyes—those eyes lately so bright with intelligence and joyful emotions—were now swollen and dimmed with weeping.

I kept anxious watch over her. I was prompt to see,

and, as far as possible, to supply every want. I had administered a dose of laudanum mixed with a cordial. This ultimately produced a soothing effect; though it was past midnight before she could cease from wailing and lamentation. But exhausted nature, aided by the anodyne, compelled her grief at last to yield to some intervals of repose. She sank first into short slumbers, broken by starts of terror, and calls for her lost brother: then she would fall back again into a transient oblivion of her sorrows. Finally she was overcome by a heavy slumber of two hours. When she awoke, the dark, dismal night had passed away, and the morning broke less cloudy and rainy. I watched her anxiously during her sleep, and more anxiously on her awaking, fearful lest her slumber should prove to be a respite without relief. For an instant, she looked around with a countenance of wild affright. Then remembering her situation, she began to sob and weep. But to my great satisfaction, she soon became more composed, and gave indications of a returning sensibility to present objects. When she looked at me with a countenance expressive of recognition, and I drew near to address her, she could only exclaim—

"Oh, Mr. Garamé!" before a new flood of emotions choked her utterance.

"Endeavor to compose yourself, dear Judith," was all that I could say, when I felt a sudden change in myself. Thus far my feelings had been absorbed in her's; my whole attention had been abstracted from self and fixed on the lovely sufferer, whose agony of grief was enough to excite a demon's pity. Now, when she was so far relieved as to recognize me, and call my name, self-consciousness returned; my existence, as a distinct being, was felt again, engrossing sympathy yielded to a softer emotion, all the fountains of compassion were opened within me, and for some time we silently shed our tears together.

When I recovered the power of speech, I gave her the most heart-felt assurances of devoted friendship; I exhorted her to rely on me as an affectionate brother; I solemnly promised to treat her as a sister, and not to leave her until I had deposited her safely with her friends. I saw with unspeakable satisfaction that she could now listen, that she understood my words, and that she was soothed by them; and what was particularly gratifying, that her grief, although still poignant, had passed its most alarming stage, and that she no longer suffered the utter despair and prostration of soul, which had threatened to destroy her reason, if not her life.

Hoping that she might sleep again, I left the cabin for half an hour, and when I returned, I found her dozing. When she opened her eyes, I asked her to sit up and take some food. She could only swallow a little tea. I then renewed my expressions of condolence and fraternal care; afterwards I attempted, in the following manner, to direct her mind to the best source of consolation:

"My dear friend, it is natural that you should grieve intensely for the loss of a brother so deserving of all your affection. I too have lost in him a friend, whom our few days' acquaintance had taught me to love, as one brought up with me from childhood. I cannot comfort myself, how much less can I comfort you? In such a case we are strongly reminded of our dependance on

a higher power, who overrules our destiny, and ordains both our prosperity and adversity. He has sent this sore affliction upon you, not in cruelty but in love; for when He afflicts, it is in mercy. He wounds to heal, and bruises that He may bind up. He designs by the ills of this life to train us for a happier life to come. When He seems prematurely to remove our friends away from us, we should not infer that He does it in wrath to them or to us: we see the good cut off in the midst of their days, or suddenly bereft of their dearest friends; then we should remember that it is not chance nor fate, but the Father of mercies who takes them away; and that their removal from this world, where sin entices and sorrow afflicts, is no evidence of his having cast them out of his paternal care. He can still behold them with his compassionate eye, and reach them with his arm, that is not only strong to save, but tender in the guidance of them who fear Him, frail and erring as they may have been. Commit yourself then to His benevolent care: He is your Father, and the Father of all whom you love: His tender mercies are over all his works: He calls Himself your Father, and teaches you to trust in Him as the God of love. Open your heart now to His consolations: He will heal its pains and mollify the bruises of the contrite spirit. Believe that He has done the best for you and yours, and that some day both you and your lost brother will see cause to thank him for this dispensation."

Such was the tenor of my discourse.

When she heard another speak of the horrible disaster, which had, since yesterday, cut off her communication with the external world, her grief started afresh, and threatened a return of her violent paroxysms. I was at first alarmed at the effect of my words, and was sorry that I had broached the subject. But as I proceeded, she visibly strove against her feelings, and directed her attention to my discourse. When I had concluded, I saw a change in her countenance; its late unmixed expression of anguish was mitigated by perceptible indications of humble submission to the will of Heaven? In a few hours I was satisfied that I had taken the best course, when I embraced the earliest opportunity of opening a free communication between our minds on the subject of her grief. She was the sooner drawn off from the first absorbing view of the calamity as a present object, and familiarized with the consideration of it as past, irreversible, and, therefore, to be acquiesced in as the will of Heaven: and the farther I could put it back in the order of her remembrances, by occupying her attention with other objects, the sooner would the keen edge of her sorrow be blunted, and consoling thoughts find admission to her heart.

I alone exercised any care over her. The captain and crew showed so little sympathy, that I, in the fulness of mine, thought them brutally indifferent; as if they considered the drowning of a passenger an event rather to be expected than lamented, and the grief of a lovely sister, a womanish weakness scarcely deserving pity. I have since learned to make allowance for the circumstance, that whilst I had leisure to think incessantly of Judith and her sufferings, they had to busy themselves with their navigation, and felt that the 'poor girl,' as they called her, might be left to my willing and assiduous attentions.

Towards evening Judith could talk with me somewhat freely of her misfortune.

"Oh, my friend, (said she at one time,) how kind was it in God to send you along with us on this fatal voyage. Dear, lost brother! if his departed spirit can look back on the affairs of this world, he must feel comforted to think that so kind a friend was provided for his poor bereaved sister. And my good father! bitter enough will be the day when he shall hear that the best comfort of his old age is buried in the ocean; but still more bitter would it be, if it had been his lot to hear that his helpless daughter was left alone and friendless on the waves of a foreign shore."

Here a gush of feeling interrupted her speech; but she strove for self-command, and was soon calmer again. Then lifting her teary eyes and grief-worn countenance upon me, she continued:

"Mr. Garamé, I accept your offered protection—I accept it gratefully: pardon me that I have not expressed my gratitude and my confidence in you sooner. Indeed my feelings have been too strong for utterance. Now I can say that I feel as much as my bruised heart is capable of feeling,—yes, I do feel that you are truly my friend, and will act towards me the part of a brother. Alas! no one else can now show me the kindness of a brother: he that was born my brother, and from my childhood endeared himself to me by innumerable kindnesses, my beloved Eli, is now cold and lifeless at the bottom of the sea. Oh! Jehovah, God of Abraham, teach me resignation! Excuse me, dear friend, I cannot refrain: I am a poor bereft thing: a weak creature at best, always needing counsel and guidance, and now more than ever. I commit myself to your care: you will indulge my weaknesses, now that I am stricken down, and with my natural infirmity, have to bear a heavy load of sorrow. You will be my guardian, my comforter, and—my brother."

Having said this, she seemed to feel more ease, as if she had discharged a portion of her load; she fell back on her couch, sobbed a little, and then sank gently to sleep.

As the native vivacity of Judith's feelings made the first tempest of her grief irresistibly violent, so it caused the tempest sooner to spend its force, and to settle down into a comparative calm. Never had I seen such agonizing distress—nay, such frantic desperation of grief as seized her, when the lightning stroke of bereavement fell so terribly upon her. By the morning of the third day, however, she could take some nourishment, and converse with less frequent spasms of anguish. But the effect on her person of the mental suffering and corporeal exhaustion of the last two days, struck a deep impression of sadness upon my heart, whenever I looked at her. Grief had in this short time driven the rosy flush of health from her cheeks, the sparkling radiance from her eyes, the buoyant elasticity from her members, and had left her faded and withered, like a scorched blossom of the desert.

What were my feelings, when I had leisure to reflect that this lovely drooping flower was now under my sole care! And by what a surprising stroke had Divine Providence driven her for shelter to my honor and benevolence! In herself to me the loveliest, she was made by these affecting circumstances, the dearest by far of all earthly beings. My passion, heretofore un-

cherished in the bud, was thus nourished, expanded, matured, and at the same time refined into the tenderest and most unselfish feeling of fraternal affection. If ever my breast was visited by the pure sentiment and seraphic glow of an angel's love, it was now, when I looked on that countenance, pale with sorrow—remembering how lately it shone with the light of joyous innocence; and comparing its expression then with its present look, so humbly submissive, yet so keenly sorrowful; so smitten, yet so patient and so holy.

On the evening of this day she began to express regret for the inconvenience and trouble that she would cause me to experience. I replied, that if ever in future life I could reflect with unalloyed satisfaction on any of my actions, it would be upon that of restoring her to her friends, whatever it might cost me. How feelingly did she look at me, and say—

"The mourner's gratitude will be a poor reward; but the mourner's Heavenly Friend, in whom you have taught me to trust, will not forget such kindness."

I embraced the occasion to consult her about ulterior movements, after we should reach the Chesapeake; asking her to tell me, without reserve, which course would be most agreeable to her; whether I should take her to Rockbridge, until I could prepare to go with her to London; or whether I should take her on straight way to New York or Boston, and thence home, leaving deficiencies in my outfit to be supplied by the way.

She meditated a little and then replied, that she could now, without scruple, accept my services to any extent that might be necessary; but that she was under no necessity of asking me to go all the way to London; that her brother had arranged with a friend of their's to meet him in Boston, where he had lately settled, and to embark with him there for England; and that she needed, therefore, to ask no more of my kindness than to go with her to Boston, where that friend would release me from further trouble on her account. She added, that as this great extension of my journey would add much to its expense, and none to that which she and her brother would have incurred, that I would not scruple to use their funds—especially as so unexpected and so large an increase of expenditure might not have been provided for.

"But (said she in conclusion,) though I would not unnecessarily trouble you to go to London, yet if you ever find occasion to visit that city, I claim that you give me and my friends the opportunity of showing that we remember what it is to deal kindly with a stranger in a foreign land."

Whatever vague desire I may have entertained to conduct her on a visit to my native valley, I acquiesced without hesitation in the obvious propriety of the course that she suggested. The same reason that governed her choice of this route, made it proper also to proceed without delay from Norfolk to Baltimore by water, and thence to Boston, through Philadelphia and New York.

CHAPTER VIII.

DETENTION AND SEPARATION IN PHILADELPHIA.

We entered the Chesapeake after a voyage of five days. In Hampton Roads we met a steamboat on her

way from Norfolk to Baltimore. As the day was pleasant and the water smooth, we determined to transfer ourselves at once to the more speedy and comfortable vehicle without landing at Norfolk. The boat instantly obeyed our signal; in a few minutes we were snugly bestowed in our new quarters, and with a mighty puffing and splashing, were being dashed through the waters of the 'Old Dominion' at the rate of ten miles an hour. The next day we landed in Baltimore, where I asked Judith if her feeble health did not require a day's rest before we proceeded any further. She acknowledged her extreme debility, but thought that she could travel in steamboats, and desired to go on whilst she was able: so we took passage the same afternoon, and proceeded by way of Frenchtown to Philadelphia. We landed at the Chesnut street wharf the next day at two o'clock, and took a hackney coach to convey us to one of the principal hotels of the city. Judith's weakness was now so great, (and to me it was alarming,) that she admitted her inability to continue our journey, until her strength was recruited by a day's rest. A day's rest might have been all, if an accident had not prolonged our stay.

The coach had stopped before the door of the hotel, my foot was on the step, and my hands were let go to descend, when a sudden start of the horses, which were frightened by something unusual, threw me violently on the rough stones of the pavement. I sprang up, unconscious of hurt, and ran after the coach, on hearing a scream from Judith. The horses were stopped within ten yards. My feeble companion, with fright depicted on her countenance, inquired, as I helped her out, if I were not badly hurt.

"No, scarcely at all:—yes, I believe I am a little—Ach! my ankle begins to pain me some—My hip seems to be slightly bruised."

We were now in the front parlor: before we reached a seat, I was writhing and limping badly. She looked anxiously into my face:

"Mr. Garamé, you are *seriously* hurt."

There was a degree of animation in her look, that I had not seen during the week of her mourning. I seated her on the sofa, intending to go instantly and speak for our rooms; but on turning round, I felt such pangs that I dropped down by her side, put my hand first to my ankle, then to my hip: but intending to quiet her fears, I said:

"'Tis true, I am a good deal hurt—oh! ah!—but no bones are broken—I shall soon get over it—ah! oh!"

I could not suppress these interjections, for at every movement of the wounded muscles, a needle seemed to shoot through the irritated fibres.

What was my surprise to see Judith, whose languor had for several days made her positively unable to walk without assistance, now rise from the sofa, go alone to the bar-room adjoining the parlor, and after speaking to the clerk, and having two servants called, return, and when the clerk came in, request me to order rooms for us. I told him that the young lady was a friend of mine, in deep distress, and that we wanted private chambers in a retired part of the house, with a parlor to ourselves, as the lady's situation did not admit of her mingling with strangers. We were accommodated in every particular. When the servant man came and announced that our rooms were prepared in the second

story, I rose with difficulty, and as usual offered Judith my arm. She rose without difficulty, and looking into my face with marks of lively concern in her's, exclaimed—

"Oh, Mr. Garamé, you cannot go up the stairs without assistance; do, if you please, let this servant call another to assist him in supporting you."

I accepted the aid of the servant on my wounded side, but persisted in keeping her on the other. Thus we made our way up the stairs, which, to my pleasing astonishment, Judith mounted, rather giving than receiving support. I wondered and rejoiced at this sudden amendment in my dear charge. From the moment when she saw me writhing with sharp pains, a new vigor was infused into her debilitated frame, new animation was visible in her face, new light beamed from her eyes; and from this moment, while she officiated with the tenderest care as my nurse, her health and spirits continued to return with a rapidity which was not only surprising, but at first unaccountable, and the more so because my sufferings were a new affliction to her; she sympathized keenly with every twinge of pain that she saw me endure, kept anxious watch for the minutest occasion to serve me, and where she could not relieve, to share the suffering. But this pungent anxiety on my account was doubtless the cause of the happy change in her own condition: it effectually diverted her mind from the depressing contemplation of her late disaster, gave a new turn to the current of her feelings, started new trains of thought, and put the terrible accident that afflicted her, far back in the series of recent facts and interesting experiences. Had my sufferings been of a more appalling character, they might have aggravated her malady; but they were just sufficient to excite the languishing powers of nature without exhausting them. Thus she soon recovered the elasticity of her mind so far, that she was able in some degree to control her grief by the exercise of reason and conscience: and this she did; for she told me a few days afterwards, that she deemed it ungrateful and rebellious towards God to persist wilfully in grieving for any loss that He saw good to inflict upon us. Therefore, although she could not avoid mourning for the loss of her dear brother, she felt in duty bound to reconcile herself as soon as possible to the Divine will, and to subdue a grief which could serve no good end, except so far as it was involuntary, and which would, if wilfully indulged, unfit her for the duties of life and the enjoyment of the blessing yet left to her. One end of grief might be, she thought, to exercise us in subduing it; this might be one of the appointed trials of our piety towards our Heavenly Father, a salutary discipline to fit us for serving him in all circumstances, whether of prosperity or adversity. In these rational and devout sentiments I fully concurred with her. But it is time to resume the thread of my narrative.

I was scarcely disposed on the sofa in our parlor, before a surgeon (the most eminent in the city, as I afterwards learned,) was ushered in by a servant, and without preamble or introduction, ordered the servant to "strip that foot." Judith had just finished the operation of pillowing it softly on a stool. As she rose from her reclining posture, she whispered to me that the clerk had sent for the surgeon: then she told the maid in waiting to lead the way into her chamber.

The surgeon, whose abrupt order had surprised, and for a moment irritated me, glanced at my ankle, and pronounced it badly sprained: then in the same breath he asked—

"Have you any other hurt?"

"Yes, on my hip."

"Strip his hip, servant—quickly."

He gave it a hasty look and a touch.

"It is only a bruise: rub it with liniment, and apply a flake of raw cotton: put a bread poultice to your ankle."

"How long shall I be confined, doctor?"

"That will depend on your care, and on circumstances. Do not tread on that foot; drink no stimulants, eat sparingly, and take a Seidlitz powder or two daily. Good day, sir."

He spoke and was gone.

The next morning after breakfast he called again—asked just three questions, staid just two minutes, and was off instantly after uttering these words:

"Continue the same applications, till the swelling and soreness abate: nurse your ankle until it is well; a week or more, if necessary; and if it gets worse send for me. My hat, boy! Your servant, sir."

I saw him no more; but I did see that he was full of business, and had no need of complaisance.

Judith, my sweet nurse, was present when he enjoined on me a week's confinement or more. I saw a little cloud of sadness flit over her countenance, when she heard it. I could easily conjecture why this detention should be unpleasant to her, especially when I remembered what Eli had said about the necessity of a speedy prosecution of their journey: but as to myself, shall I confess it? the prospect of delay foisted a secret joy into my heart in spite of bruised flesh and an aching joint—in spite too of my biting conscience, which bade me wish for a speedy return of Judith to her friends, whatever delight I might take in her company. But when I looked upon my dear companion, whose eyes of reviving brightness were now directed towards me, how could I help longing for a continuance of our intercourse? But if the desire was itself unconquerable, it did not subdue my conscientious feeling, so as to prevent my acting in accordance with my duty on this occasion. I asked my dear charge what was to be done now: would she wait until I should be able to travel, or would she write to her Boston friend, that he might come and meet her here? She answered that she ought to write, and make known her situation, without delay.

"Then (said she,) having done my duty, I can wait patiently, whether it be the will of Providence that you shall carry me on further after your recovery, or that my cousin shall be able to come and release you from the necessity."

She retired to her room and wrote the letter. When she came with it into the parlor and rang the bell for a servant to have it carried to the post-office, the marks of recent tears were upon her face; and when the servant closed the door, on going out with the missive that would probably in a few days bring her a new protector, she turned with drooping head and staggered to a chair. No wonder that she was deeply affected, for the writing of that letter "renewed the sad remembrance of her fate." But, oh! the weakness of human nature—at least of my human nature: for I—yes, even

I—so lately the purely disinterested, the simply fraternal lover, now felt the wish that a part of her emotion, even the greater part, might be on account of her approaching separation from me *myself*. How was my love descending from its angelic height, and settling upon the low grounds of human selfishness! In truth, at this moment, when I contemplated the loss of her society, my passion began to be ambitious of conquest and jealous of interference: I coveted all the affection of that dear heart: and any suspicion that it throbbed for others, and chiefly for them, whilst every sight and every thought of her raised the strongest pulsations in my heart, produced in me an irritability and sensitiveness of feeling, new, painful, earthly, and humiliating to think upon. Not only how selfish, but how inconsistent had my love become. It had been produced, nourished and refined, in a great measure, by her various manifestations of a heart, rich in every tender, virtuous and amiable affection; and now my full grown or overgrown passion, after being so born and bred, demanded that for its gratification, she should feel a less dutiful affection for others, and that in order to satisfy its cravings, she should make herself less worthy of being loved. Still, however, if I had been sure that love for me was seated on the throne of her heart, I might have allowed other affections to occupy a high but still a subordinate place: but whilst the precedence was unsettled, I was jealous of all possible rivals: even filial love was not pleasing in my sight.

Whilst the letter was speeding its way, and we waited for the result, and for my convalescence, our days were spent almost exclusively in each other's society;—happy days they were to me—transcendantly happy I may call them, notwithstanding the cloud-shadows that often flitted across their summer brightness. I allude not to corporeal sufferings; for under the balmy care of the sweetest nurse in the world, my bruises were soon mollified, and my wrenched ankle ceased to pain me; yet it was a week before I durst attempt the passage from parlor to bed-chamber, and contrariwise, without the help of the servant who attended upon me. But too fleeting seemed the quarter of a moon, which brought my dear companion the answer from her cousin that he would follow in two or three days, and requesting her kind friend to stay with her until he should arrive. That 'kind friend' needed no persuasion to detain him, nor would he have left her one day before necessity required, if he had even had the wings of a dove to fly away.

Meanwhile I saw with delight how Judith's grief yielded daily to sober cheerfulness, and how returning health was continually restoring the vernal bloom to her cheeks, and the starry radiance to her eyes. Though still a deep mourner, she soon began to show occasionally, in placid smiles, the budding promise of a new spring-time of the heart. When I saw the first of these renovated smiles illumine once more the beauties of her countenance, what a rushing tide of joy flowed through my heart!

Every day increased my admiration of this extraordinary maiden. I had seen her in the days of her joyous vivacity, drinking the pleasures of bountiful nature from a thousand springs; every sparkling feature and buoyant motion expressing the gaiety of an innocent heart. Then, all in a moment, I had seen her riven

with a thunderbolt of misfortune, and hurled into the lowest deep of affliction. And now I saw her rising again to the light of consolation, and walking in the mellow shade of patient resignation and dawning cheerfulness. In this diversity of situation, extreme and intermediate, every feeling of her heart, and every trait of her character, seemed to be developed: and whatever light shades of human infirmity might be discerned, such a character of intellectual brightness, moral purity, and unsophisticated amiability of temper, all becomingly set forth with such personal beauty, had never before realized itself to my perception. Whether my fancy contributed to adorn this lovely being or not, the vision was to my heart so perfectly enchanting, that I was rapt (if I may so express it without profaneness) up to the third heaven of love. Whether others have been so entranced by the sweet passion, I cannot say; probably few—for few indeed have been placed in such peculiar circumstances—but this I know, that I could not possibly love a mortal being—no, not angel—more: my heart was full.

To avoid all expression of my love until Judith should be with her friend, as a delicate regard to her feelings required, became at last impossible. Whilst I abstained from verbal declarations of more than fraternal kindness, tokens of my deeper passion began to steal from me every hour that I spent in her company. If the reader have felt the strong workings of the tender passion, and observed their effects, then the reader knows that there are a hundred signs of love more expressive than words; signs, which they whose hearts are tenderly attached, but not yet conclusively affianced, instinctively give and instinctively understand. Many of these are too delicate in their nature, and pertain too exclusively to the mysteries of the passion, to be intelligible to the uninitiated. Not until one's heart is illuminated by nature's love-torch, can one read the language of love spoken by the eyes—the tender meaning that plays about the lips,—the sentiments delicately suggested by certain undesigned postures and inadvertant motions, or by certain tremors, certain touches of the hand,—the interesting significance of certain accents, tones and stammerings of the voice, flushings and blanchings of the cheek;—all expressive; and the more so, because, to be felt by the one party, they must spring undesignedly from the feelings of the other: they are nature's language; and therefore inimitable by the feigning pretender, who, attempting to act without feeling, is almost sure to be exposed to the instinctive sagacity of real passion.

Such signs I could no more repress than I could have stayed the eruption of a volcano. I detected them springing involuntarily forth in every form and on every occasion. They were understood—that I saw; signs of reciprocity were not wanting: they broke through the guarded modesty of Judith's heart: they could not escape the vigilant sagacity of mine. My satisfaction would have been complete, my joy unbounded, had these auspicious tokens come alone. But they came attended with others of such sinister omen, as to baffle my judgment, and to becloud my hope. Tokens of pain attached themselves to her tokens of love. When she appeared to apprehend in me the symptoms of more than a brother's affection, nature speaking back from her heart, and flashing through every avenue

of expression, told me that my love was both pleasant and painful to her soul. Whenever something in my voice and manner indicated the ardor of my feelings, the tremulous joy that sprang forth to her tell-tale countenance, was in a moment saddened by a twinge of anguish; as I have seen on a rainy day, the blooming meadow of my native vale, when the flashing beam of sunlight that disclosed its flowery beauties, was suddenly extinguished again by the shadow of the rain-cloud.

A remarkable instance of the kind took place on the fifth morning after the letter had been sent. We had just finished our private breakfast, and Judith was asking if my ankle were not in a painful position on the stool, where I still kept it during most of the day, when a servant brought up a newspaper with the landlord's compliments and suggestion, that we might find something in it particularly interesting to ourselves. On glancing over the columns, I found an article taken from a Norfolk paper, and headed "Affecting incident at sea." I soon discovered that it was our captain's account of poor Eli's fate, and of Judith's fall and rescue. He had done full justice to my agency in the affair, but stated as a fact, a conjecture of his own, that Judith and I (but only the initials of our names were given,) were betrothed in marriage.

Judith perceiving my agitation, asked with great concern whether I had found any bad news.

"Nothing new to us,—it is the captain's story of our misfortune. You will have to read for yourself. One of the circumstances mentioned by the captain is a mistake; you may pardon that, as all the rest is correct."

She took the paper with a trembling hand, and retired into her room, which, like mine, opened into the parlor. Presently I heard her half-suppressed sobs; then she was silent during a few moments; then, as if moved by a sudden impulse, she started up with the exclamation—

"My preserver, and I knew it not! I might have gone home without knowing my chief obligation to him."

She was hastening towards the open door; but stopped where I could see that she was still reading. Soon she again returned to her seat, where I could not see her; and sat in profound silence for a quarter of an hour.

It may be readily supposed, that Judith was not sensible of the part that I had acted in rescuing her from the sea, (if indeed she could remember that she fell into it,) and that she was not likely to be informed, unless I had told her myself, which my sense of delicacy forbade, though I was not at all displeased that she should learn it in such time and way as she did. Nor was I sorry for the mistake about our betrothal, because it might obviate disagreeable remarks about our secluded intimacy in the hotel; and, moreover, it might assist me in judging how the idea of such a relation would affect her. But it placed her in a very embarrassing situation, impelled as she was by gratitude to rush in and make her acknowledgments, yet restrained by the fear that I might give the wrong interpretation to the warm expression of her feelings.

Finally, she again rose from her seat and came into the parlor, slowly and stealthily, hanging down her head as if ashamed. My heart palpitated, and I felt confused, not knowing how I should receive her; so I seemed not to be aware of her approach, and kept my eyes on the floor, as if engaged in meditation. She stood a

minute at the end of the sofa, opposite to that which I occupied, with my lame foot on the stool. I looked up towards her at last; she had her eyes fixed on me with a look of indescribable tenderness and sadness. Her eyes met mine, and the mutual glance of feeling overcame her; she put her handkerchief to her face with both hands, and dropped to her seat on the sofa, exclaiming, "Oh, my preserver!" and burst into tears.

"Thank God, my dear Judith, that I was able to preserve so precious a life."

She recovered, after a few moments, sufficiently to say—"I can never compensate you, my friend; but I am not sorry to lie under obligation to such a benefactor—one more than a common friend—a brother who risked his own life to save mine—yes, a kind, good brother—alas! alas! the only being on earth whom I can now call brother, and him only by courtesy; but I will cleave to the privilege; I will try to show that I am not unworthy to be your sister, and shall always claim to be so considered."

I spoke some kind words in reply, and while I spoke, happened some how or other to move a little nigher to her end of the sofa; and taking the hand that she had dropped, while the other still held the handkerchief to her face, I drew it slightly; her body obeyed the gentle attraction, and her head, with the handkerchief still over the eyes, dropped upon my shoulder; but had not rested there, before she suddenly drew back, gave me a glance of heart-piercing love and anguish,—her glowing cheek was suddenly blanched; and with an interjection expressive of keen suffering, she rose, hastened to her room, and threw herself on a chair, moaning and sobbing, till she so far conquered her emotion as to become perfectly silent.

I was at a loss. The shrinking delicacy of her feelings, and the doleful remembrances so lately recalled to mind, did not solve the phenomena; there was a visible pang unaccounted for—a shooting pang—that could in one instant drive back the warm current of love in a freezing eddy to the heart. What *could* be the matter? Of all the suppositions that I could think of, one only carried an air of probability—she must be affianced to another. The conception was torture to my soul. I dwelt upon it, until I was persuaded of its truth. "Her promise to another, and her love for me, will account for the struggle in her heart," said I to myself; then, before I was aware, a heavy groan broke forth and started me out of my reverie.

Judith also started up at the sound, and came with an agitated look, exclaiming—

"Oh, Mr. Garamè! pardon my rudeness: I left you as if I were offended—no, no; it was not that. I could not suspect—I did not imagine—that my preserver, my brother, meant any thing wrong or offensive—oh, no!—it was pure friendship and brotherly kindness—I knew it was. Something else came to mind—but—"

Here she stopped abruptly, and appeared much embarrassed, as if she had some painful communication to make, but felt a delicacy or reluctance to make it.

I assured her that I did not suspect her of being offended, and that my distress had a different origin—a painful thought, suggested by the appearance of some secret cause of pain in her mind. Here I was on the point of declaring all my heart; but feeling unprepared, and deeming it improper at this time, I stopped short

and became embarrassed in my turn. She relieved me with the ready tact, of which she had before given me striking examples.

"Well, brother, (said she, with all the cheerfulness that she could muster,)—now, as our mutual confidence is restored, let us drop these delicate matters and resume our book. I will read first, then you may take your turn."

So we occupied ourselves with "*Specimens of American Poetry*," and our comments on the passages read. By dinner time, our minds were restored to their usual calmness.

That night, after mature reflection on my pillow, I resolved to defer my declaration no longer than until another occasion should arise, when I would make it without abruptness. I sighed to unburden my heart, and to solve the mystery of her painful love for me. I was persuaded also that she would gladly accept relief from the embarrassment of understanding, and being known to understand, my feelings, yet unauthorized to admit, without a breach of delicacy, that she did understand them. The mystery of the pangs which embittered her love for me, did not continue so to torture me as they had done. My fond heart began to flatter itself that all might arise from the black fountain of her recent grief, together with her virgin diffidence in the secluded company of one so new to her acquaintance. This more comfortable view of the case presented itself in the loneliness of my bed-chamber, after a gratifying review of the manifest tokens that she had given me, involuntarily, of her devoted affection; and under the persuasion that if she were not at liberty to accept my love, she would not have left me to go so far in ignorance of the fact. Still I longed to be rid of suspense, and of a fearful apprehension, certainly not without cause, that my hopes might still be sadly disappointed.

The next morning I found my ankle so much better, that after the servant had helped me into the parlor, and breakfast was over, I sent him to order me a crutch, which came at dinner time, and to my joy I found that with care I might safely hobble about the room upon it.

When the servants had cleared our table, and left us alone after dinner, we began to speak of the probability of our speedy separation. This afforded the occasion that I waited for, to introduce the avowal of my passion. I omit the series of remarks by which I gradually prepared her for the declaration. I apologised for broaching so delicate a subject before the arrival of her friend. I alleged my unrestrainable affection, and my fearful doubts; besides the painful embarrassment which I inflicted on her, by involuntarily signifying the passion which I had not explicitly declared. I further alleged the near approach and probable suddenness of our separation, when the shortness of the time, the hurry of preparation and the distress of parting, would render such an explanation intolerably painful, whatever the result might be. Finally, I avowed my passion in all its fulness, and offered her my hand with the expression of my perfect assurance, that my life could in no way be so happily spent as in the closest and most endearing connection with her.

"But (said I, in conclusion,)—I am not so rude as to ask of you at this time any answer or explanation of your feelings, if the slightest reason would incline you to defer it. Be assured, however, that if you should now

or hereafter tell me of some impediment to our union, be it whatsoever it may—grieved as I shall be that the fondest desire of my heart cannot be gratified—I shall cling with but the closer attachment to the admitted relation of brother and sister, and will love you as my dearest friend, if I may not love you as the partner of my bosom."

Thus I brought my speech to a successful conclusion, although at the commencement and through the greater part of it, I had hesitated and stammered so much, as to feel doubtful of a safe deliverance.

She was again sitting at one end of the sofa, while I sat at the other with my crutch between us. When she discovered the drift of my discourse, she first hung down her head, then beginning to tremble, she turned and leaned over the back of the sofa to steady her nerves, while I could see the alternations of blushing and paleness upon her cheek; then she put her handkerchief to her face, and when I had concluded, I saw the tears streaming from underneath the handkerchief; and when these had ceased to stream, sob after sob started from her full breast. But she soon evinced the desire to compose herself; she wiped her eyes; changed her position; swallowed her sobs; and gradually sank with bended head into the posture of silent meditation. I waited anxiously during fifteen minutes; till she lifted her head from its declined posture, and turning herself towards me, she began with downcast eyes, and with a voice low and plaintive, gathering strength as it proceeded, but still sweet as the sweetest tones that summer wind ever stole from *Æolian* harp:

"Mr. Garame, you have acted kindly to tell me your feelings, before the parting hour. I have seen the involuntary signs of your tender affection for me; they placed me in a situation of painful delicacy; I could not conceal that I understood you, nor speak as if I did. You have now but added one more to the many proofs before given of your honorable affection and tender regard for my feelings. I will at once confess what I suppose that I have heretofore betrayed—that your love is not disagreeable to me, nor met with a cold return in my heart. No, my dear preserver; on the first day of our acquaintance, I felt a new and strange sort of pleasure in your company. Then I thought not of love; I expected soon to see you no more;—and though I was sensible of a strong reluctance at the thought of parting with you, I did not suspect that a new passion had sprung up in my heart. What followed—you know. Oh! how could my bruised and desolate heart do otherwise than love such a friend? Since I have recovered sufficient composure to reflect on my feelings, and have observed the evidence of your's, I have become conscious of a sister's devoted affection; and within these three days, of more—I need not affect to conceal it—I can go all lengths with you in affection; there is no want of love to make me happy in the most intimate connexion with you; nor am I debarred by any engagement or impediment of any sort, so far as my feelings or circumstances are concerned. Yet there is one thing which you have not heard—an important fact; it may be fatal."

Here she paused to struggle with her feelings; presently she continued, while pale dread sat brooding upon my heart,—"*I have lately reproached myself for not telling you sooner. But before my calamity, I thought*

it unnecessary; during the agony of my grief, I could think of no such matters, and since I have recovered the power of reflection and have seen occasion to tell you, I have waited for an opportunity of doing it without abruptness; now the opportunity has occurred. Oh my friend! prepare to hear a disclosure which must pain your affectionate heart. You have looked upon me as a suitable companion for life; when you know all, you may think differently; you are a sincere christian; will you not shudder at the thought of marrying a Jewess?"

Never was intelligence more surprising. My fearful and busy imagination had created a dozen impediments—such as a prior engagement—a father's refusal, or even a plague spot of infamy upon the family; but had never caught an inkling of the reality, which now struck me like an electric shock.

"A Jewess! you a Jewess?" said I, with a start and an emphasis that conveyed more than was meant. Her eyes were upon me; and when she saw and heard the effect of her disclosure; a new gush of feeling came and overpowered her.

"Oh (said she in a tone of sudden grief) my fears were true!" Then she rose in confusion to leave me; while the tear-drops began to fall. Now my former feelings, like reflux waves which the dash of a tornado had displaced, came rushing tumultuously back again, and I exclaimed,

"My dear Judith, do not leave me now. I am surprised but not changed. If you will not let me hope, tell me so at once. But why should a mere name blast my dearest prospects, and sever those whom affection has united?"

She fell back on her seat almost choked with emotion, and sobbed out; "I love you none the less for that name. It is not my heart that such a circumstance will change. But I am afraid that my being a Jewess will canker your love for me."

"Oh no, no," said I quickly.

She continued in a calmer strain, "My heart is your's; the difference in our national descent and religious education, shall not prevent me from giving you my hand, if on full consideration, you and your friends think that these things will not prove fatal to your happiness. Some of my kindred have married christians; my father has told me, that if I should meet with a christian whose temper and character were suitable to mine, he would not refuse to own him for a son-in-law. I am no bigot. Though educated in the religion of my fathers, I have learned to respect the christian religion; I have perused the New Testament, and love its excellent precepts of benevolence and purity; and though I do not profess the christian faith, I could easily live in concord with one who professes it as mildly and sincerely as you do. But I am aware of the prejudices which many entertain against my nation, and what a horror they would feel at so intimate a connection with an Israelite. I know too, that a sincere christian may feel conscientious difficulties in such a case. I do not know what feelings and sentiments you may have entertained on this subject; the case is probably new to you, and therefore demands serious and mature consideration before you proceed further. It would kill my poor heart to find, when too late, that I had caused—" Here she became so deeply affected, that she had to break off and retire to her chamber.

I also got up, and with my crutch hobbled to my room in deep agitation, delighted yet troubled. My lameness and perturbation of mind effectually precluded all regular thinking while I was on foot, although my mental machinery was driven with an impetus that disposed me to bodily action at the same time. I lay down on the bed that I might compose myself, and obey the injunction to consider well this new feature of my love case; and somewhat after this manner did my mind work at the task of sapient reflection:

"Reflect! She tells me to reflect whether I can press that dear affectionate heart to my bosom! Yes, that heart! What sobriety of reflection is mingled there with the light of genius and the living fires of sensibility! She loves me with all that heart; sweet child of sorrow! How candidly has she told me that she is a Jewess, though she expected to make me loathe her by the intelligence—and that too at the very moment when she confessed her love! True, I have never liked the character of the Jews, either ancient or modern; but she has charms enough to put all such prejudices to flight. And why should I object to marry a daughter of Abraham, the friend of God, and the father of all believers? Were not the prophets and the apostles and the son of God himself, Israelites? And am I to feel degraded or mismatched, when I marry a kinswoman of their's? But were the Jews never so vile or loathsome as a people, my Judith has sufficient personal merits to redeem her from all objection and to cover all her people's sins. Has not the Creator stamped on her lovely person the evident marks of his favor and delight? How divinely sweet has he fashioned her? What a pure and lovely spirit has he breathed into that beauteous structure! Those eyes, beaming tenderness! That mouth, so rosy-lipped, and so eloquent—every smile a young Cupid—every word flavored with ambrosial melody! Such a soul in such a body! Formed and compounded to lead captive every sense and every faculty of the soul! And I am to question whether I can live happily with her! Have I not been with her a month in pleasure and in suffering, and found her equally amiable, equally engaging, whether I ascended with her to the etherial heights of joy, or descended with her to the Stygian caves of sorrow? If a month—or is it a month? No, scarcely three weeks; but such a specimen of all experiences may give assurance for a life-time. But, says an objector, she is not a Christian. But in spirit and feeling she is a far better Christian, than nine-tenths of those who make the loudest professions. She loves the rules and the spirit of the Christian religion, and I have no doubt that she only needs to be placed in Christian society, and under Christian influence, to be soon persuaded to believe fully in Jesus of Nazareth. Oh! then what a happy life could we live in some sweet vale of my native land! I see plainly that all is safe. Shall I then bid her go for a Jewess, and break her heart with mourning her slighted love, or bestow her unrivalled charms on another? No, by all that is precious, I cannot, I will not—even now she is weeping for the perturbation that she gave my spirits. I have reflected—I am prepared to give her the result, and to ease her dear heart at once."

With this conclusion firmly grasped, though reached through a confused mixture of arguments and feelings, I got up and returned to the parlor. Not finding

Judith there, I became restless, and limped and stumbled about the room, full to overflowing of my sage meditations, and impatient to deliver the result to my beloved Israelite. When she heard me hobbling about, and striking against stool and chair under the impulse of my boiling thoughts, she came in with a countenance of half subdued anxiety, and said: "Well, my dear friend, I have allowed you a short time to compose yourself after the shock that I gave you, and to consider the consequences of a marriage with one who turns out to be not so unobjectionable as you supposed. But you must have a much longer time to settle upon a final conclusion."

"No, my dear Judith, I have had time enough; the thought of giving you up is distraction to my soul. I see no impediment in what you have told me to our loving and blessing each other for life. When you discovered to me what I had never conjectured or imagined, the suddenness of it startled me a little; but the fact itself cannot shake my love for you; it cannot mar my delight in you; and I can now most freely offer you my hand again, with a heart untouched by fear and altogether devoted to your happiness."

"I have (said she) the most perfect confidence in your sincerity; but the case as it now stands is quite new to you; it is but half an hour since you first conceived the possibility of your ever marrying a Jewess. I cannot with a good conscience bind you by an absolute promise so soon; I must give you time and opportunity to deliberate coolly on the subject, and to consult your friends at home. As to myself, I have heretofore considered whether I might honestly and safely give my hand to one against whom no objection could lie, except our difference in one point of religious belief. My mind has been made up. If he, after full consideration, can freely and conscientiously make me his companion for life, then I can accept his offer, if our affections are united. I am authorized by my father, and prepared by reflection as well as by feeling, to give my beloved friend and preserver all the satisfaction which the most solemn pledge can afford—this I will now do, and I rejoice that I can do it without fear, without hesitation, and with all my heart."

So saying, she rose and advanced to where I stood leaning on the back of a chair, and putting first her right hand in mine, she then with queenly grace and dignity, yet with all virgin modesty, addressed me in these words: "Here, my dearest friend, I give you the disposal of my hand, that you may accept or decline it finally, after you have considered the whole case in the presence of your kindred. You will then come to the conclusion, whether you can safely do what your heart desires. Write to me then. If you confirm our engagement, I shall rejoice as much as gratified love can make me; if you annul it, as you have the right to do, I shall grieve for the result; but I shall not blame you for exercising your liberty and consulting your happiness, instead of destroying it, and then mine with it, by an unsuitable marriage. You will at all events be gratefully remembered and unceasingly beloved as my friend and preserver. Thus I commit myself to your disposal; and now as my mind is deliberately made up and unchangeably settled, I hazard nothing when I call upon my God and yours, the God of Abraham, as I solemnly do, to witness the sincerity of the vow that I have made."

She then let go my hand and seemed about to retire. My first emotion, when she concluded, was deep reve-

rence, inspired by her language and manner. Next, when I looked upon her lovely face, and considered her now as my affianced spouse, I could not resist the impulse to clasp her to my bosom. "My love!" said I, as she began to retire; I advanced a step and opened my arms. She looked at me with angelic sweetness, mingled with shrinking diffidence; and as she uttered these words, "Excuse me now, dear friend," she drew back and returned to her chamber, but without closing the door; she would not indicate the slightest fear—she did not feel it—for well did she know that I held that sanctuary of her's as inviolable, as if it were the consecrated abode of a divinity.

The painful embarrassment of our late position was now over. The satisfaction that she meant to give me by her solemn pledge, I felt in all its fulness. We had settled our engagement on terms, which left me nothing to wish for, and left her apparently very little to fear. At least she had acted towards me with such a conscientious and self-denying generosity, as might convince me, if I had not been convinced before, that a heart of such rare and amiable virtues could never make me unhappy.

Now the few remaining days that we spent at the hotel, flew away in all the delights of innocent affection, restrained without being diminished, by my dear companion's maidenly reserve, combined with the most winning evidence of her confiding love. But ah! too soon were these happy days brought to an end! Only four suns were suffered to shine upon our plighted love, before a servant entered our parlor to announce that Mr. Von Caleb, my Judith's cousin, and another gentleman with him, had arrived. We told him to show them up as soon as they were ready. I retired to my chamber, that I might not disturb the first feelings of the interview. When they came in, I soon heard the sound of mingled weeping and rejoicing. I was made to hear also that the companion of Mr. Von Caleb was a Jewish acquaintance picked up at New York, and who, as he had just arrived from London, brought intelligence that Judith's father and other relations were all well.

After the salutations and first inquiries were over, I opened my door and joined the company. Judith introduced me first to her cousin, Von Caleb, and then to her friend Mr. Levi. I noticed that she did not emphasise the word 'friend.' Mr. Von Caleb shook my hand affectionately, and at once thanked me fervently for my kindness to Judith. He was a middle-aged man, with a stout well built person and open pleasant countenance. But friend Levi was a small, old, shrivelled, sharp-visaged man, with little gray eyes deeply sunk under projecting shaggy eyebrows; his head was bald on the crown, but this defect was amply made up by a gray frizzled beard, which filled up all the spaces under the chin and jawbones about the neck, as if it were a cravat. He gripped my hand tightly, and with a squeaking voice, broken frequently into huskiness, uttered some friendly words; but I did not like either the looks or the manners of friend Levi. No where and at no time would I have liked them; here just at this time, I was most disagreeably affected to behold, in living reality before me, such a representative of the Jews, according to my former habitual notion of them. The disagreeable impression was, however, effaced for the time by a glance at my lovely Judith, and the open benevolent face of her cousin. These were enough to sweeten any one's imagination of the Jews.

After a few minutes' conversation, I got myself down to the bar room, that I might give the friends opportunity for a more private conference. In a short time Mr. Levi came down also, and seeing me alone in one corner of the room, he took a seat beside me. After some questions on his part about poor Eli's fate, I began from a natural curiosity to make some inquiries about Judith's father and family. I found the little man so communicative, that he soon told me more than I had asked to know; soon too he discovered to me that his darling theme was money; for start him on any track whatsoever, and he would speedily arrive at this goal of all his thoughts and affections. To this propensity I was indebted for a piece of information, which had now become more interesting to me than the little miser was aware of. The following specimen of his part of the conversation will convey the same information to the reader, and at the same time show the turn of the speaker's thoughts and expressions. I should remark also that he spoke English with a German accent, betraying the land of his birth.

"Is Judy's father very old, you ask—why, no, not so very; his hair is gray like mine—that's all. He walks on 'Change like a young man; and when he goes to his bank and counts the monies, he can see as sharp as any body—sure he can. Is Nathan Bensaddi a banker, do you ask? Why, yes, sure he is; every body in London knows that. He owns one of the greatest banks in London, I know—sure I do—for I have been his agent to collect money. Ah, he has the monies—sure; yes, money, money. Oh, so much money! That is not all—sure it is not. He lives in a big, fine house, on the street called Piccadilly. I have been in it. I have eat dinner there on feast days. Yes, the feast of Purim; and then I saw with my own blessed eyes what fine things he had in his house. Why, sure, his table was covered all over with plate. Yes, gold plate and silver plate—silver this and silver that—gold here and gold there—this, that and the other, all gold and silver. Ah, sure, you would think it was Solomon's house. Rich, you say? Yes, sure, that he is; and I have not told you all. Isaac Von Caleb told me last night that Nathan Bensaddi has mortgages on a great sugar estate in the West Indies, on an island they call Saint Kish, or Kitts, or something like that. Yes, and he told me that Nathan would soon have the land and the slaves and the sugar and the coffee and the spices, and all—sure. Yes, and that Eli was gone to see about it when he got drowned. Yes, and he told me too that Judy had a great fortune of her own besides. I knew that before—sure I did. Yes, I know how she got it too—sure I do. Old Simon Mordecai, her uncle by the mother's side, was so pleased with her nursing him in his long sickness, when he had no wife nor child to do any thing for him—and he was so cross and snappish, nobody could please him—but Judy pleased him—sure she did; and when his will was opened, there was Judy left heiress of all Simon's three per cent stocks. Yes, sure, a hundred thousand pounds. Ah! who would not nurse a sick man, if he *was* crabbed, for such good pay? Did it out of kindness you say? Why, yes—sure she did. She is the kindest thing in the world. I have heard her friends say so. She is *too* kind. She gives away *too* much money. Ah, Judy is a good girl—so rich. And sure, yes, she'll have the half of Nathan's fortune too, when he dies, now that Eli is drowned; and she has only one sister, Rachel, older than Judy; and she is married to a Christian—

hang him—I don't mean you—but I hope Judy won't marry a Gentile."

By this time my squeaking friend had fallen into a half soliloquizing mood, as if an idea had struck him, and drawn off his attention from me. A servant now entered and brought me a request to walk up to the parlor. I arose immediately to go, and while adjusting my crutch, I observed that friend Levi's chin had dropped meditatively upon his breast, while his tongue played incessantly, though his voice had sunk to a husky murmur. I heard only these words more, "Judy will be rich, rich—ah, so rich! Now, sure, if my boy Joseph —." I was by this time out of hearing, and hobbling towards the parlor with bran new ideas blazing before my imagination. I had conjectured that Judith's family could not be poor; but neither Eli nor Judith had ever given me a hint from which I could infer great riches. In fact Judith had seemed to me rather too reserved on this point, especially since our matrimonial engagement; for both before and since, I had let her understand that my parents were not rich, and that my inheritance would be small. I had hitherto in my dream of happiness with Judith, indulged no splendid fancies; my modest aspirations were limited to a snug cottage by a fountain side, in some green vale where forest trees bordering a meadow, would yield "in summer, shade—in winter, fire."

But now, as if touched by a magician's wand, the picture changed, and presented me instead of this humble scene, an elegant mansion seated upon a hill, commanding a view of the Great Valley and its mountain boundaries; with a fine library, not without paintings and other specimens of the fine arts; and windows looking out on all sides—here upon a park—there upon meadows in the vales around—and yonder upon fields on hill sides—and here and there on white cottages sending up wreaths of smoke from the fire-sides of happy tenants, a tribute grateful to the hearts of the proprietor and his lady. This new picture was completed just as I entered the parlor, and saw Judith conversing with her cousin. She, after all, was herself the sweetest vision of my heart; and the lovely reality dissipated the illusions of a dreaming fancy.

On seeing me, she rose blushing and retired to her chamber. Mr. Von Caleb also arose from his seat, and again taking me by the hand, expressed his approbation of our matrimonial scheme, of which Judith had just informed him. After we were seated, he continued in these words, lowering his voice, that Judith might not hear:

"God must have designed this union of two such good hearts; or he would not have brought you so closely together, by such an extraordinary dispensation of his providence. Now, after he has bound your affections together by so many ties, I would think it an impious resistance to his will to throw any hindrance in the way of your marriage. I could wish that you were both of the same religion; but still if *you* are willing to take a daughter of Abraham for your wife, I do not see why you may not both agree in worshipping the God of Abraham; and if you serve him as father Abraham did, He will bless you, though you may not have the same belief on some points. One thing I feel sure of, that Judith will never willingly disturb you on matters of conscience. I have known her from a child. Father Abraham never had a lovelier daughter; her temper is the sweetest and kindest in the world; her discretion is extraordinary for so young a person; it

was so remarked a year ago, when I left London; and she has an uncommon turn for improving by experience. I heard a poet of her acquaintance say, 'She is like the busy bee, gathering the honey of wisdom from every blossom of experience in the pathway of her life.' And now I must do what she has just enjoined upon me; that is, tell you all her faults, without favor or partiality, as if upon oath. First and foremost then; they say she has too much feeling, or sensibility, as they call it. This not only makes her suffer too much for the sufferings of others, but it lays her open to the impositions of beggars and rogues of all sorts. I don't mean that beggars are all rogues; but some of them knowing the tenderness of her heart, impose on her by falsehood or exaggerated stories of their distresses, and make her give them more than they deserve. This is only an excess of goodness, and I think that experience and hard rubs in this scuffling world, will teach her more prudence in this particular; and in this only has she seemed to lack discretion. So much for her first fault; now for the second: Let me see. What is it? Yes, they call her an enthusiast; because, I suppose, she takes fits of high feeling sometimes, and talks a little wildly, like a prophetess. I have heard her two or three times in these fits; I thought she talked very beautifully, if she did go out of the common way. She will get over this too, I think, as she grows older, and as she finds by mixing more with mankind, how much low selfishness and rascality there is among them. This will give her less poetical views of human life, and make the world seem less fit to kindle enthusiasm, and more as it is, a scuffle-field for the base passions and interests of men. That is my view of it, after twenty years experience; for so long I have been trying my hand amongst my fellow men. The more I have had to do with them, the less confidence I have in the greater part of them. But I am forgetting Judith's faults. I have told you two; next comes the third; but I believe I have forgotten it. I thought she had three notable ones. Little human weaknesses she has like other people; but I had a third with a name to it, that she told me not to forget. Oh yes, she is *romantic*; that is what they call it. She is indeed too romantic in some of her notions. She don't like fashionable society and city amusements. She is too fond of climbing the lonesome mountains, and of standing on a rock by the sea-side, and looking at the waves when the wind dashes them against the shore; and when other people go in summer time to the wells at Bath or Cheltenham, to drink the waters and dance in the splendid saloons, she loves to steal out into the country with a companion or two, where she can wander among green vallies and gather flowers along the sides of brooks; or sit on a sod with her book and read under a shady tree, where a spring bubbles out of the ground; and I verily believe that she would rather go out and eat a cottage dinner with plain country folks, than attend the richest city feast with its gay company of lords and ladies, its gold and silver wares, and all its wines and comfits, its ice-creams and syllabubs. Yet I have seen her dine at home with a great company, when her father made a feast; then she could enjoy it, and behave herself with the finest lady of them all. So I think she will some day get over her romantic notions too, and make you a good sober house wife.

"And now that I have done her bidding, and told you all that I know of her faults, I will tell you another thing, that she has not authorized me to tell. It is right

that you should know it; and I understand that she has not told you; for she has just expressed to me, how much she was gratified that you offered to marry her, without knowing or seeming to care whether she was rich or poor. Well, if you set no value on riches, and are satisfied to have Judith alone; still I hope that you will not throw her large fortune into the sea. You will find it right convenient to have her three thousand pounds a year, when the business of love has been settled, and the business of house-keeping comes on. Then her rich father, if no misfortune happens, will be able to give her a great deal more. But, my friend, if you find after a trial that a great fortune is good for nothing, and more plague than profit; why, then you may just give it to me and be done with it. So much for that. One thing more, and then I shall be through, I am sorry to tell you that I am so straitened for time, that I cannot give you another day with Judith, unless you go with us to Boston. I was ready to embark, and just waiting for poor Eli, when I got Judith's letter. I have important business in London, that cannot be put off; and there are papers in Eli's trunk that must go directly to England; they relate to a great plantation in St. Kitts, that is in suit between the owner and my cousin Bensaddi, who has a mortgage on it. What say you, my friend; will you part with Judith to-night, or will you go with us to Boston?"

Gladly would I have gone to Boston or any other place with Judith, but an obstacle lay before me, which would have been removed in a moment, if Judith or cousin Von Caleb had known or even suspected its existence. But strange as it may seem, just now when my charmer's newly discovered wealth came fresh and glittering into view, I felt a most swelling repugnance to a disclosure of my beggarly account of an empty purse; although I knew that she would esteem it a great favor in me to accept any thing from her hands. She had put her purse into my hands at Norfolk, and requested me to defray all our expenses out of it; but I told her that I would not consent to defray more than her own; and when I was lamed at the hotel, I returned the purse, telling her that she had better keep it now until we left the hotel. So I had given no sign that my funds were low. Now on counting, I found that I had scarcely a sufficiency to carry me home. I had to choose therefore whether to accept a supply from her who had given herself and her all to me, or to go home straight way. I chose to go home straight way. Why such reluctance now to put my poverty in glaring contrast with her riches? Was it a just feeling of self-respect? Or was it pride, a little spiced with envy? Or a compound of all these? However this may be, the feeling seemed natural. The fact may serve to illustrate the various workings of the human heart. Yet the discovery of my Judith's wealth was unquestionably pleasing to my heart—highly pleasing. Was this also natural, that a purely disinterested lover should rejoice at finding the gifts of Mammon attached to one who had been loved and sought solely for the qualities of her mind and person? What sayest thou reader? Would not such a discovery have *gladdened* thy heart? Thou art human—so am I. Happy is he who can content himself in his poverty. Contentment is better than riches; but let the poor man, happy in virtuous poverty, find a gold mine in his barren field, and in a moment his heretofore contented heart will swell beyond the confines of his poverty; and the loss of his gold mine would make him sit down and weep. But to re-

sume my story. After a moment's consideration, I told Mr. Von Caleb that I too was under a necessity (and was I not?) to return home speedily; and as I hoped ere long to follow Judith across the ocean, I felt the less difficulty at parting with her now; because a quick return home to make my preparations, would enable me the sooner to set off on my voyage.

"Well, then, (said he, raising his voice,) our boat will go to-morrow morning at six. As this will be your last evening together for some time, I will leave you to yourselves. You will not be sorry for that I suppose? I shall be out awhile on some business with Mr. Levi. He will not interrupt you, for we are after money." He smiled as he spoke the last words.

"Then, (said I,) as you go at six in the morning, I may as well take the Lancaster stage that goes at three o'clock."

"So then we have settled it, (said Mr. Von Caleb,) Good bye, till supper time."

He went out with his usual heavy tread; and when he had shut the door behind him, I heard Judith's door open gently on her side of the parlor. I had risen and was standing about the middle of the floor, without my crutch, which I no longer needed. I turned and met her eyes with mine. What a look she gave me of commingled love and sorrow! I approached the chair on which she leaned. She looked up again into my face. I saw the rising moisture of her eyes, as she said, "This night then we must part." The last word was stifled under a wave of emotion. I opened my arms; she fell upon my bosom, and for the first time we felt each other's embrace. Oh, Elysian moment! It was the seal of our betrothal, and the pure delight of love. Several minutes elapsed before we could utter a word. We had seated ourselves on chairs, and we continued to sit with drooping heads until we recovered the power of conversation.

After some exchanges of sentiment on the prospect of separation, I took occasion to allude to what I had just heard of the wealth of herself and family. "Then he told you that too? Well I am glad that you did not know it sooner."

"Since I have heard it at last, dear Judith, I will tell you that it gives me the satisfaction to know that you can afford to take a poor husband."

"Poor in pelf, he may be; (said she promptly,) but I know the wealth of his mind; that is the highest of all endowments; and in comparison with that gold and silver are but dross. If such earthy dower as I can bring, be of any consequence, I rejoice in it for this that you can the better afford to take me for a wife. Such wealth as I have is nothing to be proud of; for millions of it would argue no personal worth but only good fortune. I have hitherto found my worldly goods rather an obstacle to my happiness; for while they brought me numerous suitors, they brought with these applicants for my favor the painful suspicion, that my fortune, not myself, was the object of pursuit. Therefore I could love none of them, because, however sincere their professions might be, they could not give the proof of real affection that my heart required. Often did I wish that I could appear divested of accidental circumstances, and just as I was in myself, an honest, simple maiden; and then might find some congenial soul whom I could freely love, and who would love me

heartily for myself alone. I wished on another account to form an attachment in this way. My friends call me romantic, and I confess a fault which they would not impute to me without evidence. I am conscious indeed of a warm and I suppose a romantic attachment to the country—London bred as I am. Particularly do I love mountain scenery, and would most delight to spend my days among the sublime and beautiful works of nature, and a virtuous rural population, such as are found in your country. With my strong predilection for such a life, how could I expect to form a happy alliance in London, where all or nearly all are bred to relish artificial objects and manners, and to covet wealth as the means of artificial splendor and the pompous show of fashionable life. I could not entrust my heart to any, where the prospect of finding a congenial spirit was so hopeless. In the days of my sorest affliction, God was pleased to show me a heart in all respects agreeable to my desires, and to give me the love of that heart under circumstances that banished all possibility of suspecting its sincerity. He has bound us together by the strongest ties of sympathy in all that makes prosperity joyful and calamity grievous. But I forget that there is one root of bitterness planted in the garden of our affections."

"Forget it, dear Judith, forever; it shall never spring up to trouble us."

After a little further conversation the servants brought in our tea, and we sent an invitation to Judith's friends to join us. Mr. Von Caleb came. After tea I went out for half an hour to enter my name at the stage office, and to give Judith and her friend the opportunity of completing their arrangements. On my return from the stage office near the hotel, I found Mr. Von Caleb in the bar-room. He shook my hand affectionately, and told me that he would let me and Judith spend the remainder of the evening alone; so with another friendly shake of the hand, he bade me farewell.

When I entered the parlor, I found Judith sitting pensively on the sofa. We were both sad almost to death. We first arranged that I should write to her at farthest by Mr. Levi, who was to embark at New York on the first of June. I might write to her as soon as I reached home, and then the oftener the better, she said, were it only to let her know of my welfare. I promised not to be hasty in my final determination about our engagement; for so she again required, although a sigh escaped her when she made the requirement. If I ratified the engagement, she would be happy to see me in London as soon as I pleased, but I must understand that she could not put off her mourning weeds for a bridal dress, until she had given a full year's sorrow to her dear lost Eli; so that if an early visit to London should not suit my convenience, she would not impute the delay to alienation of heart. If I annulled the engagement, I must still consider her as my grateful, devoted friend, who would rejoice at any opportunity of showing her gratitude for my disinterested kindness and care. Her voice faltered when she spoke of the contingency that I might decline the marriage; yet her conscientious judgment on this point wavered not, painful as the expression of it evidently was. She made the self-denying sacrifice of her own feelings to give me every advantage for the security of my happiness. Many expressions of tenderness did she utter,

and of ardent gratitude and unalterable friendship, whatever I might do with our connubial engagement. I wondered—in fact I was not well pleased—at her repeated allusions to the possibility of my discarding her—an act as remote from my thoughts at that time as Heaven is from Tartarus. But she had evidently reflected much upon the causes that might operate a change in my views. As to her own part in our correspondence, she promised to write as soon as she landed in England, and would then wait for a letter from me before she wrote again.

Having in these and other particulars come to a full understanding with each other, we had leisure to feel how distressingly near was the dreaded moment of separation. Two or three hours more, and we *must* part. What were our feelings? Oh hours of sorrow and delight! How did we snatch every fleeting moment, to fill higher and to mingle deeper the cup of our youthful love! We clung to each other's embrace; our tears mingled as they fell; our hearts answered throb for throb. How could we part? The clock struck eleven. "Adieu"—but she stammered in the attempt to utter it.

"Not yet, not yet; I cannot leave you." One more hour passed away—the last hour—it flew with eagles' wings, as it shed down upon us all the delicious luxury of innocent sweetest affection saddened—the full relish of the bitter-sweet of love—the fiery rapture of joy, flooded with grief, yet bursting through the flood.

Propriety admitted of no longer delay. The clock sounded the hour of midnight, long and loud, with clang after clang. Clang after clang struck on our hearts the knell of the last blissful hour; then all was still again, except our beating hearts. Our time was come; yes, the last moment of our realized union with its unutterable sensations; the separation must now begin, and widen and widen, till lands and seas should intervene, and time and chance should cast all their changes and their hazards between us, and possibly open a gulf impassably broad and deep, across which our now blended hearts could never commune again. Once more she meant to say, "Adieu," but the word died on her lips. I caught the expiring accent as I pressed my lips to her's; the balmy sweetness remains to this day. We retired to our respective chambers like criminals going to execution, so deadly was the sadness of that parting.

Could I sleep? Not a wink. The sensations of the evening kept thrilling in my nerves; unconquerable musings on the past and the future, ran perpetually through my mind. I seemed to have lived an age within the last three weeks. To go back alone to the home and the landscapes of my boyhood, though less than a month before it was the object of my fondest desire, seemed now like going into the shades of death; for whilst I would be returning to my hills again, my Judith would be on her way to cross the wide ocean, and would soon be far hidden from my sight among the myriads of London. But I imagined myself following her course, traversing the seas, pressing her again to my bosom, yes to my "heart of hearts" in the dear character of wife, and bringing her back to bless my sylvan days in the green vallies of Virginia. This was the new age of gold that was rising to my mental

vision, arrayed by fancy in all the charms of happy love and pastoral scenery.

CHAPTER IX.

THE STUDENT'S RETURN.

Fifteen minutes before three o'clock, my waking dreams were interrupted by the servant, who announced that the stage coach would soon be at the door. I got up, dressed myself in a hurry, and wrote another adieu to my love; which, although but five lines in length, was sufficient to carry me away again into the fairy land of dreams; there I sat with my elbow on the table and my head on my hand, till the servant, supposing me asleep, jogged me. I started up, hastened down to the bar, and called for my bill, which the clerk had, rather strangely I thought, declined to furnish until now. When he gave it to me, I found the surgeon's and all as I had requested, made out in full, but unexpectedly paid by Mr. Von Caleb, according to a receipt appended. With the bill the clerk also handed me two other papers; the one was a sealed packet directed to myself, and the other a receipt for me to sign, acknowledging that my bill was presented with the receipt as aforesaid, and that a packet was given me, directed as aforesaid, and sealed with a seal having the word "Fidelity" for its motto. "Who wrote this?" I asked. "Mr. Von Caleb," answered the clerk, who added that Mr. V. was a very particular man in doing business. "Yes, (said I,) he seems to know how to guard against tricks upon travellers."

I had scarcely signed the receipt, before I was summoned to take my seat in the coach. I handed the clerk my *billetdoux*, thrust the papers into my pocket, and hastened out. On taking my seat I looked up at Judith's window—it was lighted—her sadly declining form was distinctly shadowed forth upon it, with the head resting on the hand, as if she were looking down upon me. "Shade of my beloved (said I in my full heart)—shade of my beloved, fare thee well, fare thee well." The whip cracked, the wheels rattled over the pavement, and I no more saw even the shade of my beloved. "Now we are parted indeed," said my heart, aching and not ceasing to ache.

I was driven rapidly to Lancaster, heavy with grief and watching, yet unable to rest from the spontaneous workings of the imagination. The dear image floated continually in the fields of mental vision; the music of that voice still sweetly chimed upon fancy's ear; those eyes whose look could never be forgotten, shed incessant lovebeams into my soul; and that pure soft heart—I felt it beating yet responsively to mine.

I spoke not to my fellow-passengers. I heard not their conversation. Time and space were flying past, as the vehicle crushed the pebbles of the road, and the flint-stones sparkled under the armed hoofs of the horses; but I marked not the flight of time or space; my spirit was away with Judith, first in the parlor, next in the steamboat—watching the tear-drops as they fell from her eyes, and the palpitations of that affectionate heart; and my thoughts, like spiritual messengers, seemed to penetrate into the recesses of that throbbing breast, and to find my own image cherished as a nursling there. Thus I enjoyed a realizing sense of the fact, that although time and space might sepa-

rate our bodies, our souls could still melt and mingle into one.

At the breakfast house, I took the opportunity to open the sealed packet that I received at the bar. Under the envelope I found two sealed billets; the one was superscribed in Judith's hand-writing, and contained something hard. I opened the other first to have it out of the way. I read as follows:

"Mr. Garamé,—Pardon me for using a little art to do you an act of justice, which you might have declined otherwise to accept; but which, as agent for my cousin Nathan Bensaddi, I could not in good conscience neglect, nor would he be satisfied to learn that it was omitted. Your kindness to his daughter has put you to considerable expense and trouble. The enclosed note of one hundred dollars may reimburse the expense; but for the trouble, which you would count as nothing, and for the generous kind-heartedness, which we count above all price, I know not what compensation we can make you, except you conclude to take my sweet young cousin herself. However that may be, I pray the God of Israel to reward your goodness with every blessing.

Farewell, kind friend, ISAAC VON CALEB."

This was all quite agreeable. Agreeable in matter because delicately agreeable in manner. I thought I saw my Judith's delicate tact in the management of this little affair. The other note was surprisingly interesting.

"Two o'clock.—How can I sleep, when the sound of the wheels that are to carry you away will soon be heard in the street? My cousin, Von Caleb, sends me word that he is awake, and will take care that you receive whatever communication I may yet have to make. This only I would repeat to my dear friend: In your happy valley think of your Judith; but be prudent and destroy not your happiness and consequently her's, by obeying your desire at the expense of your judgment and conscience. If after reflection you cannot marry a Jewess—yet I know that you love one—always love her. Yes, my heart tells me that you will. Write at all events before June—as a friend, if nothing more. The enclosed memorial was brought from England by cousin Von Caleb, and put into his trunk when he left Boston. He had forgotten it until after he went to bed. He has sent it to me, asking what I would do with it. I give it to my beloved preserver, knowing that he will value it as a keepsake; and value it the more, if he should never again see—Oh, that painful thought! let it die in silence. Farewell, once more, dear friend, farewell, farewell. J. B."

The last words of this note were blotted with tears. With trembling hands and a beating heart, I unwrapped the memorial, wondering what it could be that under its wrappings felt roundish and hard like a coin, but considerably larger. Think of my exultation, when I discovered it to be an elegantly wrought golden locket-case, which opened with a spring, and exhibited to my eyes a perfect miniature likeness of my own Judith! Oh, that sweet face! That well formed bust! Whilst I leaned over and devoured this picture with my eyes, I was called to breakfast. "Breakfast indeed! (said my heart :) Who could leave such a feast of the soul to put coarse viands into his stomach? Let the body wait for its earthy nutriment, until the spirit is satisfied with

this celestial nectar and ambrosia." So I gazed upon the lovely portrait—kissed it—then gazed—then kissed it again, alternately, until the stage-driver's signal roused me. I put the dear jewel into my pocket, and resumed my place in the coach. Away we went with whirling wheels, which left behind them a train of dust ground from the stones of the pavement. At the rate of eight miles an hour was I carried homewards, but away from the place where I had parted with Judith. Nine times, according to my conjecture, did I read my Judith's note; and nine times steal a look at her portrait, before we stopped for dinner at Lancaster. I dined without appetite, and continued my journey towards Harrisburg. About ten o'clock at night we reached the sleeping house. I went supperless to bed, and after tossing about till midnight, fell into a troubled sleep. At Lancaster I had suspended my beautiful locket-case by a ribbon about my neck, and put it into my bosom directly against my heart. I was wakened out of my unquiet sleep by some unusual sensation. I felt for what was uppermost in my thoughts, the golden treasure of my bosom; and behold! I found it drawn out, and lying at the full length of the ribbon, towards the front side of the bed. I knew instantly that some rogue had attempted to filch it, and had failed only from my ready wakefulness. I suspected a fellow passenger, who slept in the room with me. I had that afternoon detected him eyeing my jewel, once that I drew it out to take a sly look. I thought then that he coveted my treasure, and had the look of a rogue. For safety, therefore, I locked it up in the very bottom of my trunk; hard as I felt the self-denial to be, when I deprived myself of the opportunity to look at my Judith's likeness, some ten or twelve times a day.

By three o'clock the next morning I was again on my way. At Harrisburg I ate a little breakfast; then crossing the Susquehanna, I reached Carlyle early in the afternoon. Here my strength and spirits began to fail so greatly, that I doubted my ability to pursue the journey without a day's rest. The extraordinary scenes in which I had been engaged during three weeks, had kept me in a state of constant excitement; ten days confinement in Philadelphia had impaired my health, and now two days of violent emotion, watchfulness, and loss of appetite, had exhausted me. Such a protracted strain upon the nervous system, followed by loss of appetite, want of sleep and fatigue of travelling, was more than human nature could bear without a distressful prostration of both corporeal and mental powers. In the case of one who, like myself, is constitutionally subject to fits of melancholy, the necessary consequence would be a state of deep mental dejection, accompanied with sombre and dispiriting views on all subjects. I cannot otherwise account for a change, which on this second day of my journey, began to come over my spirit.

I frequently read my dear Judith's note; at first in the morning with the same unmixed pleasure as on the preceding day; but in the afternoon the word Jewess began to grate a little on my feelings, and to suggest some thoughts, transient and obscure, yet rather unpleasant; amounting to no more than a general impression, that my happiness in love would have been complete, if with all its positively agreeable circumstances, this unfortunate one of my beloved's Judaism had not been mingled.

In the neighborhood of Carlyle, I recognised clearly the features of the Great Valley, my native land, with which previously to the last few months, all the affections and pleasures of my life had been associated. Here, though with less sublimity of mountain and less variety of low ground, were the parallel ridges, and the wide interval of rich slopes, with their limestone rocks and rivulets; all which reminded me strongly of the objects of my boyish delight. This effect of scenery to revive old habits of thought and feeling, was increased on the third day, when I felt partially refreshed after some hours of sound sleep. I had pursued my journey notwithstanding my exhaustion; better probably had it been for me, if my impatience to reach home had permitted me to stop and recruit my wasted strength. However, on the third day I saw the country assuming more and more the appearance of my native land; then more and more did my thoughts revert to former days—days of calm delight in study, or cheerful amusement, in rambling over hill and dale, fishing in deep shady pool, or gathering flowers on meadow sides or wild mountain steeps.

With the revival of old and fixed habits of mind, my new delirium of passion began to abate; not that I thought Judith less beautiful or less worthy; but now when the placid current of old thoughts and feelings was started afresh, the new torrent of amorous passion began naturally to exhaust itself. Judith, all charming as she was, no longer engrossed all my powers of thought and feeling. Her lovely presence with all its affecting circumstances, our parting with its unutterable emotions of delight and sorrow, had raised within me a turbid and overwhelming tempest of feeling, which had so far abated under the influences just mentioned, that calm reason could now begin to shoot some rays of its light through the troubled atmosphere of the mind. Yet the mental fluctuations that followed, ought perhaps to be attributed as much to the disease of low spirits, as to the efforts of reason to sway the violence of passion. I shall not stop to philosophise, but proceed with my story.

Whatever the cause might be, it so happened that on the third day of my travels, the word *Jewess* in the dear note so often read, began to strike positively disagreeable impressions upon my mind. Whilst I would be musing on my lovely Judith, and seeing her with fancy's eye arrayed in all her charms, that troublesome word "*Jewess*" would come with some ugly thought behind it, and dissipate, as with a wizard's spell, the fascinating colors of the vision.

On the fourth day, when I entered Virginia, the souring tendency of my thoughts increased. More frequently would that detestable word return and trouble the sweet current of my feelings. "*Jewess*," "*Jewess*," would I say to myself, and that too in spite of myself. "Am I really in love with the daughter of a Jew? Am I to connect myself with that accursed race?" Every successive day would such villainous thoughts rush in more obtrusively. When I looked at the mountains on either side of the way, and at the ever changing views occurring along the road, and recognized the likeness of my dear homestead in many a wood-crowned hill and rocky vale, I would think of my youthful delights, and the long familiar faces of those whom I loved; then gliding from the past to the future,

my heart would take the amiable Judith to the home and society of my former days, and imagine what new pleasures she would bring with her, and with what new charms she would invest my future dwelling place in this lovely land; then uncalled for, would the same and other loathsome ideas come in like imps of Satan, and thrust their ugly visages into the very foreground of the picture. "*Jewess*," "*Jewess*," would I repeat, as if by some instigation of the arch fiend. Yes, a *Jewess* is to be my wife. My children are to be half-blooded Jews. My neighbors are to point at her as we pass by and say, "That is the *Jewess*." When we go to church—*we*, do I say? Perhaps she will not go to church; but be wishing for her Rabbi and her synagogue; but suppose that in compliance with my desire, she do go to church; then every eye is upon her—whispers go round, "The *Jewess* has come to church! Do you know whether she is likely to be converted?" and so on. Then the minister preaches at her, and deals out anathemas against the unbelieving Jews—and I am to be reproached, and to reproach myself, for the inconsistency of professing christianity and yet marrying an unbelieving *Jewess*, and making her the mistress and the mother of my family. Oh how can I do it?

I groaned with horror at these reflections; unable to banish them as baseless fancies, and vexed with myself for admitting them. But every day they crowded harder into my mind, assuming at each return more grim and appalling aspects. In vain did I muster facts and affections against them. Judith's personal charms; Judith's amiable temper, extraordinary intelligence, admirable genius, exquisite accomplishments, fascinating manners—our congenial tastes, our mutual love, her generous pledge to me, my assurances to her—all that had filled and captivated my soul for weeks—all were brought forward on the side of love, and admitted on the other side to be true—yet could not all these considerations banish the hateful accompaniments of that cursed word, "*Jewess*!" Still would it come and fetch its goblin retinue of conscientious scruples and ingrained prejudices.

Sometimes indeed my love was victorious, and beat this haggard crew out of the field. Judith would rise in all her charms before my imagination—memory would tell the affecting story of our grief-born union of hearts—reason would demonstrate her inestimable worth—impassioned fancy would adorn her, as nature had adorned her, with the hues and lineaments of angelic loveliness, and my heart would be feeding on the delicious vision. But then, (my black bile beginning to work,) all of a sudden, like the harpies of old, and quite as abominable as those monsters, a new flight of black vulturine thoughts would descend upon the banquet of my soul, and change the zest into nausea by their defilements. "*Jewess*," "*Jewess*," would I again mutter like a demoniac. "A Jewish wife must make me miserable. When I teach my children the doctrines of christianity, their Jewish mother will be a hindrance to their faith and a grief to mine. I must either omit the worship of God in my family, or be disturbed in my devotions by the thought, that when I utter the Saviour's name and express my reliance on his mediation, the partner of my bosom, whether she kneel like a hypocrite, or sit like an infidel, will in her heart attach the title of impostor to that venerable

name." Then would my heart rise up with disgust against the whole race of unbelieving Jews, ancient and modern. Then in rapid succession would texts of Scripture, facts in history, passages in books of travels, and all that I had read or heard, that was dishonorable to the Jews, rise up in my memory and fill me with detestation of the very name of Jew. "The Jews! The stiff-necked hard-hearted race, (would I mutter bitterly,) who provoked the patience of God, until He by his prophets cursed and banned them out of his mercy and from the pale of human society, and made them a hissing and a curse among all nations." Did they not, like furious demons, cry out "Crucify him, crucify him?" And how many acts of fiendish malignity and loathsome baseness, have they committed? They are hated by all nations, by Christian, Mussulman, Pagan—"by saint, by savage, and by sage"—all concur in executing the Divine curse upon them. And I am to marry one of them! Oh, why was so beautiful, so amiable a creature born of the accursed race? The miserly knavish race! The scorn and the detestation of travellers in Poland, and wheresoever strangers are exposed to their knavish tricks and unprincipled exactions! Faugh! The squalid occupants of suburbs and streets, where a decent passenger is nauseated by their filth! The bearded venders of old clothes! The malignant Shylocks of the money market! Their very name has become a term for villainy and extortion. *Jew* signifies miser and rogue. Yet these people I must take into my bosom for my wife's sake—and call them cousin!

Such was often the train of my reflections, especially when the evil spirit of melancholy diffused his bile over my thoughts. Judith herself was always lovely to my soul; the black demon could not dim the lustre of her beauty, nor stain the purity of her character, except by incorporating her with the mass of her nation, so as to obscure the merits that shone out from her charming individuality. But the one fact personal to her, her Judaical education, combined with prejudices against her people, harassed me from day to day, and crossed the path of my love with an omen too sinister, and too obviously real, to be any longer regarded as a mere freak of the brain, originating in melancholy.

The contest of antagonist principles began at last to assume a degree of regularity, after the misty turbulence of my feelings had measurably subsided. But the violence of the mental strife rather increased, as the opposing principles began more distinctly to array themselves for the contest. I will not call it a contest between love and reason, for there was evidently much reason on the side of love; but in the ranks of the other side, there was not only a host of prejudices, but something besides, of giant force and of ghastly aspect.

The agony of the struggle was temporarily abated by the appearance of my beloved Rockbridge. When I entered its confines, I hailed with delight the grim aspect of the Jump Mountain, as he reared his black and shaggy brow over the border of the landscape. Not less did the great Hogback please my eye, when I saw him, the next in order, bend up his swelling ridge bristled with pines. But most joyfully did I behold the rising majesty of the House Mountain, as it gradually stood forth in solitary grandeur, and exposed to view its double ridge and huge buttresses, like a palace

built for the king of the giants. Again were my home-felt pleasures more vividly restored, when I crossed the high swell of Timberridge in the middle of the Great Valley and saw far away in the southern horizon, the dim Peaks of Otter, shooting their points deeply into the vault of Heaven. Next, the familiar scenes near my father's cottage shed their sweet influence upon my heart, from verdant hill and from meadow brook, stealing its way along the dale beneath the covert of its willows. When the cedar cliffs by the river showed me the pathway to the dear nook where I drew my infant breath, I sprang from the coach, threaded each well known turn by rock and tree, saw in all its rural quietude the home of childhood, bounded into the house, heard the cry of joyful surprise, flung myself first on one breast, then on another, of parents, sisters and friends, and received with delight the enthusiastic greetings of the servants, whose sooty faces were enlightened by the shining white of their teeth, and the not less shining whites of their glad eyes. Now for awhile I felt as simply happy as I had been, when

In rustic boyhood, free from care,
I hooked the trout and chased the hare.

But I soon relapsed into my distressing meditations. When the first gale of delight on arriving at home had blown over, I remembered my matrimonial engagement with a Jewess, and the remembrance struck a damp on my feelings. "Now (thought I) comes my sorest trial. I must tell my parents and friends that I am about to fetch a Jewish wife into their circle; and how it will shock them! How they will wonder and grieve!" I had walked out to look over my old play grounds, and my favorite bank for summer fishing and reading beneath the shade of a broad elm, when these painful thoughts occurred. To banish them, I returned to the house and busied myself with conversation. I was not yet delivered from my tormentors, when my sister Elizabeth asked me for the key of my trunk, that she might dispose of my apparel. Then I remembered the dear portrait, which I had not taken out, and in the confusion of my thoughts seldom even remembered, since it was put away. Fearing that it might be found and bring on a premature discovery, I hastened up stairs alone, took it out, opened the case, and again felt the witching charm of those lovely features, to such a degree that all doubts and fears vanished like ghosts before the rosy-fingered beams of Aurora. "I will write to-morrow," said I, as I closed the case and locked it up in my drawer. On going to bed I looked at it again, and felt doubly assured that the soul which beamed through those eyes, could never make a husband unhappy. "I will write to-morrow, (said I again,) and inform her of my safe arrival, and of my unalterable determination to fulfil our engagement." I went to bed and mused sweetly on my Judith, until my waking thoughts faded away into the purple twilight of dreams; then Judith herself appeared in a green meadow of fairy land, gathering sweet flowers,—her form invested with the airy lightness of a sylph, and colored with the rainbow tints of a blessed spirit.

The next morning I slept so long and soundly, that when I awoke I heard the family at breakfast. I dressed myself and hurried down to join them. After breakfast we went to the parlor, where I was pleasantly

engaged during the forenoon in conversation with the family, and some friends who called to see me.

Towards noon my father alluded incidentally to the sale of a horse, which he had lately made to a traveller. I asked some question which led him to give us an amusing account of the transaction—amusing to all the rest, and it would have been equally so to me, if my unsuspecting parent had not used an expression, which I had often heard and often used myself, but which now had gall and wormwood in it to my feelings.

"He tried to *Jew* me," said my father.

"Was it that little bald, sharp-faced man that I saw with you at the post-office?" asked my sister.

"Yes, (said my father,) with small gray eyes and a shrill voice."

"Perhaps he *was* a Jew," added my sister.

"Possibly enough, (said my father:) his knavish looks would at least become a Jew. He tried first to impose on me by undervaluing the horse, and then by passing uncurrent money upon me, protesting that it was current. If he was not a rogue of a Jew, he was a Jew of a rogue."

These unusually bitter expressions of my father went like daggers' points to my heart. But my kindred most undesignedly condemned me to still keener torments. My good mother spoke up, and said:

"It is a happy circumstance that we have no Jews among us in the Valley. I should hate to have any thing to do with them."

My mother's face exhibited her anti-Jewish disgust as she spoke.

"They are not *all* so bad," said my father in extenuation; and I thanked him in my heart for the sentiment. But my mother drove the dagger up to the hilt, when she replied:

"Good or bad, a Jew is a Jew; and I should hate to have any of them about me."

This was too much for my feelings. I rose hastily and went out to conceal my agony. Doleful indeed were my dumps. "They will never consent," said I, as I rushed away from the house, with as much hurrying impetuosity, as if I were stung by a swarm of hornets. "Perhaps they never ought to consent," was the next reflection. The whole train of my evil thoughts returned, headed this time by the squeaking miser Levi, so like my father's horse buyer. I hurried wildly on, till I found myself on the brow of a precipice by the river side. I was not prepared for a lover's leap into the stream below; therefore I stopped, and seating myself on a rock, leaned my head upon my knees, and in that meditative posture sank deeper and deeper into the black sea of my reflections. Here I was found by a negro boy sent to tell me that dinner was ready. After swallowing what I supposed might conceal my want of appetite, I remembered that Judith's portrait had hitherto operated as a charm, either to keep off the black demons, or to exorcise them if they had possession. Inspired with eager hope, I rose from table and went hastily up stairs for the portrait. I found my table drawer unlocked, as I had inadvertently left it in the morning. I hastily searched the drawer, and lo! the portrait was gone! My talisman was gone! Instead of the hoped-for relief, additional miseries came upon me; the dun clouds of despair boiled up more thickly and fearfully in the horizon of my soul. Who could

have taken my jewel? I could not conjecture, and I durst not inquire; because inquiry would end in a disclosure of my love-engagement with a Jewess—a secret, which in my present state of mind, I could not bear to reveal.

After some days my conscience smote me for withholding so important a communication from my parents, who had a right to know my matrimonial scheme; and who were best qualified to teach me by their cool and experienced judgment, how to distinguish the dictates of sober reason from the illusions of passion and the suggestions of prejudice. Freely could I tell them all but the one fact, that although my Judith was the best and the most beautiful of maidens, and wealthy withal, yet she was that most disagreeable thing—a Jewess. Oh misery! how often, when the story was on the point of my tongue, did I shudder and draw back at the thought of telling that. But *that* was the critical point of the case; to withhold that would be to evade the gist of the difficulty.

Days and weeks rolled on but gave no return of brightness to my soul,—no decisive result to my agonising reflections. I moped and mused and pined away. My friends observed my melancholy air and haggard looks. They ascribed all to returning consumption, and often took counsel about the means of cure. Alas! they little dreamed that the malady was consuming the heart and not the lungs.

Thus I drooped and hesitated, until the month of May, was three-fourths gone. I had not written even the friendly letter which my Judith had so earnestly requested. What a beast was I? Now the time was come when I *must* decide the matrimonial question, either by action or by procrastination. I must now write to my lovely Jewess, or forfeit all claim even to her friendly regard. I had promised to write my decision *at the latest* by the sharp-visaged miser Levi, who would embark at New-York on the first day of June. Often did I sit down with pen in hand, resolved to write something. But what could I write? That I was well? No; That I had decided to marry her? No; That I had consulted my friends? No; not even that;—That I was tormented with doubts and fears, and yet unable to decide? yes; but why write a fact which could only distress her? Better not write at all: the failure of the promised letter might be imputed to accident. But on second thoughts, this appeared unfeasible; for she had reason to expect several letters; and all could hardly fail. One other course remained; I might if I pleased say to her 'Forget me, lovely Judith.' In a misanthropic mood, when every thought was dark and bitter, I twice sat down in desperate resolve to end the strife by writing her a letter of dismissal—but ere the fatal sentence, "I have decided not to marry you, my Judith," could be finished, I seemed to hear thunders roll at a distance, and to see the lightning flash of my tutelary angel as he descended at this awful moment; and then a monitory voice within me would whisper, 'Cast not that pearl away?' Then I could not—for my life I durst not—wilfully cast that pearl away.

The eve of the last day had arrived when I must write to secure the stipulated conveyance. To defer my answer beyond the next day, would be in effect to discard my beloved Jewess. The sun of the evening had set in the deepest gloom of a cloudy atmosphere;

my soul was gloomy as the shadow of death. My powers of mind and body were almost prostrated by long and deep melancholy, now reaching the acme of a doleful hypochondria. I sat in my room; my candle burned dimly with its knobbed, unsnuffed wick. I leaned over the back of my chair with my elbow behind it and my temple supported with the palm of my hand; my eyes were half closed, and scarcely sensible of the glimmering light in the room. Horrid spectres now for the first time flitted across the fields of my imagination, and disappeared. Then they reappeared, bloody and fierce; they stopped and gloated and grinned at me, until I almost fainted with terror. I was verging to absolute madness. Suddenly I heard a low tapping at the door. I started up, shuddering with dread; for I conceived that murderers were coming with daggers to stab me. "Who is there?" I cried, with a scarcely audible voice. "Me, massa Willie," was the answer. I felt instant relief, when I recognised the voice of old Hannah, my nurse, in infancy, who always had for me a mother's affection. She opened the door softly, and completed my restoration to sober sense by the sight of her honest face. "Massa Willie, I don't want to 'sturb you now, when you got so poorly again. I jist came to ax you if that slut Poll that Massa hired last Christmas, didn't take this curious piece o' money, or whatever it is, from you. I thought it must be your'n, for I know it ain't none o' her'n. See, here it is," said she, coming forward and holding up what I saw instantly to be my locket-case—my talisman! As the famished tiger or the boa-constrictor springs upon his prey, so did I spring forward and clutch my jewel; and when I had it in my grasp, I lifted both hands aloft and cried "Thank God, thank God, I have her once more." Then I said quickly, "Go down now, aunt Hannah, I wish to be alone." She was amazed, as well she might be, but retired promptly, saying as she went, "That can't be money, no how, that makes Massa Willey so glad." I hastily locked the door after her, already sensible of a new spirit within me; then taking my seat at the table, I snuffed the candle, and pressed the locket-spring. The lid flew up, and again presented to my longing eyes that sweet enrapturing face. The picture restored with magical force and rapidity, the lovely traits, corporeal and mental, of the dear original, now so nearly abandoned. I looked and looked; the beauteous image seemed to acquire animation as I gazed upon it, and to rise before the imagination into the living fulness and reality of Judith's lovely self. Yes, now my Judith was herself again. Melancholy with all his imps of darkness vanished at her presence. Again I felt the impression of those love-darting eyes; again heard in my soul the soft melody that flowed from those sweet lips; memory awoke and presented in pristine freshness and with enchanting effect, all the affecting images of the past;—the journey to Charleston—our stay there, with the piano and the songs of heart-melting pathos; then the disaster at sea, the throes of her grief, and the sympathy of our souls;—then our sojourn in Philadelphia, the maturity and the embarrassments of our love—the purity, the self-control and the intensity of her affection; lastly, the parting hour, its keen sorrows and thrilling delights, with all that made them keen and thrilling. I saw and felt them all again. After this revival of former emotions in my soul, could I then give

up my Judith? No, no; the dominion and the wealth of the world were a boon too poor to buy her out of my arms. I would have dared the stormy deeps of every sea—I would have crossed frozen Alps and torrid Sahara—I would have braved the shadow of death, and gone down, like Orpheus for Eurydice, to the dusky mansions of departed spirits—and would have deemed myself well rewarded to win so lovely a creature at last. The clouds were now dispersed, that had so long obscured the bright prospects before me. The word Jewess no longer drew after it the gloomy conceptions of fear, and of a diseased imagination; it was now associated only with Judith's self—with the radiance of her beauty, the unalloyed sweetness of her temper, the unsullied purity of her principles, and all the attractive qualities of her mind. Even my religious scruples, heretofore aggravated by melancholy, now gave way again to the conviction, that Judith already so esteemed christianity and was so nearly persuaded of its truth, as only to await the influences and the occasion that our marriage would present, to believe and to profess the whole. What then had I to fear? Nothing. Such was my conclusion within two hours after her portrait had begun its reviving influence upon my heart. Some of the reasonings which led to this comfortable conclusion, may have been the logic of reanimated passion. Whether it were so or not, my understanding then accorded its approval to the desire of the heart.

I hesitated no longer, but wrote the chief part of the letter that night; declaring my undiminished love, and my fixed resolution to go and claim her hand, as soon as she would permit me. I apologised for my delay, by acknowledging the diseased state of my mind, and the gloomy views that succeeded and produced a long struggle. I expressed my intention to visit her in London before the expiration of the year; but said that I would await an answer from her, that I might, if she gave permission, go prepared to consummate our union before the next spring which was the time that she had appointed as the earliest period of our nuptials.

Having written thus much, I went to bed; leaving what remained to be filled up in the morning, after a consultation with my parents. The next morning I *did* state the case to my parents, but with fear and trembling; not that I expected opposition from them after they should hear all; but I scarcely hoped for their full approval. Nevertheless, although they were shocked, as I expected them to be, at the Judaism of my betrothed, yet after I had given them a full history of our acquaintance, and exerted my eloquence in depicting her excellencies,—not forgetting the symptoms of her inclination for christianity, nor the fact so generally agreeable to parents, that she was very rich, I had the satisfaction to hear them yield their approval, and advise me to write immediately. They saw the hand of Divine Providence in the circumstances, and were persuaded that my happiness would be less hazarded by consummating the marriage, than by doing violence to my feelings, and plunging again into the deeps of melancholy.

So I finished my letter, and directed it under cover to Simon Levi at New York. It went by that day's mail, and would in due course reach New York on the 30th of May.

But one expression which the gray-eyed miser had

dropped about his "boy Joseph," gave me a suspicion, that if he knew the state of affairs between me and Judith, he might suppress my letter, with the view of getting Judith's fortune into his own family. Therefore to avoid the possibility of failure in this way, I wrote a second letter, directed to Judith's self in London, to go by the usual mode of conveyance in the New York packets. This I put into the post office four days after the other. Thus if the one should fail, I might rely upon the success of the other. I met with an immediate reward for my late fidelity; for when I put the second letter into the office, I found one there from Judith; short and written very hastily on her landing at Liverpool. She apologised for its brevity, saying that a swift sailing packet was to sail immediately for New York, and that she had time only to tell me of her prosperous voyage, good health and unchanged heart. She concluded with the promise of writing fully on the receipt of my first letter, which she hoped to receive within a fortnight after her arrival at home.

The expression of this hope gave me a severe pang of self-reproach. "Wretched procrastinator that I am! (said I,)—how sadly disappointed she must be!" But I had done my duty at last.

Now the months seemed ages until I should receive her answer. I began to make preparations for my expected voyage; and became weekly more impatient for the summons of my betrothed. I watched the growing and the waning moons, and 'chid the lazy lagging foot of time.' The delightful summer of our mountains seemed interminably long; for it shed its flowers and matured its foliage, but brought me no answer. I had set four months as the utmost limit to which even fear could postpone the return of an answer. Three months I thought sufficient; I was by that time prepared for the voyage, and went to the post office every mail day, expecting to find the desired summons to depart. Every mail day I went disheartened away; but still indulging the hope that the next mail would not disappoint me. Thus the fourth month passed over my impatient spirit—but to the end of it no letter came. I saw the leaves of autumn put on the bright hues of approaching decay, making the forest glorious to all eyes but mine. Still no letter came. Impatience was converted into fearful anxiety. I saw the leaves of autumn fade; and then fly, withered and sear, before the northern blast, until the forest looked sad beneath the gathering storms of winter. Sad and sadder grew my heart; for not a word from Judith reached my longing eyes. Winter shed his snows over mountain and valley; Christmas came, and New Year came; when days are shortest and dreariest in the out-door world; but hearts are merry by firesides: but my heart was more dreary than the dead earth and the leaden face of a cloudy sky. The winter began to yield to the benign power of the ascending sun; nature began to revive under the genial influence; but not so my desolate heart. Early flowers looked out on sunny banks; meadows drank new verdure from the joyful streams, that gushed out of showery hills, and bounded through the vallies. Now came the anniversary of the journey to Charleston—then of the sea voyage—then of the love pledges and the parting hour. The star of my hopes had faded into utter darkness; my letters were never to be answered; what could be the matter?

Whilst I had been able to cherish a lingering remnant of hope, that slow passages, or accidental detentions by sea or land, had only delayed the answer; I clung to that, and waited for the result before I would take any other step. But when five, and then six months had passed away, my characteristic hesitancy on such occasions, again operated to make me postpone any decisive movement to solve the mystery of my disappointment. One of two things I might do; write again and repeatedly, or go myself to London. To write again, presupposed that either both my letters or her answer had failed to reach their destination. But not only was I discouraged by the fact, that such failures had become very rare; but there was this further difficulty, that by writing again, I could gain no explanation in less than three months—a delay which my impatient heart could not resolve to incur. I concluded at last to renew my preparations for a voyage; but various difficulties (and in my desponding state of mind, mole-hills swelled to mountains,) caused delay until the opening of the spring. I was then completing my arrangements, and expected soon to depart, when an unfortunate accident gave another turn to my feelings.

I have since my college days been passionately fond of botany; and have never failed, when the mild sunshine and early flowers invite the lovers of nature abroad, to make frequent excursions about the warm dells and romantic cliffs of my homestead. One day, late in March, when the sun shone sweetly, and my heart was troubled with gloomy thoughts, I took a farewell stroll about the rocky steepes of the vicinage, expecting in two or three days to leave them in search of my lost bride. I was clambering along the side of a steep cliff, washed at base by the river, now swollen and muddy from late rains. Happening to espy on the brow of the cliff above me, a flower of rare species, and of attractive form and colors, I started eagerly to reach it by climbing the precipice. But in my haste, I slipped and fell back almost into the river. I saved myself only by catching hold of a sappling, as I slid and rolled. My bodily hurt was small, but my sick heart received a fatal wound. My precious locket-case, which I still wore in my bosom, fell out, was caught by a stub as I descended, and the ribbon being broken, the case rolled down and plunged into the angry flood, out of sight and out of reach. "Oh, mercy! (I exclaimed;) she she is gone! she is gone!" Vainly did I go to the water's edge, and gaze wistfully at the turbid current, as if I expected it to restore my talisman—my Judith. At last I went home, gathering new grief and melancholy from this ill-omened accident. The reader knows me well enough by this time, to anticipate the consequence. Despair began to flap her raven wings over me, and dismal phantoms to haunt my imagination.

Hitherto I had refused to entertain a suspicion of Judith's fidelity. When such a thought occurred, one look at her portrait was sufficient to dispel it. I was perplexed, discouraged, and sad enough, at the long delay, and ultimate failure of an answer to my letters; but rather than think her false, I would suppose that the letters had been lost on the way, or that death had snatched her beyond the reach of my arms. Now I began to fear that she had repented of her engagement; that her return home to her kindred and friends had

affected her, as the same circumstance had for weeks affected me; with the restoration of habitual feelings first, and then less pleasing views of the brief episode of our love-adventure. My suspicion, once allowed to take root, and nurtured by a brooding melancholy, grew apace into a dark and bitter jealousy. In a few days I could even say in the bitterness of my soul: "Why should I go to see her? Or why write a third time? Shall I allow her to show myself or my third letter to her cockney beaux? of which she told me that she had crowds; that they may laugh at the uncouth simplicity of a mountain bumpkin of Virginia; who by his services at a critical period, when her grief was deep and her heart unguarded, had made a transient impression on her; but whom, in her cooler moments, she could not think of marrying; though she felt obliged to him for his kindness, and had, under the impulse of gratitude, given him more encouragement than prudence allowed. Shall I expose myself to such treatment as this? No, verily I will not!"

These suggestions of the melancholy demon were sometimes resisted by my better feelings; but never subdued, so that I could resolve again to prosecute my ill-fated love. I still indulged, from time to time, my bitter surmisings of Judith's falsehood; although my conscience often whispered that they were unjust. What inconsistencies will not a wretched man perpetrate in the bitterness of his soul!

Finally, I resolved that as the case seemed to be desperate, I would strive to forget that I had ever loved Judith Bensaddi. I was impelled to some decisive course, by the dread of a settled melancholy and imbecile moping, or of downright madness for life. Once conclusively resolved, I was as prompt and energetic in execution, as I was indecisive and procrastinating in cases of doubtful deliberation.

"Perhaps (said I to myself) it is a merciful interposition of Providence, that has thwarted an affection, which might have planted a thorn in my breast for life. A christian is forbidden to marry an infidel, and the prohibition is a wise one. Now for study and learning, and the glorious achievements of professional exertion."

My studies had been much interrupted by consumption first, then by love and melancholy. During a year I had made little progress; now I betook myself with renewed zeal to my books. But many a time and oft, while leaning over my learned author on the table, did I start out of a reverie, and find that my soul had unconsciously strayed into the regions of love, and drank sweeter waters at the fountain of Venus, than Helicon had ever yielded to poet or philosopher. But by persevering efforts, I conquered this propensity to revive scenes and emotions, which, however delightful once, were fleeting as a dream, and, like a dream, should be forgotten.

CHAPTER X.

AN UNEXPECTED LETTER.

By the end of the ensuing summer, my mind had recovered its usual tone and steady habits, and I had just finished the preparatory studies of my profession; when an incident occurred, which again raised my feelings to a tempest, and formed the closing scene of my story.

Going by the post office one forenoon, I was called to receive a letter which had arrived by the last mail: I turned in, expecting nothing unusual; when lo! it was a ship-letter, with the London post-mark. I instantly recognised upon it the hand writing of Judith Bensaddi! Good Heavens! what a volcanic stirring and heaving, what a rekindling and burning, of irrepressible fires, did I feel immediately within me. The flame of love had been smothered by despair, but the fuel was unconsumed, and the fire smouldering in secret; the first breath of hope was sufficient to reawaken its dormant energies.

I hurried out of the town on my way home, intending, as soon as I reached a private place, to tear open the mystery at once. But when I found a suitable place, I could not summon the resolution to break the seal. Hope shed reviving rays upon my soul, and I longed to realize its promise: but fear drew up a cloud from the Stygian lake, that threatened to overwhelm and extinguish forever the last star in my heaven of love. Hitherto the evidence that Judith had changed her mind, was purely negative; I had received no communication from her; that was all. Now I was to learn from herself the certainty of what I might still hope, or of what I had long feared: the question that had cost me so much excruciating conjecture, was now to be solved: I was to know in a moment, whether the lovely Judith might yet be mine, or whether the gulf between us was now fixed and impassable. When I put my thumb-nail to the seal, and felt that I was about to read the doom of a love, whose renovated power now ruled my soul, "terror took hold on me, and trembling which made all bones to shake." I could not break the seal. I staggered homewards under my load of fearful anxiety. Several times I stopped, and said, "Now!" but I could not; every nerve in my body quivered. When I got home, I stole unobserved into my room and locked the door. "Here (said I,) is the place, and now is the time." Still I hesitated; I sat; I lay down on the bed; I got up and paced the room: It would not do; my heart quailed and shrunk from the dread revelation. "I cannot do it here (said I)—I must go to the woods and rocks." To the woods and rocks about the farm I went. For hours I wandered from shade to shade, and from rock to rock, in deep and agitated thought; often forgetting where I was, or what was the matter. Often I took out the letter from my pocket, looked at it, one while examining the superscription, another while the seal; and then returning it to my pocket with a groan, I wandered again, like the evil spirit, "seeking rest and finding none." It may seem strange, that I should voluntarily undergo this lengthened agony of suspense, when I could end it in a moment. But I durst not end it. What man could dare, if he might, unseal the book of his final destiny? He would rather live in the uncertainty of a trembling hope, than hazard the withering blast of a remediless despair.

Towards evening I found myself by the river side in a solitary nook, to which I was wont to resort when in a musing mood. It was a snug corner, with the river in front, and high cliffs, topped with cedars, curving round the other sides. Three or four trees spread their umbrageous tops over head, and beneath a small fountain drew its silvery thread of cool water from the

inner angle to the river, between turfy banks and mossy stones. Here I had often meditated on my love, and here I resolved at all events to know its issue. I threw myself down upon a sweet grassy bank, near the river that ran murmuring by. Here a tuft of the golden rod waved its yellow plumes in the breeze; at the base of the cliff, near my seat, the wild aster was opening its purple-fringed eyes, seemingly to watch the dog-star in his nightly rounds. Elsewhere the atmosphere was glowing with summer heat; here all was cool, dusky and still. Again I took the letter from my pocket, and again I trembled all over like an aspen leaf. But my resolution was taken: "Now it *must* be done." My thumb-nail was again applied, and with a convulsive jerk I tore off the seal. With trembling hands I unfolded the closely written sheet, and with palpitating heart I read as follows:

LONDON, July 10th, 1820.

My Beloved Friend:

With you it is impossible for me to be ceremonious. I have experienced too much of your kindness, and I may add of your love, to suspect you of unkind neglect, or to think of you with any other feeling than gratitude and friendship. I wrote you a few hasty lines from Liverpool by a packet that was about to sail immediately after our landing. I will now give you the outlines of my sad history since I left Philadelphia.

The night when we parted! I yet weep at the remembrance of it: had I then anticipated our long, long separation, my grief would have turned to distraction. Our journey to Boston was speedy, and would have been pleasant, if any thing could have given pleasure so shortly after that parting hour. Two days afterwards I took ship with my cousin. The ship and the sea revived all my griefs; for they brought affectingly to mind the horrible day when I lost the dearest of brothers, and found all a brother's kindness in you. The voyage, as I wrote before, was prosperous; and on the thirty-fifth day after our separation, I was in the arms of my dear father. Cousin Von Caleb had written him notice of our calamity from Boston, on the day when he received my letter; so that before our arrival my afflicted parent had learned his irreparable loss: now he seemed equally divided between joy for his recovered daughter, and grief for his lost son.

I related to him as well as my feelings would allow, the circumstances of the disaster, and the history of my acquaintance with you, from the first day to the last; omitting at first the affair of our love. I told him how you had saved my life at the hazard of your own, and how you had thenceforth nursed me in my desperate grief, cherished me as a sister, and taken me far out of your way to restore me to my friends, until your care of me occasioned the severe hurt that confined you in Philadelphia. "Now blessed be that good young stranger, (said my father, with tears in his eyes)—how can we reward him for his goodness to my poor destitute child? I owe him for your life; yes, twice—for without him you would first have perished in the water, and then in your grief. We must do something—yes, a great deal, to show our gratitude. I trust that you showed yourself grateful, daughter—did you?" "Yes, father, your daughter endeavored to show that she could love such a kind protector, and such an honora-

ble, worthy gentleman." So I went on, until I had told him all. "He shall have you, Judith; he deserves to have you; he is the very man to make you happy." Then was the joy of my love complete.

I hoped in a fortnight or sooner to receive a friendly letter, telling me of your safe return, if nothing more. The fortnight seemed very long; and when a month passed without bringing me a letter, it seemed to have been a year. "But I am sure of one by Mr. Levi," said I; and so I endeavored to comfort myself. I could hardly wait until he should come, and when at last I was told that he was arrived, and actually in the house, I ran breathless with joy and demanded my letter. "None, (said he)—I went to the post office the first of June, and found none for you." "None?" said I. "No, sure, not one." I remember nothing more, until I found myself in bed and the physician by my side.

Still, though stricken down, I was not in despair. "Some accident has disappointed me, (said I,)—the letter may have miscarried; or he may choose to come, and give me a joyful surprise by bearing his own tidings. I shall hear or see before long." But another month passed—so long!—yet no tidings. We heard of a New York packet-ship wrecked on the coast of Ireland: the letter-bag lost—and some passengers; but your name was not among them. On this chance of your letter being lost, I fed my declining hope. But long months of fruitless expectation, compelled me at last to conclude that you had found the scheme of our union unpropitious to your hopes of happiness, and that your kind compassion would not suffer you to tell me so. I had promised not to blame you; I did not; but my heart bled, nevertheless—ah, many a weary day and weary night. I fled from the crowded city to hide my grief, and if possible to relieve it, among the lakes and mountains of Cumberland. They reminded me of the delightful scenery which you had described; where you made me hope to live, communing with nature and with the dear friend whose heart seemed purposely formed to sympathise with mine. But I must not pain that dear friend with the recital of my sorrows.

Long was the time before I could give you up with dutiful resignation. I imagined various reasons for your long silence, and sometimes renewed my hope on the ground of some vain supposition. Sometimes again I feared that you were dead; and then I mourned for you as for my brother. But I was relieved of this painful apprehension, two months ago. A friend of my father's has some lands in the mountains of Virginia. When he went to see them, my father requested him to visit your village and inquire after you. He learned that you were alive and well. Then I knew that you had abandoned our engagement, and that longer hope was vain if not sinful. Often had I dreamed both asleep and awake of rural felicity with you, my comforter in sorrow and my chosen companion for life. But when I found that all was a dream, and that I must resign my heart to widowhood, I resisted the fondness of a love that could only make me miserable. Hard was it to bring so sweet and so cherished a passion within the bounds of moderation. Often would it invite the fond illusion, that your difficulties might yet be removed, and that your love for me was yet sufficient to bring you over the waters in search of your Judith. But one long year and months of another passed away,

during which all the winds of Heaven had blown without wafting to me even a sigh from my friend. How then could the faintest illusion of hope remain, or ever dawn upon the darkness of my soul? "No, (thought I,) that dearly remembered night of our parting made me feel the last throbs that I shall ever feel, of a heart that will be dear to me, until this poor heart of mine shall throb no more." When this second summer came, and my last day of hope was gone, I fled again to the woods and the lakes, and there, after many a prayer and many a struggle, subdued my heart to a merely kind and grateful remembrance of you. So at least I thought; but what mean these frequent returns of my pen to the passionate expressions of tenderness, which flow spontaneously from my heart, and which after repeated trials I find will flow and mingle with the simple narrative that I meant to give? And what mean the tears and sobs which almost disable me from writing? May the gracious Redeemer, who knows what human frailties are, enable me to be faithful!—My friend! oh my friend! I must not, I dare not, love you now, as I formerly loved you. When my heart abandoned itself to widowhood, and I sought consolation from the Most High, among shades and rocks and waters, where, as well as in His word, the Divine Spirit dwells, I happened to meet a stranger on a visit to the same retreats, one who, in mind and person, in tastes and principles, resembles you, my dear friend; and who for that reason interested me in my desolate state. His company and conversation, last year, soothed and instructed me; but *then* my heart was beyond the reach of his love. A friendly acquaintance was all that occurred between us until this summer, when I returned in my despair to the woods and lakes, where I unexpectedly met with him again. He sought my company; I was pleased with his; he saw that I was a mourner, and he comforted me; he had learned that I was a Jewess, and he labored faithfully and eloquently for my conversion to christianity. By the blessing of God, he succeeded in removing all my remaining doubts and difficulties respecting the christian faith. I was almost persuaded when I parted with you; but I would not suggest hopes on that subject, until I should be fully persuaded. Now my faith in Jesus of Nazareth is my chief consolation; and the eloquent and pious friend who won me finally to Christ, has also gained so much of my esteem and affection, that I have after much hesitation accepted his offer, and we are *betroted*. Now, my dear preserver, hear the last request of one whom you once tenderly loved, and whom no changes can release from her obligations to you. Should you ever find that I or my friends can do you any sort of service, I intreat you, by the remembrance of our voyage together, and by all the love that you may still bear me, to let us know it. Call on me,—or if death should have taken me away—on my father or my sister—for all the assistance that you may need. The half of my fortune I can easily spare, and would rejoice to impart to a friend whose disinterested kindness and essential service to me, I can never repay; but I shall thank Heaven, if an opportunity be given me to prove that I am, and will ever be your grateful and devoted friend,

JUDITH BENSADDI.

Before I had finished reading, my eyes grew dim. Self-reproach for my unjust suspicions and my fatal

procrastination, wrung my heart. The knell of departed hope boomed on my ears, as if the gentle murmur of the river had swollen to the roar of a cataract. I fell back and lay in a stupor of astonishment at my late blindness of heart, and at the unrolled scroll of my hapless destiny. I was for some time prostrated, soul and body, at the astounding revelation. When I recovered strength to rise, the sun was shooting his rays horizontally from mountain top to mountain top! The turtle dove, from her withered tree in the field, was cooing forth her evening lamentation. Shades almost as gloomy as my soul were thickening around me. Frantic with grief, I called to the dark-frowning rocks and to the waters that were rolling by, to pity me. I made the echoes respond to the name of my loved and lost Judith. One while my perturbed imagination pictured her looking down on me from the cedars of the cliff, and illuminating my dark retreat with the love-inspiring radiance of her countenance; then her fairy image seemed to be floating off in the air, and to beckon its sorrowful adieu, as it faded away, and was lost in the gloom of descending night.

And now, farewell, sweet Judith Bensaddi! Time may soothe my anguish, and mitigate my passion to the soft feeling of a mourner's love: but death only can dim the bright image of feminine loveliness, which my soul has caught from thee. Henceforth thou art my heart's model of what is sweet and pure in woman. Others I may see fair and affectionate, virtuous and holy; but none can take thy place. I am wedded to remembered beauty. Alas! all but the memory of thy charms is lost to me: once more and forever, farewell, farewell, sweet Judith Bensaddi!

JANNEY'S POEMS.*

We have had this neat little volume on our table for some time, and should have noticed it earlier, if our manifold engagements had permitted. Mr. Janney is, we believe, a member of the Society of Friends, and resides, we infer from the preface, at the village of Occoquan, one of the most romantic spots in Virginia. We wondered, indeed, while looking over the pages of his book, that the beautiful cascades and shady banks of the Occoquan river, had not claimed a special tribute from his muse. It is true that he has not forgotten the broad and majestic Potomac, to which the first mentioned stream is an humble tributary—for who of poetic temperament ever wandered on the "pebbly shore" of that magnificent river, or listened to the lulling sound of its moonlit waves,—and did not pour forth in mellow song the raptures of inspiration? The two principal poems in the collection, are "The last of the Lenapé," and "Tewinissa"—both founded on real occurrences, and illustrative of Indian traits of character. The minor pieces are classified into descriptive, elegiac, scientific, devotional, and miscellaneous, and occupy the greater part of the volume. To the whole, is prefixed an Essay on Poetry, which is very well written, and contains some excellent reflections upon the true uses of the poe-

* The last of the Lenapé, and other poems, by Samuel M. Janney—Philadelphia—1839.

tic art and the mischievous effects which flow from its perversion. Nothing is more true than the remark of Mr. Janney, that there is a class of writers, who "devote the energies of the loftiest genius, to decorate the couch of voluptuousness, to conceal the deformity of vice, and to strew with the flowers of poesy the path that leads to destruction." It is a melancholy fact, that the splendid immoralities of Byron and Bulwer are sought with avidity, when the purer pages of Wordsworth and Coleridge are suffered to keep company with dust and cobwebs. Mr. Janney belongs to a totally different school from that which would please a majority of modern readers. He aims not to rouse and stimulate the fiercer passions of our nature, but rather to hold converse with the mild affections,—to enlighten the reason, and commune with the devotional spirit of man. Like the poets of his own religious sect, Barton and Whittier, he disdains to purchase praise at the expense of truth, or to soil his pages with the fashionable licentiousness of the age. We regret that time and space will not permit us to dwell upon his poems in detail, or to point out some of their beauties. We shall content ourselves by extracting a few lines written in an Album. So many common-place things have been written in those pretty repositories of boarding-school misses and amiable young ladies, that our readers will be pleased with the following effort, which is at once characterised by simplicity and originality.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Methinks an emblem of the cultur'd mind,
The rich and varied Album was design'd;
Friendship and love, like amaranthine flowers,
Bloom here, selected from unnumber'd bowers;
And taste and genius each succeeding year,
Shall bring fresh flowers to shed their fragrance here.
Fain would I plant in this delightful spot,
That little modest flower,—Forget-me-not:
And oh! how happy, could I dare presume,
'Twere worth transplanting, in *thy heart* to bloom.

CURRENTE-CALAMOSITIES;
TO THE EDITOR OF THE MESSENGER.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TREE ARTICLES."

NO. VII.

A JUNE DAY IN THE WOODLANDS.

"The clouds are at play, in the azure space,
And their shadows at play, in the bright green vale,
And here, they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there, they roll on the easy gale!"

When WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, the author of "Thanatopsis," the editor of the New York "Evening Post," and one of the "Printers to the Corporation," wrote those four lines, and about a score more like them, he was the poet Bryant,—the man Bryant,—he was not the political wrangler about petty men and pettier measures, about elections, and printers' jobs, and the like,—he was the great Poet of Nature,—the forceful creator of immortal hymns to that divinity, whose altars he has forsaken, if not forever, yet for far too long a time. I think I see him as he lay, supine upon this very bank where I now lie,—his head supported by

his clasped hands, his face turned towards yonder bright and busy city, whose hum the distance now hushes to my ear,—his eye taking in all this glorious panorama of near woodland and meadow, the placid Hudson's bosom, and all that it is reflecting. Just such a day as this it was: just so brightly glowed the sun upon the landscape, crowned with verdure deep, and foliage thick and spreading, as that which now waves merrily around me as I lie. The river's flow, the music of the birds and bees, the shifting of the clouds, the dance of the leaves, the laugh of the waves, and the sunny smile, are all the same, to-day, as they were when, lying here, this sweet poet demanded of all things around him,

"Is this a time to look cloudy and sad?
When our mother Nature laughs around,—
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?"

Why should a lyre that can breathe such strains as these be so long unstrung, or hang so long idly upon the willows? And hark! another memory-awakened echo! And from a harp as mute! PERCIVAL'S!

"The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
And the wide forest weaves
(To welcome back its playful mates again,)
A canopy of leaves:
And, from its darkening shadow, floats
A gush of trembling notes!"

"Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May!
The tresses of the woods
With the wild dalliance of the west wind play,
And the full-brimming floods,
As gladly to their goal they run,
Hail the returning sun!"

And here is more to the same sweet tune, swelling up from memory's lowest deep, and singing itself to my ear, again, though long years have lapsed since first I drank in its delicious music. And whence is this power? Do we ever forget what once we know? I think not,—provided that we have learned and known aright. And it is this magic power of Association that has unlocked the deep cell in which this beautiful strain of Percival has been lying mute so long, and now lets it forth, beneath the very sky, and amidst all the natural objects of seer and audible beauty, that originally inspired it!

"Spirit of Beauty! the air is bright
With the boundless flow of thy mellow light;
The woods are all in bud and bloom
And are weaving for summer their quiet gloom.
The tufted brook reflects, as it flows,
The tips of the half unopened rose.

* * * * *
See how the clouds, as they fleetly pass,
Throw their shadowy veil on the darkening grass!
And the pattering showers, and stealing dews
With their starry gems, and skiey hues,
From the oozy meadow that drinks the tide,
To the sheltered vale on the mountain-side,
Wake to a new and fresher birth
The tenderest tribes of teeming earth,
And scatter with light and dallying play
Their earliest flowers on the Zephyr's way.

"He comes from the mountain's piny steep,
For the long boughs bend with the silent sweep,
And his rapid steps have hurried o'er
The grassy hills to the pebbly shore;
And now, on the breast of the lonely lake,"

The waves in silvery glances break
Like a short but quickly rolling sea,
When the gale first feels its liberty,
And the flakes of foam, like coursers run,
Rejoicing, beneath the vertical sun.

"He has crossed the lake, and the forest heaves
To the sway of his wings, its billowy leaves,
And the downy tufts of the meadow fly,
In snowy clouds, as he passes by;—
And softly beneath his noiseless tread,
The odorous spring-grass bends its head:
And now he reaches the woven bower,
Where he meets his own beloved power,
And gladly his wearied limbs repose
In the shade of the newly opening rose."

Match me this out of the Poems of *your* favorite bard, friend of mine! It is like a lake, in its flow, covered all over with the glancing tints of thousands of buds and flowers, of every hue and odor, sparkling and flashing in the air, as the bosom of their wavy bed is moved by the summer-breeze.

But what books are these, thrown down beside me in the long grass, while I have been idly listening to the dream-returned echoes of old songs? "Buds and flowers, and other country things; by Mary Howitt;" "Hymns and fireside verses; by Mary Howitt;" "The Boy's Country Book," by William Howitt. True enough, William Cullen Bryant! This is *not*

"—a time to look cloudy and sad!"

MARY AND WILLIAM HOWITT! A day with them in mid-June, abroad in the woodlands! Who talks of Arcadia? Sit, Mary, thou upon my left, and thou, William, on my right, here, on this grassy slope: And now, thy quaker bonnet quietly hanging on yonder thorn, thy head protected from the sun by the broad branches of the beech that spread their mass of leaves above thee, open thou the "Hymns," Mary, and sing a stanza, here and there! Fear not, but raise thy voice loudly as thou wilt; we are but three, and there is none other to disturb or interrupt the song!

How beautiful the volume is, with its wood cuts, so daintily bespread throughout its pages! How clear the type, how glossy the paper, and how tastefully bound together is the whole! But why is it called "Hymns," Mary? I see no "Hymns" throughout its leaves, as you turn them over. It seems to be a continuous story, all about a maiden, named

"—Marien,—how she went
Over the weary world from day to day,
On christian works of love intent."

Ah! I see! You mean by a "Hymn," a divine song—and this is an allegory. Christianity is impersonated herein, under the name of Marien, "fearless in its innocence, like a little child, wandering over the world." "It brings liberty to the captive, joy to the mourner, repentance and forgiveness to the sinner, hope to the faint hearted, and assurance to the dying." "It is alike the beautiful companion of childhood, and the comfortable companion of age. It ennobles the noble; gives wisdom to the wise; and new grace to the lovely; the patriot, the priest, the poet, the eloquent man,—all derive their sublimest power from its influence!" Beautiful! Beautiful idea! I see the maiden starting on her pilgrimage,—a holy halo round her placid brow,—her hands clasped upon her bosom,—

"And, ever as she goes along
Sweet flowers spring 'neath her feet;
All flowers that are most beautiful,
Of virtues, strong and sweet!"

Hear her declare her purposes towards mankind, as she stands, innocent, in her leafy coverture, and thinks of the good that she, so gifted with "power from on high," may do to the suffering world!

"I am alone! all, all alone!
Alone, both night and day!
So I will forth into the world,
And do what good I may!"

"For many a heart is sorrowful,
And hearts, that I may cheer:
And many a weary captive pines
In dungeons dark and drear:
And I the iron bonds may loose,—
Then why abide I here?"

"Up! I will forth into the world!"—
And thus as she did say,
Sweet Marien from the ground rose up,
And went forth on her way.

Marien brings consolation to the mother of a murdered son, and lives with her, awhile, and becomes a daughter to her; and she then goes forth a day's travel with her, on her pilgrimage. They part, and the little maid goes peacefully on her way, until

"—the darksome night came on,
And Marien lay her down
Within a little way-side cave,
On mosses green and brown.

"And in the deepest hush of night
Rude robbers entered in;
And first they ate and drank, then rose
To do a deed of sin.

"For with them was a feeble man,
Whom they had robbed, and they
Here came to foully murder him,
And hide him from the day.

"Up from her bed sprang Marien,
With heavenly power endued;
And in her glorious innocence,
Stood 'mong the robbers rude.

"Ye shall not take the life of man!"
Spake Marien low and sweet;
For this will God take strict account,
Before his judgment-seat!

"Out from the cave the robbers fled,
For they believed there stood,
A spirit stern and beautiful,
Not aught of flesh and blood.

"And two from out the robber-band
Thenceforward did repent;
And lived two humble christian men,
On righteous deeds intent!"

And so she goes on her sweet pilgrimage blessing all, by all blessed;

"Onward and upward still she went,
Among the breezy hills,
Singing for very joyfulness
Unto the singing rills!

* * * * *
"Free, like the breezes of the hill,
Free, like the waters wild;
And in her fulness of delight,
Unceasingly, from height to height,
Went on the blessed child!"

And still her errand was the same, wherever her wanderings tended :

"And ever of the Saviour taught :
How he came down to win,
With love, and suffering manifold,
The sinner from his sin."

This was her lesson to the wise as well as to the weak, and ever as she went on her way her course was glorified. For the times are not now,—as to the reception of such truths as this fine Impersonation teaches,—as they were when holy Paul called Christianity a stumbling-block to Jews, and to Greeks foolishness,—and Marien's lesson is the same as that of the Apostle. Man's wisdom is foolishness in the eye of the Only Wise. Hard ! hard lesson for proud Corinth to digest ! Her lofty synagogues were swept by the broad phylacteries of the Pharisees, and her columned porticos were the pulpits of her subtle Philosophy. Both the Religion of the Pharisee and the Philosophy of the Academy embraced much that was high and refined, drawn, long before, from those sages of Greece who once illumined the now dark land of Egypt with fine learning, and its benign attendants, Refinement and Taste. This creed inculcated the search for hidden senses in the plain records of that Law of which these Pharisees of Corinth called themselves the most holy upholders. They sent forth their fancies into an unknown region, and crowding it with the ghosts of the dead, and the genii of the living, became proud in the elevation of thus believing in the sublime visions of a spiritual world, and delighted in speculations concerning the residents, the enjoyments, and the pains of that ideal world in which they darkly wandered ; exulting all the while in finding therein what, after all, were but the idlest whims and the vaguest dreams of their own wild imaginations ! So they were wont, when they "sought after wisdom" to sit at the feet of sophists and philosophers in the marble Portico, or amidst the shades of the Academe, and revelled upon mystic learning, and polished elegance and eloquence of phrase, which entertained their taste, and convinced them into how many intricate labyrinths the wonderful power of human Genius may wander, and never be the nearer to the truth.

To such people as these came Paul to preach. They called his religion folly ! He proved theirs to be no less ! They knew that he had been "brought up at the feet of Gamaliel,"—ONE OF THEM ; a Rabbin who had the genius, and vigorous fancy, and bold independence of the literal meaning of the Mosaic law, that fitted him to follow Plato, in all that philosopher's discursive flights into the Incomprehensible and the Profound. Whatever they came to think of his teachings, they knew the teacher was no fool ! And how dissonant was the discovery to their feelings and their expectations, that this Oracle of Tarsus, the pride of their sect, was holding out the doctrine,—to the conviction of daily myriads of people,—that the age of Corinthian philosophy,—of that Human Reason which knew not GOD,—was past ! That that which they called foolishness in his doctrines, was but the simplicity, which ensured their ultimate universal reception by all mankind ! That while the high speculations which they had loved taught them to be proud of the Nature of Man, his instructions would place "a stumbling-block" in the path of that Pride !

He determined,—this Pupil of the Portico, this High Priest at the altar of Platonic Philosophy,—"not to know any thing" among them all, but Him whom they had "slain and hanged upon a tree !" He "came not," he said, "with excellency of speech or of wisdom," among them : he came to tell them that through him his Master would "confound their wisdom !"

But where is THE HYMN ? Oh ! there it is,—down on the roots of yonder tree, where we left it, when we began this stroll and I began my sermon. Thank you, William ! Please ask Mary to tell us the tale, on page one hundred and twenty-nine, of "The Boy of the Southern Isle ;" it is told by "an old seaman,"—and begins thus :

"I'll tell you, if ye'll hearken now,
A thing that chanced to me,—
It must be fifty years ago,—
Upon the southern sea !"

And after that, we will have the fairy story of the olden time, about "Mabel, on Midsummer day,"—how, when she went first to the fairy-dell,

"Nothing at all saw she,
Except a bird—a sky blue bird—
That sate upon a tree !"

And how she did as she had been bidden, and

"—did not wander up and down,
Nor did a live branch pull,"

and so had no reason to fear the vengeance of the dream-people,—for

"When the wild-wood brownies
Came sliding to her mind,
She drove them thence as she was told,
With home thoughts, sweet and kind !"

And how she got the fairy penny,—and what she did with it, and the blessings the little people gave her, and the lesson she learned and teaches,—that

"'Tis good to make all duty sweet,
To be alert and kind ;
'Tis good, like little Mabel,
To have a willing mind !"

Then let us all three join and sing this carol of the "Cornfields ;" the tune will come of itself : the key is—stay ! take it from that Robin's pitch-pipe, in the oak over-head ! Now !

"In the young merry time of spring,
When clover 'gins to burst,
When blue bells nod within the wood,
And sweet May whitens first,—
When merle and mavis sing their fill,
Green is the young corn on the hill.

* * * * *

"What joy in dreamy ease to lie
Amid a field new-shorn,
And see all round on sun-lit slopes,
The piled-up shocks of corn ;
And send the fancy wandering o'er
All pleasant harvest-fields of yore !"

But, Mary, what do you mean by "corn ?" Not what we call by that name, here ? I thought not : you call all bread-grain in your country "corn"—and here you mean wheat, doubtless. But another stanza ! A little higher, William, if you please : ha ! that oriole yonder, pluming his golden wings for a fresh flight, will "sound the pitch" before he goes ! "That's my A !" says he !

"The sun-bathed quiet of the hills;
The fields of Galilee,
That, eighteen-hundred years ago,
Were full of corn, I see!
And the dear Saviour take his way
'Mid ripe ears on the Sabbath day!
"Oh! golden fields of bending corn,—
How beautiful they seem!
The reaper-folk,—the piled-up sheaves,
To me are like a dream:
The sunshine, and the very air
Seem of old time, and take me there!"

Beautiful poetry! Beautiful tune! Beautiful songstress!
Oh, for thy pen, thy voice, and thy constant presence,
to teach, to delight, to ravish, and to improve! I feel
the better man, Mary, for thy kind ministrations this
summer day in the woodlands, and would fain linger
here with thee, and thy accordant mate, while flowers
bloom, and waters wave, and skies are bright, and all
Nature is in smiles! Children must love thee, Mary,
with the deepest love: thine and others' children, too!
Do they not? Nay, answer me, out of the "Hymns!"

"Blessings on them! they in me
Move a kindly sympathy,
With their wishes, hopes, and fears;
With their laughter and their tears;
With their wonder so intense,
And their small experience!"

I knew it!

But where is the sunshine? And where are the
birds? And what means this deepening shade? Are
there clouds gathering in the just now clear sky? No!
There can no cloud be discerned between the overhang-
ing branches through which we gaze! And see! a
single—*star* peeping forth amidst the cerulean! It is
the twilight hour, and one summer day is gone! The
tinkle of the bell sounds from the distant ferry, and
our steps tend homeward! But what shall we do with
William's "Country Book," and Mary's "Buds and
Flowers?" lying, both unopened, there, upon the grass.

There are more days than one in summer, and so
shall you find, my dear Editor, when next you hear
from your friend,

J. F. O.

New York, June 15, 1839.

"RICHELIEU"—BY E. L. BULWER.

This play has already run through ten editions in
London, and has been recently republished this side of
the Atlantic. It is worthy of its distinguished author,
and to say this is to bestow upon it a high meed of
praise. We know of no writer better qualified to de-
velop the secret workings of the soul of such a man as
Armand Richelieu, than Bulwer. Whatever individu-
als may think in regard to the tendency of his writings,
all will award to him the possession of a rare power in
tracing the philosophy of mind—in analyzing motive,
and giving language to deep thoughts. His productions
abound in fancy, but they contain nothing hollow or
meretricious. They shine like the decorations of some
Gothic edifice, having in themselves magnificence and
beauty, and, at the same time, forming appropriate and
necessary parts of a grand and massive whole. He
touches that powerful instrument, language, with all

the skill of a master; but his music, is no mere empty
sound—it forms an eloquent medium for the strong and
burning energies of passion, or the melody only
smooths and makes sweet profound maxims of philo-
sophy. We would rather see a novel from his pen, as
far as those characteristics of which we have spoken are
concerned, having for its hero Richelieu or Cromwell,
than that of any author living. But it was only our
present purpose, to place before the readers of the Mes-
senger, some extracts from this new play.

The first which we give is from the scene between
Baradas, one of the conspirators, and the Chevalier de
Mauprat.

Baradas. Thou lovest—

De Mauprat. Who, lonely in the midnight tent,
Gazed on the watch-fires in the sleepless air,
Nor chose one star amid the clustering hosts
To bless it in the name of some fair face
Set in his spirit, as that star in Heaven?
For our divine affections, like the spheres,
Move ever, ever musical.

Baradas. You speak
As one who fed on poetry.

De Mauprat. Why, man,
The thoughts of lovers stir with poetry
As leaves with summer-wind. The heart that loves
Dwells in an Eden, hearing angel-lutes,
As Eve in the First Garden. Hast thou seen
My Julie, and not felt it henceforth dull
To live in the common world, and talk in words
That clothe the feelings of the frigid herd?
Upon the perfumed pillow of her lips—
As on his native bed of roses flush'd
With Paphian skies—Love smiling sleeps: her voice,
The blest interpreter of thoughts as pure
As virgin wells where Dian takes delight,
Or fairies dip their changelings!—In the maze
Of her harmonious beauties, Modesty
(Like some severer Grace that leads the choir
Of her sweet sisters,) every airy motion
Attunes to such chaste charm, that Passion holds
His burning breath, and will not with a sigh
Dissolve the spell that binds him!—Oh those eyes
That woo the earth, shadowing more soul than lurks
Under the lids of Psyche!—Go! thy lip
Curls at the purfled phrases of a lover—
Love thou, and if thy love be deep as mine,
Thou wilt not laugh at poets.

The next is from a scene between Richelieu and the
same.

Richelieu, (rising, and earnestly.)

Adrien de Mauprat, men have called me cruel;—
I am not;—I am just!—I found France rent asunder;
The rich men despots, and the poor banditti;
Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple;
Brawls festering to rebellion, and weak laws
Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths.
I have recreated France; and, from the ashes
Of the old feudal and decrepit carcass,
Civilization on her luminous wings
Soars, phoenix-like, to Jove!—What was my art?
Genius, some say,—some, Fortune—Witchcraft, some.
Not so;—my art was JUSTICE!

In the above passage, and the following—taken from
the dialogue between the Cardinal and his confidant,
Father Joseph—we have displayed the prime rules of
Richelieu's conduct.

Richelieu. Favors past do gorge
Our dogs; leave service drowsy; dull the scent,
Slacken the speed; favors to come, my Joseph,
Produce a lusty, hungry gratitude,
A ravenous zeal, that of the commonest cur

Would make a Cerberus. You are right—this treason Assumes a fearful aspect: but, once crush'd, Its very ashes shall manure the soil Of power; and ripen such full sheaves of greatness, That all the summer of my fate shall seem Fruitless beside the autumn!

HUGUET holds up his hand menacingly, and creeps out.

Joseph. The saints grant it!

Richelieu, (solemnly.) Yes, for sweet France, Heaven grant it!—O my country,

For thee—thee only—though men deem it not—
Are toil and terror my familiars!—I
Have made thee great and fair—upon thy brows
Wreath'd the old Roman laurel:—at thy feet
Bow'd nations down. No pulse in my ambition
Whose beatings were not measured from thy heart!
In the old times before us, patriots lived
And died for liberty—

Joseph. As you would live

And die for despotry—

Richelieu. False monk, not so;
But for the purple and the power wherein
State clothes herself. I love my native land
Not as Venetian, Englisher, or Swiss,
But as a Noble and a Priest of France;
"All things for France,"—lo, my eternal maxim!
The vital axle of the restless wheels
That bear me on! With her, I have entwined
My passions and my fate—my crimes, my virtues—
Hated and loved, schemed, and shed men's blood,
As the calm crafts of Tuscan sages teach
Those who would make their country great. Beyond
The map of France, my heart can travel not,
But fills that limit to its farthest verge;
And while I live, Richelieu and France are one.
We priests, to whom the church forbids in youth
The plighted one—to manhood's toil denies
The soother helpmate—from our wither'd age
Shuts the sweet blossoms of the second spring
That smiles in the name of father. We are yet
Not holier than humanity, and must
Fulfil humanity's condition. Love!
Debar'd the actual, we but breathe a life
To the chill marble of the ideal. Thus,
In thy unseen and abstract majesty,
My France, my country, I have bodied forth
A thing to love. What are these robes of state,
This pomp, this palace? perishable baubles!
In this world two things only are immortal—
Fame and a People!

The following splendid soliloquy (we know no better epithet to bestow upon it,) is uttered by Richelieu in his castle at Ruelle, upon the night designed by the conspirators for his assassination.

Richelieu, (reading.) "In silence, and at night, the conscience feels

That life should soar to nobler ends than Power."
So sayest thou, sage and sober moralist!
But wert thou tried? Sublime philosophy,
Thou art the patriarch's ladder, reaching heaven,
And bright with beck'ning angels—but, alas!
We see thee, like the patriarch, but in dreams,
By the first step—dull-slumbering on the earth.
I am not happy! with the Titan's lust
I woo'd a goddess, and I clasp a cloud.
When I am dust, my name shall, like a star,
Shine through wan space, a glory—and a prophet
Whereby pale seers shall from their æry towers
Con all the ominous signs, benign or evil,
That make the potent astrologue of kings.
But shall the future judge me by the ends
That I have wrought—or by the dubious means
Through which the stream of my renown hath run
Into the many-voiced unfathomed time?
Foul in its bed lie weeds—and heaps of slime;
And with its waves, when sparkling in the sun,

Oft times the secret rivulets that swell
Its might of waters, blend the hues of blood.
Yet are my sins not those of CIRCUMSTANCE,
That all-pervading atmosphere, wherein
Our spirits, like the unsteady lizard, take
The tints that color and the food that nurtures?
O! ye, whose hour-glass shifts its tranquil sands
In the unvex'd silence of a student's cell;
Ye, whose untempted hearts have never toss'd
Upon the dark and stormy tides where life
Gives battle to the elements,—and man
Wrestles with man for some slight plank, whose weight
Will bear but one, while round the desperate wretch
The hungry billows roar, and the fierce Fate,
Like some huge monster, dim-seen through the surf,
Waits him who drops;—ye safe and formal men,
Who write the deeds, and with unfeverish hand
Weigh in nice scales the motives of the great,
Ye cannot know what ye have never tried!
History preserves only the fleshless bones
Of what we are—and by the mocking skull
The would-be wise pretend to guess the features!
Without the roundness and the glow of life
How hideous is the skeleton! Without
The colorings and humanities that clothe
Our errors, the anatomists of schools
Can make our memory hideous!

I have wrought
Great uses out of evil tools—and they
In the time to come may bask beneath the light
Which I have stolen from the angry gods,
And warn their sons against the glorious theft,
Forgetful of the darkness which it broke.
I have shed blood—but I have had no foes
Save those the State had—if my wrath was deadly,
'Tis that I felt my country in my veins,
And smote her sons as Brutus smote his own.
And yet I am not happy—blanch'd and sear'd
Before my time—breathing an air of hate,
And seeing daggers in the eyes of men,
And wasting powers that shake the thrones of earth
In contest with the insects—bearding kings
And braved by lackeys—murder at my bed;
And lone amid the multitudinous web,
With the dread Three—that are the fates who hold
The woof and shears—the monk, the spy, the headsmen.
And this is power! Alas! I am not happy. *(After a pause.)*
And yet the Nile is fretted by the weeds
Its rising roots not up: but never yet
Did one least barrier by a ripple vex
My onward tide, unswept in sport away.
Am I so ruthless, then, that I do hate
Them who hate me? Tush, tush! I do not hate;
Nay, I forgive. The statesman writes the doom,
But the priest sends the blessing. I forgive them,
But I destroy; forgiveness is mine own,
Destruction is the state's! For private life,
Scripture the guide—for public, Machiavel.
Would Fortune serve me if the Heaven were wroth?
For chance makes half my greatness. I was born
Beneath the aspect of a bright-eyed star,
And my triumphant adamant of soul
Is but the fix'd persuasion of success.
Ah! here!—that spasm! again! How Life and Death
Do wrestle for me momentarily! And yet
The king looks pale. I shall outlive the king!
And then, thou insolent Austrian, who didst gibe
At the ungainly, gaunt, and daring lover,
Sleeking thy looks to silken Buckingham,
Thou shalt—no matter! I have outlived love.
O! beautiful, all golden, gentle youth!
Making thy palace in the careless front
And hopeful eye of man—ere yet the soul
Hath lost the memories which (so Plato dream'd,)
Breath'd glory from the earlier star it dwelt in—
O! for one gale from thine exulting morning,
Stirring amid the roses, where of old
Love shook the dew-drops from his glancing hair!

Could I recall the past, or had not set
The prodigal treasures of the bankrupt soul
In one slight bark upon the shoreless sea ;
The yoked steer, after his day of toil,
Forgets the goad and rests—to me alike
Or day or night—Ambition has no rest !
Shall I resign ? who can resign himself ?
For custom is ourself ;—as drink and food
Become our bone and flesh, the aliments
Nurturing our nobler part, the mind—thoughts, dreams,
Passions, and aims, in the revolving cycle
Of the great alchymy—at length are made
Our mind itself ; and yet the sweets of leisure,
An honor'd home, far from these base intrigues,
An eyrie on the heaven-kiss'd heights of wisdom—
(*Taking up the book.*)

Speak to me, moralist ! I'll heed thy counsel.
Were it not best—

The following scene, which is the second of the fourth act, we give entire. Richelieu has escaped by a stratagem from assassination, but the schemes of the conspirators have so far succeeded that the king has received him with but little favor. The despatch alluded to is one sent by the conspirators to Bouillon in Italy, and contains a schedule of treasonable treaty with Spain and the signatures of the conspirators, whose object it was to dethrone Louis, and as a preliminary step, to remove Richelieu, by murder. Father Joseph is his confidant, and is well known, we presume, to many of our readers. Julie, a ward of Richelieu, was married to the Chevalier de Mauprat, who had been deluded by the conspirators into the attempt to assassinate the Cardinal with his own hand, but had discovered his error and been restored to the friendship of his intended victim. In his anger towards Baradas, one of the conspirators, he had drawn sword upon him near the palace, and duelling being a capital offence, he was arrested and is now confined in the Bastile.

Richelieu. Joseph—Did you hear the king ?

Joseph. I did—there's danger ! Had you been less haughty—

Richelieu. And suffer'd slaves to chuckle—"see the Cardinal—

How meek his eminence is to-day"—I tell thee
This is a strife in which the loftiest look
Is the most subtle armor—

Joseph. But—

Richelieu. No time

For ifs and buts. I will accuse these traitors !
Francois shall witness that De Baradas
Gave him the secret missive for De Bouillon,
And told him life and death were in the scroll.
I will—I will—

Joseph. Tush ! Francois is your creature ;
So they will say, and laugh at you ! *your witness*
Must be that same Despatch.

Richelieu. Away to Marion !

Joseph. I have been there—she is seized—removed—
imprisoned—

By the Count's orders.

Richelieu. Goddess of bright dreams,
My country—shalt thou lose me now, when most
Thou need'st thy worshipper ? My native land !
Let me but ward this dagger from thy heart,
And die—but on thy bosom !

Enter JULIE.

Julie. Heaven ! I thank thee !
It cannot be, or this all-powerful man
Would not stand idly thus.

Richelieu. What dost thou here ?
Home !

Julie. Home ! is *Adrien* there ? you're dumb—yet strive

For words ; I see them trembling on your lip,
But choked by pity. It *was* truth—all truth !
Seized—the Bastile—and in your presence too !
Cardinal, where is *Adrien* ? Think—he saved
Your life :—your name is infamy, if wrong
Should come to his !

Richelieu. Be sooth'd, child.

Julie. Child no more ;

I love, and I am woman ! Hope and suffer—
Love, suffering, hope,—what else doth make the strength
And majesty of woman ? Where is *Adrien* ?

Richelieu, (to Joseph.) Your youth was never young ;
you never loved :

Speak to her—

Joseph. Nay, take heed—the king's command,

'Tis true—I mean—the—

Julie, (to Richelieu.) Let thine eyes meet mine ;

Answer me but one word—I am a wife—

I ask thee for my *home*—my *FATE*—my *ALL* !

Where is my husband ?

Richelieu. You are Richelieu's ward,
A soldier's bride : they who insist on truth
Must out-face fear ; you ask me for your husband !
There—where the clouds of Heaven look darkest, o'er
The domes of the Bastile !

Julie. I thank you, father ;

You see I do not shudder. Heaven forgive you

The sin of this desertion !

Richelieu, (detaining her.) Whither would'st thou ?

Julie. Stay me not. Fie. I should be there already.

I am thy ward, and haply he may think

Thou'st taught me also to forsake the wretched !

Richelieu. I've fill'd those cells, with many—traitors
all.

Had *they* wives too ? Thy memories, Power, are solemn !

Poor sufferer ! think'st thou that yon gates of woe

Unbar to love ? Alas ! if love once enter,

'Tis for the last farewell ; between those walls

And the mute grave—the blessed household sounds

Only heard once—while, hungering at the door,

The headsman whets the axe.

Julie. O, mercy ! mercy !

Save him, restore him, father ! Art thou not

The Cardinal-King ?—the Lord of life and death—

Beneath whose light, as deeps beneath the moon,

The solemn tides of Empire ebb and flow ?

Art thou not Richelieu ?

Richelieu. Yesterday I was !—

To-day a very weak old man ! To-morrow

I know not what !

Julie. Do you conceive his meaning ?

Alas ! I cannot. But, methinks, my senses

Are duller than they were !

Joseph. The king is chafed

Against his servant. Lady, while we speak,

The lackey of the anteroom is not

More powerless than the Minister of France.

Richelieu. And yet the air is still ; Heaven wears
no cloud ;

From nature's silent orbit starts no portent

To warn the unconscious world ; albeit, this night

May with a morrow teem which, in my fall,

Would carry earthquake to remotest lands,

And change the christian globe. What would'st thou,
woman ?

Thy fate and his, with mine, for good or ill,
Are woven threads. In my vast sum of life,
Millions such units merge.

Enter FIRST COURTIER.

First Courtier. Madame de Mauprat !

Pardon, your eminence—even now I seek

This lady's home—commanded by the King

To pray her presence.

Julie, (clinging to Richelieu.) Think of my dead father !

Think, how, an infant, clinging to your knees,

And looking to your eyes, the wrinkled care

Fled from your brow before the smile of childhood,

Fresh from the dews of Heaven! Think of this,
And take me to your breast.

Richelieu. To those who sent you!—
And say, you found the virtue they would slay,
Here—couch'd upon this heart, as at an altar,
And sheltered by the wings of sacred Rome!—Begone!

First Courtier. My lord, I am your friend and servant,
Misjudge me not; but never yet was Louis
So roused against you:—shall I take this answer?
It were to be your foe.

Richelieu. All time my foe,
If I, a priest, could cast this holy sorrow
Forth from her last asylum!

First Courtier. He is lost! (*Exit.*)

Richelieu. God help thee, child! she hears not! Look
upon her!

The storm that rends the oak, uproots the flower.
Her father loved me, and in that age
When friends are brothers! She has been to me
Soother, nurse, plaything, daughter. Are these tears?
Oh! shame, shame! dotage!

Joseph. Tears are not for eyes
That rather need the lightning, which can pierce
Through barred gates and triple walls, to smite
Crime, where it cowers in secret! The despatch!
Set every spy to work; the morrow's sun
Must see that written treason in your hands,
Or rise upon your ruin.

Richelieu. Ay—and close
Upon my corpse! I am not made to live—
Friends, glory, France, all left from me; my star
Like some vain holiday mimicry of fire,
Piercing imperial Heaven, and falling down
Rayless and blacken'd to the dust—a thing
For all men's feet to trample! Yea! to-morrow,
Triumph or death! Look up, child! Lead us, Joseph.
(*As they are going out enter Baradas and de Beringhen.*)

Baradas. My Lord, the king cannot believe your
eminence
So far forgets your duty, and his greatness,
As to resist his mandate! Pray you, madam,
Obey the king—no cause for fear!

Julie. My father!

Richelieu. She shall not stir!

Baradas. You are not of her kindred!—An orphan—

Richelieu. And her country is her mother?

Baradas. The country is the king!

Richelieu. Ay, is it so;
Then wakes the power, which in the age of iron
Burst forth to curb the great, and raise the low.
Mark, where she stands, around her form I draw
The awful circle of our solemn church!
Set but a foot within that holy ground,
And on thy head—yea, though, it wore a crown—
I launch the curse of Rome!

Baradas. I dare not brave you!

I do but speak the orders of my king.
The church, your rank, power, very word, my Lord,
Suffice you for resistance:—blame yourself,
If it should cost you power!

Richelieu. That, my stake. Ah!

Dark gamester! *what is thine?* Look to it well!—
Lose not a trick. By this same hour to-morrow
Thou shalt have France, or I thy head!

Baradas, (aside to De Beringhen.) He cannot
Have the despatch?

De Beringhen. No: were it so your stake
Were lost already.

Joseph, (aside.) Patience is your game:
Reflect, you have not the despatch!

Richelieu. O! monk!

Leave patience to the saints—for I am human!
Did not thy father die for France, poor orphan?
And now they say thou hast no father! Fie!
Art thou not pure and good? if so, thou art
A part of that—the beautiful, the sacred—
Which in all climes, men that have hearts adore,
By the great title of their mother country!

Baradas, (aside.) He wanders!

Richelieu. So cling close unto my breast;
Here where thou droop'st, lies France! I am very feeble;
Of little use it seems to either now.
Well, well—we will go home.

Baradas. In sooth, my lord,
You do need rest—burthens of the state
O'er'task your health!

Richelieu, (to Joseph.) I'm patient, see!

Baradas, (aside.) His mind and life are breaking fast!

Richelieu, (overhearing him.) Irreverent ribald!

If so, beware the falling ruins! Hark!

I tell thee, scorner of these whitening hairs,
When this snow melteth there shall come a flood!

Avaunt! my name is Richelieu—I defy thee!

Walk blindfold on; behind thee stalks the headsman.

Ha! ha!—how pale he is! Heaven save my country!

Falls back in Joseph's arms.

*Exit, Baradas followed by De Beringhen, betraying his
exultation by his gestures.*

Want of room compels us to omit farther extracts in
this No. We shall continue them in our next by giving
the last scene and selections from the Odes at the end
of the volume.

WHEN WILL LOVE CEASE?

BY THE LATE EDMUND LAW, ESQ.

When Love's own star shall cease to know

Her station in the skies,

And rivers from the ocean flow,

And suns in sackcloth rise—

And vernal showers call forth no flowers,

And summer make no mirth,

And birds be mute at morning hours,

Then Love will cease on earth!

When music's tone no charm shall own,

To thrill the human breast—

And roses' bloom yield no perfume,

And doves in deserts rest—

And Heaven's bright arch, that gilds the showers,

The sign of wrath shall prove—

Then beauty's spell will lose its powers,

And man will cease to love.

And when the peace that virtue brings,

The vicious shall enjoy—

And fear, that guilty bosoms wring,

Shall innocence annoy—

And mercy spurn the humble pray'r

That sues to be forgiven—

Then earth, men, angels, all despair!

FOR LOVE WILL CEASE IN HEAV'N.

TO THE PRINTERS.

Permit a giddy, trifling girl,

For once to fill a poet's corner;

She cares not how the critics snarl,

Or beaux and macaronies scorn her.

She longs in print her lines to see,

Oblige her, (sure you can't refuse it,)

And, if you find her out, your fee

Shall be, to kiss her, if you choose it.

[*Anon.*]